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MEMOIRS OF
COUNT HORACE DE VIEL CASTEL

MEMOIRS OF COUNT BEUST.

AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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MEMOIRS OF
COUNT HORACE DE VIEL CASTEL

A Chronicle of the Principal Events, Political and Social, during the Reign of

NAPOLEON III

FROM 1851 TO 1864

INCLUDING

THE COUP D'ÉTAT—MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR TO MADEMOISELLE DE MONTIJO—VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT TO PARIS—CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE CRIMEAN AND FRANCO-AUSTRIAN WARS AND THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION

AND

EPISODES AND ANECDOTES OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AND COURT

Translated and Edited by

CHARLES BOUSFIELD

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JANUARY 4TH.—The Archbishop of Paris was assassinated yesterday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, by an inhibited priest named Verger, who is seemingly half idiotic, for when interrogated as to the reason that induced him to commit the crime, he replied: "It was on account of the immaculate conception."

January 9th.—The funeral of the poor Archbishop is to take place to-morrow morning. For two days his remains have lain in state in the mortuary chapel attached to the Archiepiscopal Palace in the

Rue de Grenelle. The choice of his successor puts the Government in an embarrassing position, as it is desirable to avoid either an ardent Ultramontane or too staunch a Gallican. It is a difficult matter.

The papers vie with each other in eulogising the murdered Archbishop, but for different reasons according to their particular views. They not only praise his virtues, which were indisputable, for he was a charitable and excellent man, but they also extol his capacity and place him in the category of remarkable preachers, on which subject, however, opinions differ. Monseigneur Sibour sought to preach and talk without any pretensions to eloquence; his diction, although common place enough, always showed considerable effort, and his words flowed anything but easily. He was an ambitious man without political convictions, and supported every party in turn. At one time—when he of course held Republican views—he honestly believed that he would be nominated for the Presidency.

January 9th.—The marriage of Mons. de Morny is about to take place at St. Petersburg, and the banns will be published at Saint Valère in a few days. The young lady he is marrying is eighteen years of age and very charming. She is the daughter of a person we all know, Princess Troubetskoi, who is separated from her own husband and lives openly with Kisselef, not the present ambassador at the French Court, but the one who represented Russia during the war. Madame Lehon, they say, is furious, which I scarcely believe, indeed I don't believe it at all, as that lady has for some time been on terms of more than platonic friendship,

in anticipation of future exigencies, with Rouher, the Minister of Commerce, a circumstance which Madame Rouher, who is a charming and agreeable woman herself, resents very bitterly.

Mons. Havin, the proprietor of the *Siècle* newspaper, a low class journal which appeals to the popular passions, and is written in a detestable spirit, is the intimate friend of Mons. Abbatucci, the Minister of Justice, and nearly every evening makes one of his Excellency's whist party, a fact to which the *Siècle* owes its almost assured immunity. To retain Abbatucci, therefore, seems to me to adopt Caussidière's principle: to make order out of anarchy.

I learned through Longpérier, during a conversation we had together about the officers of the Louvre, an insipid little story with respect to one of our colleagues which places that gentleman, with all his affected frankness of manner, in my humble judgment, in the category of sneaks.

Reiset—since his name must be mentioned—remarked, when he heard that Princess Mathilde thought of buying the Chateau of St. Gratien, "I regret this caprice on the part of the Princess very much; she is coming to spend her summers on the Enghien lake, where my wife and daughter will in all probability be compelled to meet her. You can understand how distasteful it is to me. What with the Princess's disregard for public opinion, Nieuwerkerke's constant presence in her house, and the absence of all restraint in their relations, the position is to me, on account of my family, a most painful one!"

Since that time Reiset has become the most assiduous of courtiers, his wife and daughter almost live at the Princess's, they kiss her hands on every possible occasion, and Marie Reiset actually addresses Nieuwerkerke with playful familiarity as her grandpapa.

If the Princess did but see through the fortune-hunters who surround her, as the Emperor and Prince Napoleon understand those about them, what an excellent thing it would be!

When the Emperor, for example, returned from visiting the scene of the recent inundations he was accompanied by the celebrated General Goyon, who is known never to have been under fire. The General, however, looked very sunburnt, and the Empress called attention to his bronzed appearance. "Yes," said the Emperor, in his bantering way, "to look at him you would think he had seen service."

During the International Exhibition Prince Napoleon gave vent to some theory or other which Alfred Arago took up and supported very warmly, but shortly afterwards the Prince expressed himself in an entirely different strain. Again Arago supported him, and the Prince, as he retired, said to his audience: "It does not take much apparently to make Arago change his mind."

January 11*th*.—Town and Court, as used formerly to be said, went yesterday to express their sympathy with Madame Lehon, who, it is said, is very much affected by de Morny's marriage. The poor woman has had an audience with the Emperor, who showed

himself very sympathetic in the matter, although he could do nothing for her.

Madame Lehon, however, managed to mask her emotions yesterday, for to see her so smiling and pleasant to everybody no one would have suspected her of inward suffering. The shock to her pride, at any rate to her vanity, must have been very great. She had not a suspicion, nor had she even heard a word about the marriage previously contemplated between de Morny and a young English girl, the banns of which had been on the eve of publication. The young Englishwoman's family consists of an able-bodied father and two vigorous sons, whose dreams of future grandeur have been rudely dispelled by the mine which has been sprung upon them by Mdlle. Troubetskoi, and they are in a very paroxysm of rage. The father has left for St. Petersburg, intending to force de Morny to a duel. Madame Lehon had, it seems, such entire confidence in de Morny that she had left in his hands the whole of her fortune, and there it remains. In order to get it back relations of a most painful character will have to be gone into.

In consideration of this marriage it is reported that the Emperor of Russia gives a hundred and fifty thousand francs pension to Mdlle. Troubetskoi, which is by no means the best part of the business, as far as de Morny is concerned, as every one will blame him for accepting a pecuniary present from a monarch to whom he has been accredited as the champion of the honour and interests of France.

January 23*rd.*—The Archbishop's assassin has been

sentenced to death at the Court of Assizes. The villain showed the greatest effrontery in the dock, insulted everybody, and even slandered his own counsel. He had at last to be removed. He appealed against his judges to the people in Court, who rose excitedly and shouted: "Silence, assassin!"

Verger paled visibly, but allowed himself to be led away. Once in his cell he became less violent, and finally was overcome with fear. To-day he is in terror of losing his life, and has desired his counsel to take advantage of every delay that the law allows. He places little reliance on the appeal against his sentence, and has dictated a petition to the Emperor asking for a free pardon. In this he represents himself as a harmless individual, whose "fault" may be expiated by honourable exile, and requests that he may be sent to a place of retirement, where he may have leisure and opportunity for work and exercise.

After dictating his petition, he wrote to Princess Mathilde, begging her to interest herself in his behalf.

The fear of death has taken complete possession of him, he can scarcely sleep or eat; his language and actions at the same time give no indication that his heart is touched with remorse, but merely that he is in abject terror of the scaffold. The slow agony from which he suffers, and which is faithfully recorded in the papers every morning, will perhaps act as a salutary warning to other perverted minds.

Verger is no fool, but a vain man desirous of notoriety, who, being confined in a sphere too narrow for his ambition, has not hesitated to commit a crime

in order to escape from the obscurity to which his own poor merits had condemned him. Having disgraced his sacred office, he tried everything to bring himself into notice, but only succeeded in provoking the censure and inhibition of his ecclesiastical superiors.

There are, unfortunately, in Paris six or seven hundred unfrocked priests, who, if not all assassins, are certainly most dangerous men. They are individuals who, having lost all social rank, have become the enemies of society. Having revolted against the authority which they are bound by their vows to respect, they look upon their superiors as oppressors and tyrants, and place their own personal opinions above the ruling of the Church. Lamennais has shown the way, and many young priests, who, without his talent, are devoured by the same ambition, follow in his footsteps.

The Prince Imperial has been suffering from a bad cold, but he is better now, and the anxiety his condition occasioned is allayed.

January 24th.—The day before yesterday there was a ball at the Tuileries. I stayed there for an hour, and saw de Vigny dressed in his academical robes, looking as chubby as an antiquated angel, with a face as shiny and greasy as an old actress's when she has just removed her paint. He tries to be amusing, is very self-conscious, and, like a faded old beau, makes eyes and side glances to which no one pays the slightest attention.

De Vigny in the innocence of his heart thinks that

he is one of the glories of his century, whereas he reminds one of an old rose-coloured silk dress, which has been exposed for years to the rays of the sun. His face is old, his gait is old, his wit is old, he repeats old jokes, and reminds one of the poor abbés of the bedchamber and the boudoir, who after the Revolution found no bedchambers or boudoirs to haunt, and went about the world plaintive and purposeless.

The day before yesterday de Vigny was very full of his invitation to the last gathering at Compiègne, and was ready to repeat the account of his visit to whoever would take the trouble to listen to him. He delights in correcting and embellishing his narrative, and has done so so often that the process has at last deprived it of a single word of truth. The Emperor was charming! the Emperor overwhelmed him with attention! the Emperor was absolutely dependent on his conversation! the topics they had in common were so interesting that the Emperor said to him: "You are an early riser, Mons. de Vigny; so am I. Come to my study in the morning before anybody is up, and we will have a long serious talk." Without saying so in as many words, de Vigny gives you to understand that the Emperor consulted him in a great many matters.

When I mentioned this to Toulongeon he laughed outright. "De Vigny," he said, "is an affected old bore, and the Emperor scarcely ever spoke to him; but he on his part made a particular request of His Majesty." "What was it," I said; "did he want to be made a Senator?" "No, not that," answered

Toulongeon; "but he seriously asked the Emperor if he might be allowed to teach the Prince Imperial to read!"

January 28th.—Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Tours, has been nominated to the Archbishopric of Paris. It is a very good choice, but the Emperor had all the trouble in the world to prevail upon this prelate to accept the see.

My son Edouard was yesterday admitted as one of the pupils attached to the Archive Department of the Foreign Office. He is eighteen years of age, and has just commenced his law studies; he has worked well up to now, and is of a thoughtful disposition. He is naturally serious, and his opinions are well weighed. I hope one day he will be a distinguished man.

Coislin has seen Walewski and had a long talk with him about the Burmese Embassy. He found the Minister entirely under the English yoke, allowing his policy to be towed in the wake of our excellent neighbour.

The Government, which showed so much energy when it was a question of opposing Russian designs in the East, allows England to carry out the Russian policy herself, and dares not utter a word of protest against what is taking place in Persia and China.

Our Crimean campaign will turn out to have been a second edition of the battle of Navarino, only this time for England's benefit.

Walewski suggested to Coislin that he should go to Burmah. "But, your Excellency," replied Coislin, "you have treated the Burmese ambassadors so well,

and General d'Orgoni so ill, that the latter will probably lose his head when he goes back to Burmah because of the indignity he has suffered here. I haven't the slightest desire to add my own head to the sacrifice. The English papers in India state that they have received your assurance that the French Government will pay no attention to the envoys from the King of Burmah, and your whole conduct in the matter proves the truth of their assertion. What could I do in Burmah? In the first place, the journey would occupy a whole year, and a year is a long time, your Excellency. Such a Government as yours will, in my humble judgment, find itself in a good many complications before a year is out. For my part I have no confidence in it; your agents at home are as bad as your agents abroad, and in a year's time you will be brought face to face with Socialism, powerful and menacing. I prefer, with your permission, to stay and combat Socialism. You do not care for the Burmese and their Empire; nor do you care for the Indian and Chinese trade which they offer you. Think the matter well over. It is my duty distinctly to point out to you, as you have failed to recognize the position for yourself, that, rather than abandon that interesting country to England, your ally, our policy is to throw it into the arms of Russia, who is making advances to us, and holds England in much less terror than we do."

Three days ago General d'Orgoni paid me a long visit, and told me all about Indian affairs and the shameful reception he has met with here. It is really scarcely credible.

January 30th.—Verger's application to the Court of Appeal and his petition for a free pardon were rejected yesterday, and this morning the assassin of Archbishop Sibour was executed in front of la Roquette Prison, where he was confined.

Nieuwerkerke was not only present at the execution, but he went into the condemned cell with the priest and the Governor of la Roquette, whose duty it was to announce to the prisoner that his last hour had come. When Verger heard the news he turned ghastly pale, and said that his letter had not been given to the Emperor, and that it was impossible that the Emperor should refuse to pardon him. He then went into a paroxysm of fury, rolled on his bed crying out that he wanted to live and that he would struggle to the death, and when the chaplain tried to calm him he pushed him away, saying: "You are going to talk to me again about the Virgin, the scapular, and chaplet. You know my convictions; leave me in peace! . . . I cannot die in this way with only strangers about me! . . . It is not right to deprive me in my last moments of the presence of my friends and relatives. I will live!"

The hour approached, and the condemned man, deaf to the exhortations of the chaplain, shrieked, fought, and bit his sheets. The governor of the prison then had the executioner brought in, a tall, athletic man nearly six feet high, with a big face, and a hard, common expression, wearing a greasy hat with a narrow brim and an old black coat, dirty and threadbare. This personage, with very little ceremony and

in a rather brutal way, took hold of the prisoner, who had rolled himself in his bedclothes, dressed him by main force, and carried him to the room where the last toilette was to be performed. There Verger became calmer, promised to offer no further resistance, and begged to be treated with less rigour. In the space of a quarter of an hour he aged ten years, his eyes became haggard, and the contraction of his features was hideous to behold; still, he retained his presence of mind. The chaplain profited by this interlude of calm to make a last appeal to his Christian sentiments and endeavoured to awaken in him a sense of true repentance. Verger this time listened to him, and for some seconds allowed his head to fall upon his breast; he then lifted it up and made a full and ample confession, abjured his crime and the doctrines he had professed, became reconciled with the principles of religion, and embraced the chaplain. Eight o'clock struck, and the funeral procession moved forward. Verger became paler and paler, his look was wild and his head fell upon his shoulder, but he nevertheless went on, supported by the chaplain and the executioner. On the platform of the scaffold as his hands were being tied he cried in an audible voice: "Blessed be Christ. Vive l'Empereur!"

The remainder of the ordeal only lasted three seconds. There were many people present but the greatest order prevailed.

CHAPTER II.

1857 (*continued*).

Conversation with Admiral Cecile — The English in China—The Revolution responsible for the decadence of the French Navy—Other Causes—English and French traders — The Emperor's speech on opening the Corps-Législative—Ball at the Foreign Office—The Emperor and Countess Castiglione—Princess Mathilde and Dumas fils—Signature of treaty between England and Persia—Marriage of one of the Sultan's daughters—Father Ventura at the Tuileries Chapel—The Empress and the clergy — Hume the Spiritualist — Spirit-rapping at the Tuileries—Count de Laborde appointed Keeper of the Archives — Newspaper attacks on Count de Laborde—Serious difference between Chabrié and Fould—Attempt to purloin public documents.

February 7th.—Yesterday I had a long conversation about the capture of Canton by the English with Admiral Cecile, who commanded the French fleet on the China station when the first opium war with England broke out. From what the Admiral told me it seems that the reasons put forward for bombarding Canton

are absolutely untrustworthy. The Chinamen taken prisoners on board the vessel, which was erroneously stated to be English property, were simply insurgent Chinese spies, and the grievance of the English Cabinet at the supposed prohibition to enter Canton in defiance of existing treaties was equally unfounded. Canton, in fact, is divided into two towns perfectly distinct from each other. In one are the factories, stores, and workshops, where the Europeans live and pursue their trade without hindrance, in the other there is no trade or any commercial interest whatever, and it may be described as a private Chinese quarter.

If England had had no ideas of invasion in the background the right of entering the commercial quarter would certainly have sufficed her, but the object divulged by the Indian Press was her real motive, viz., "To make China a second Anglo-Indian Empire." England would also profit, through Shanghai, by the destruction of Canton, and the bombardment of a city of a million inhabitants was therefore resolved upon. Here you see England in her true light and can appreciate her unselfishness when she called upon all the Powers of Europe to coalesce in order to prevent Russia from obtaining a preponderating influence in the East.

I wished to learn from Admiral Cecile if our navy was in a condition to take an important part in any complications arising in the far East. He said: "No, our fleet cannot cope with that of England—it would be annihilated; it would be as much as it could do to serve as a rallying point for the fleets of other second-

class Powers; or if America would turn her attention seriously to the state of her navy we might join her in forming a sort of barrier to resist the English torrent."

"In that case, Admiral," I replied, "we owe to seventy years of revolutions the position we are in, for between 1778 and 1786 the French navy gloriously, and even successfully, disputed with England the empire of the sea. At that time we had magnificent ships, a most distinguished corps of naval officers, and a Bailie of Suffren, who, at the mast-head of his flag-ship, carried the French ensign proudly and victoriously on every sea. Then came the Revolution, which suppressed, along with the aristocracy, that splendid staff of naval officers, overturned everything, and destroyed the national workshops so completely that from 1792 to 1802—for a period of ten years—not a single pinnace was put upon the stocks, and our navy was utterly ruined. Louis XVI. organized a glorious navy, and constructed some magnificent vessels, the last of which, such as the three-decker *l'Ocean*, were still fit for service in 1831."

"All that you say is very true," said Admiral Cecile, sadly; "but there are other causes than those you mention that have brought about the decadence of the French and the preponderance of the English.

"The navy is England's active army, on it her whole care and attention is concentrated, and to protect her territory forty thousand troops suffice. In France, with so many different parties in the State, and the luxury of revolutions which the people cannot do without, we require four hundred thousand.

"The navy, therefore, is but a secondary interest, on which the Government are unable to spend sufficient money to maintain it in a state of efficiency; in addition to which it must be allowed, much to our shame, that owing to our miserable and insignificant trade and want of real traders, we have no merchant service. We have manufacturers with narrow views and no patriotism, who freely style themselves Liberals on occasions, and are even inclined to a vigorous policy at election time, but who would not stir a foot to save France from degradation, or to oppose the despotism of England or America.

"Moreover, at one time French traders enjoyed a great reputation for honesty in all parts of the world, but now they are held in suspicion, they cheat and rob as much as they can. I tell you, for I have seen it myself, there are French houses in Peru where jewellery made of spurious metal is sold for gold, and strass for diamonds. I have also seen pieces of cloth and silk of correct length, but the width of which began at a yard and a half, and was not more than half a yard at the end.

"The French merchant exports rubbish, and the English merchant exports his best quality. With such drawbacks and such methods, how is it possible to have a navy?"

"All this is very sad," I said, in reply to the Admiral, "and makes it easy to understand the interest England has, and always will have, in surrounding us with difficulties, be they revolutionary or European. The Italian question, for example, will serve her purpose admirably.

"Just look, Admiral, how we played England's game in the Crimea, where we were dupes and victims, as at Navarino, only on that occasion it was for the advantage of Russia."

"Very possible—very possible," murmured the Admiral; and then, with more energy, he added, "Why, Monsieur de Viel Castel, the island the English are taking possession of in the Persian Gulf belongs to France by right of treaties which have never been abrogated, and we don't even pretend to reclaim our property!"

February 18*th*.—The Emperor opened the legislative session with a powerful and lengthy speech, in which, after reviewing the political situation abroad, he enumerates the domestic reforms he proposes to make—amongst others, the reduction of the war tithes and the import duties, and the augmentation of the salaries of the lower grade of civil servants. He ends by quoting a saying of Mons. Thiers in describing the state of national prosperity during the consulate, at the termination of the great Revolution; and he expresses the hope that a similar picture of his own administration may one day be drawn.

Yesterday evening there was a delightful fancy dress ball at the Foreign Office, at which the Emperor was present. He wore a domino, and amused himself vastly by mixing with the guests thus disguised, but his slow sidling walk and trick of twirling his moustache easily made him known.

The Countess de Castiglione, who is said to be on the

most intimate terms with the Emperor, wore a dress that was fantastic and venturesome to the very last degree. It was partly of Louis XV., partly of our own period, and was intended to represent the "Queen of Hearts." The flounces of her dress were gathered up, disclosing the under petticoat or skirt, and they, as well as the bodice, were interlaced with chains forming large hearts. The Countess's marvellous hair rippled about her forehead and temples, and fell in waves upon her neck. Her whole costume, which glistened with gold, was magnificent.

Some people expressed admiration for her talent in managing to live in luxury and ease on an income of fifty thousand francs, and the knowing ones whispered: "There is no Emperor but one Emperor, and the Castiglione is his . . . prophet." More than one woman allowed her jealousy to be seen, but impartial-minded men thought, if they did not say so, that they would willingly have changed places with His Majesty.

As for the Countess herself, she carried her beauty with insolence, and displayed her charms with effrontery; true her neck and shoulders were not entirely bare, but as a set-off her throat was encircled with a gossamer gauze which allowed every contour to be seen, and what was not thus covered was disclosed in most lavish and ample detail.

The haughty Countess wears no corsets, and would willingly sit as a model to some Phidias—if our age possessed one—in all her unadorned splendour. Her neck is truly magnificent, without a wrinkle or a

blemish, and she carries it erect, with the proud consciousness of some Moorish beauty; indeed, her bust seems to bid defiance to the rest of her sex.

La Castiglione is as much a courtesan as was Aspasia. She is proud of her beauty, and hides no more of it than is absolutely required by the exigencies of the drawing-room.

The Countess was the feature of the ball.

The Emperor fondly imagines that he reigns supreme in her heart. Poor dupe!

March 7th.—I will not describe the balls and *fêtes* during the last month or so. Suffice it to mention that at the last entertainment given by Princess Mathilde I was unable to procure an invitation for La Guéronnière and Latour Doumoulin, nor would she allow me to introduce the son of a very esteemed friend and rich banker, Monsieur Cahen; but, on the other hand, all the Giraud set was there, as was Emile de Girardin with his pole-cat visage. He came accompanied by his young wife, having eight days previously written a very obsequious letter soliciting the honour of an invitation.

Alexandre Dumas the younger, whom the Princess has, at the instance of the Girauds, taken particular notice of, played her a turn which I cannot say I deeply regret. The Princess, thinking she was doing a clever thing, told the Emperor that Dumas, junior, would be at her ball, and the Emperor had requested that he should be presented to him, which, of course, occasioned great joy in the Giraud camp. The Princess

and Nieuwerkerke were also on the tiptoe of expectation. "The Emperor ought to give him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in the midst of all the guests," said Nieuwerkerke. They were proud of showing Dumas the younger off, and anticipated great excitement.

When Dumas called on the Princess she radiantly announced to him that the Emperor had expressed a wish that he should be presented to him at the coming ball; but Dumas refused to be introduced, saying that the Emperor had offended him—how I cannot say. She insisted in vain, and I fancy I can hear his final reason for refusing: "I am nervous and proud."

Go, therefore, and make advances to your opponents, humour and caress them, and forget your real friends, and that is your reward.

It is said that De Morny will not come back, that he will stay in Russia in order to avoid certain disagreeable proceedings that his return to France would necessitate. If all the rumours are to be believed, the accounts of the "Grand Central" have been manipulated to such an extent that he is the richer and the "Grand Central" treasury the poorer by several millions. The newspaper *La Patrie* is to be reorganized under La Guéronnière's direction, and I am to be one of the new staff.

The treaty between Persia and England has within the last few days been signed in Paris by Lord Cowley and Feruch Khan, and has now to be ratified by the Persian Emperor.

Lord Palmerston's Ministry has been defeated in the House of Commons on the Canton question by six votes, and Parliament is to be dissolved.

The Neuchâtel and Neapolitan questions are still in suspense, and the Emperor of Austria is trying what clemency and gentleness will do in Lombardy.

The Court of Turin is reopening a paper war with Austria and resorting to unfair practices.

The Sultan of Turkey is about to marry his daughter to the Pacha of Egypt's son, and the manufacturers of Paris and Lyons are commissioned to furnish the trousseau. There are to be six or eight hundred thousand francs' worth of silk things, and five pairs of slippers embroidered with diamonds at thirty thousand francs a piece, &c., &c.

The fairy stories in the thousand and one nights are thoroughly eclipsed.

The Emperor, who wishes to get at the truth in public matters and make his own sentiments known, has arranged to receive the Deputies and high functionaries of State every Monday.

If I had a petition to present to the Emperor it would be couched in these words : "Deign, sire, to take a large, powerful broom and sweep your own stables out."

The Bishop of Moulins, Monseigneur Dreux Brézé, has had so serious a disagreement with his clergy that an appeal has been lodged with the Council of State, and the inhabitants of the episcopal town, who

side against the Bishop, are in such a state of excitement and uproar that the regiment quartered at the garrison has to patrol the streets to maintain order.

March 9th.—Father Ventura preached yesterday at the Tuileries Chapel before the Emperor, Empress, and a numerous congregation. He took for the text of his sermon the dangers resulting from classical studies, and began by stating that his discourse would have no ordinary meaning.

"I appear, sire," he said, "before the Chief of the State to deliver a political discourse." Then in an almost incomprehensible jargon of French and Italian he delivered himself of a violent diatribe against university teaching; he demanded in so many words the suppression of the Greek and Roman classics, and that the instruction of young people should be exclusively confined to Catholic doctrines and the reading of the fathers. He followed this up by thundering against Protestantism, which he said had no merit of its own, and if the appearance of any could be discovered it was but the last reflection of Catholic traditions.

"Do you know, sire," he continued, "who places arms in the hands of the political assassin, of the Fieschis and Alibauds, of all, in fact, who raise their sacrilegious weapons against the persons of anointed Sovereigns? They are the Greeks and Romans, the fatal teaching of the classics, the example of Brutus held up to the admiration of our youth. If the angels themselves descended upon earth they would return,

corrupted by your classical literature, to the throne of the Heavenly Father!"

So much for Father Ventura, the old Roman revolutionist, and friend of Mazzini, who, on the day the Pope fled from Rome in the French ambassador's carriage, celebrated the deliverance of the capital with a Te Deum, and now thunders against a liberal education.

The Empress favours this tendency on the part of some of the clergy, but one of these days she will have cause to regret her mistake, at least, I fear so. The Emperor is impenetrable and impassive in the matter; he listens, and little by little makes up his mind, and his resolution will be inflexible. Some words which have fallen from Mons. Rouland, Minister of Public Worship, forbode what that resolution will be. This Minister is terrified at the rapid strides made by the Ultramontane party, and he let drop "That before very long some remedy would be found."

March 13th.—The whole of Paris is at the present moment taken up with the American sorcerer, or to speak more seriously, with the illustrious Hume. He is always with the Beauvaus, and constantly visits the Tuileries, where the Emperor and Empress receive him with something more than curiosity. This man is a convert to Catholicism, and being tormented by visions, or, as he puts it, by the "spirits," has confessed himself to Father Ravignan, who obtained from him a written promise to renounce all intercourse with the spirits. "I will try," he said; "I will do my best.

The spirits are to leave me in peace until the 10th February."

After the 10th February the spirits returned, and he began again to consult them. He pretends that it has been predicted he is to die before the year is out.

The invocations and dealings with the spirits, according to his view, take the form of a Christian revival, and that is the principal reason why Father Ravignan prohibits such experiments and practices.

Whatever it may be, it is very extraordinary and inexplicable. At the Tuileries Hume made a hand appear on the table; the Empress insisted upon touching it, and at its contact exclaimed, "*It is my father's hand*," and was seized with a nervous attack. The Emperor, in his turn, took the hand, but with a sort of instinctive terror at once let it go, saying: "*My God! how cold it is!*" The Duke de Mortemart also saw a hand advance towards him.

Chevreau, too, the Préfet of the Loire, tells everyone his experiences. "I am not naturally credulous," he says, "far from it. I am aware how clever conjurors are, and I could always understand how their tricks were done—at least, I knew that they resorted to human arts to accomplish their feats of skill—but Hume turns my blood cold. I see, but can explain nothing. For example, he ordered a bell to ring along my legs, and when I endeavoured to clutch it, it slipped through my fingers in spite of me. He ordered a table to answer by taps, and the table did so, and what is most extraordinary is that the same

taps were at the same time repeated beneath the soles of my feet.

"On another occasion, at the Beauvaus, he told a table to rise in the air. It went up to the ceiling. He asked little Mdlle. Beauvau to draw it down, and she did so, but each time she let it go it went up to the ceiling again! Suddenly he said, 'Hold tight,' and then the united efforts of three men could not pull the table down."

If these pages are ever published, a smile of pity will cross the reader's face, and he will wonder at my credulity; but that I cannot help. I only repeat what twenty people have told me. I am unable to explain the mystery to myself.

March 18*th*.—Count de Laborde has been appointed principal keeper of the Archives! The iniquity of this appointment will be best understood by quoting the following newspaper paragraphs:—

La Réforme, June 8th, 1849. "We took the liberty in our issue of the 18th ultimo, in consequence of information which had come to our knowledge, to ask Mons. Léon de Laborde to furnish us with some explanation on the subject of the three numbers of engravings of the Parthenon which have been transformed into six by means of separate covers for the purpose of obtaining 18,000 instead of 9,000 francs from the Government. Mons. Léon de Laborde has not thought himself bound to answer our inquiry. We are told that he has even refused to furnish the Ministry of Public Instruction with any information on the sub-

ject. When one has the honour to be a member of the Institute (Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres), and has been a Deputy and an ambassador of King Louis-Philippe, one is presumably above such clamour and silently content to shroud one's self in one's virtue.

"But, as we venture to attach some importance to our national riches, we really wish to know if Mons. Léon de Laborde, who has been appointed assistant, and, virtually, principal keeper of the Archives, has or has not assumed the responsibility of office. We hear that the Director of National Museums has protested against this appointment; it would have been more to the point had he prevented it.

"Being assured that Mons. Léon de Laborde can be the conservator of nothing unless it be of Mons. Thiers's policy, we consider it our duty to protest against so grave a scandal, and should do so even were Mons. Thiers himself in office, in the belief that it is only necessary to draw Mons. Dufaure's attention to the matter to insure justice being done."

Princess Mathilde subsequently asked Mons. Fortoul, the Minister of Public Instruction, what were the real facts of the case, and I copy below from her own handwriting the explanation the Minister gave her.

"The articles with reference to the album of engravings furnished to the Ministries of the Interior and Instruction, appeared on May 18th and June 8th, 1849. In another newspaper of May 4th, 1849, appeared an article relating to the journeys in Syria and

Asia Minor, for which 60,000 francs had been received years before without a line of any account about either of them having been furnished.

"The 'twelve receipts' by means of which the Government was made to pay 18,000 francs instead of 9,000, which was all that would have been due for the whole work on the Parthenon, contain a certificate attesting that the parts were complete, which was a double falsehood, for besides the engravings furnished being only the smaller moiety, there was not a single line of description. The thing was a fraud. Leleux, the librarian, at 11, Rue de Poitevins, who was not the editor of the Parthenon work, consented to receive the money from the Ministry, but he required Mons. de L. to give him the original receipts to protect himself from any responsibility in a matter which he looked upon as rather dubious."

The attacks in the Press were repeated seven times by different papers without eliciting any reply.

Mons. de Falloux meanwhile wrote to the culprit in June, 1849, to tell him "that he should draw no more supplies from a Ministry he had so disgracefully deceived."

We also say, like *La Réforme* in 1849: "Mons. de Laborde cannot be the guardian of anything," and the Empress, being herself fully convinced of the truth of the statement, has been pleased to appoint him Custodian in Chief of the Archives of the Empire!

The dismissal of Mons. Chabrié from the Archive Department was the result of a serious quarrel with

Fould, who wanted to abstract from the State papers portions relating to the criminal trial of the Duke de Praslin, against which act of confiscation Chabrié energetically protested.

During the absence of Chabrié Fould promulgated a new decree, under which the Archive Department was so reorganized that the documents relating to the Duke de Praslin could be abstracted in spite of the Director General's opposition. On reading the decree in the *Moniteur* Chabrié hastened back to Paris, went straight to the Emperor, and explained to him the subtle meaning of the new order. The Emperor saw at once that he had been made a cat's paw in the matter, and asked Chabrié to draft a fresh decree.

A few days afterwards the Emperor, accompanied by the Minister of State, went to the Archive office, where Chabrié gave him the decree he had drafted, but in handing it to him he said: "I am too much devoted to your Majesty's service to allow you to remain in ignorance of the real facts of the matter, and, painful as it is for me to do so before the Minister, I must fulfil my duty." He then disclosed the unheard-of plot to carry off the Praslin papers, the real motive for it being that Mons. de Breteuil, the father of Fould's son-in-law, had been tutor to the Praslin children. In concluding his recital he said: "I am fully aware that in taking the course I have I am bound to place my resignation in your Majesty's hands."

On the following day, at the conclusion of the Cabinet Council, Fould insisted that his subordinate,

Chabrié, after what had passed between them, should be dismissed. Chabrié was, therefore, superseded, but the Emperor wrote to him in these terms:—

"My dear Chabrié,—The exigencies of hierarchical discipline oblige me to supersede you at the Archive Department; but do not be the least uneasy, I will not forget you," &c., &c.

Will de Laborde give up the papers? Now the Emperor knows about it, it would be a serious step to take; but, on the other hand, de Laborde would find a powerful supporter in Mons. Fould.

CHAPTER III.

1857 (*continued*).

Princess Lieven's legacy to Monsieur Guizot — Emile Augier elected to the Academy—Horace Vernet and Marshal Canrobert—Dinner at Dubufe's—Fould and Théophile Silvestre—Story of Madame de Paiva, her palace and diamonds—Attack on the Emperor—Details of the Conspiracy, Giraud and Ledru Rollin —The Grand Duke Constantine and his visit to the Louvre—Death of Alfred de Musset.

Mons. Guizot, to whom Princess Lieven left, in her will, her carriage and a life annuity of 8,000 francs for keeping it in repair, first of all refused the legacy, but, after consulting several insurance offices as to the capital value of the bequest, he thought better of it, and asked the Princess's heirs if they would purchase his life interest for 75,000 francs. This they agreed to do, and Mons. Guizot pocketed the capital.

Father Ventura preached before the Court again yesterday. He took for the text of his sermon the

danger of bad example "from on high," especially of those who are near to the persons of princes. He also referred to the corrupt manners of the age, to sexual relations that were not sanctified by the Church, and to establishments of vice, &c., &c.

April 1st.—Emile Augier was yesterday elected a member of the Academy by nineteen votes against eighteen polled by the rival candidate, Laprade, who was supported by the Guizot, Cousin, and Duke de Noailles combination.

Marshal Canrobert called for me yesterday to take me to see his portrait which Horace Vernet has just finished painting for the gallery at Versailles. The Marshal does not think the picture handsome or elegant enough; he is as vain as a pretty woman. He wanted Horace Vernet to make him slimmer and more refined, but the artist declined point blank to do so, and at one time I could see that Vernet and the Marshal were losing their tempers.

Horace Vernet took a compass, and by comparing the original with the picture proved to the Marshal that he was perfectly right in his proportions. When Vernet had carried his point, the Marshal said, "Well, if I am like that, I am devilish ugly!"

Vernet, thinking the observation had reference to the picture itself, got quite angry, and replied, "In that case, Marshal, I will destroy the canvas, for I don't care twopence for it."

The Marshal protested against this interpretation of his remark, and said he had alluded to himself, and

not to the picture. I thereupon intervened in the discussion, and calm was restored.

But the Marshal is galled at the squat appearance of the figure. He wishes to be thought elegant. He admits that he is short and rather muscular, but in spite of that he wants to be made "elegant," he has it on the brain. He thinks he has a distinguished person, and everything about him points to that pretension—his manners, his demeanour, the attention he pays to his toilette, and the way he curls his long hair.

The Crimean War has turned his head and made him conceited; he wants to be a hero in appearance as well as in fact. The laurels of the battle-field do not satisfy him, his weakness is rather to figure as a hero of romance. Unfortunately for him his person does not lend itself to the illusion.

In the evening I dined at E. Dubufe's with Penguilly; E. Lami; Blanchard, the engraver; Gounod, the musician; Dubufe, senior, &c.

We had a most charming dinner and stayed until midnight, smoking, discussing literature and art, and listening to Gounod, who sang to his own accompaniment the most charming parts of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and some of Gluck's magnificent songs.

It was a delightful evening, and a great rest after those stupid entertainments where one stays until two o'clock in the morning, looking on at the everlasting lancer quadrilles, and talking common-place.

Fould, the Minister of State, has just gone out of his way to commit as gross an act of injustice as it is

possible to imagine. The facts are as follow: Mons. Théophile Silvestre is publishing a sort of pamphlet which he calls "A History of our Contemporaneous Artists." In it the author, besides abusing Vernet's confidence, by publishing without his permission certain private letters (an iniquity which has led to a lawsuit), thinks proper to vilify and malign him in the most scandalous manner. He also insults and disparages Mons. Ingres in the same way.

This Mons. Silvestre is a species of ruffian whom all honest folk carefully avoid. Such being the case, who should receive him with open arms, and, by so doing, administer a direct rebuke to two of our greatest artists, but Mons. Fould! The Minister of Fine Arts, in fact, sides with the pamphleteer against the painters, and the following announcement appears in this morning's papers:

"The Minister of State has entrusted Mons. Théophile Silvestre, the author of the 'History of our Contemporaneous Artists,' with a mission abroad, the object of which is to study and report upon the different foreign museums and art galleries."

In the profligate depths of Parisian high life there is a certain Madame de Paiva, who is the queen and leader of the frail sisterhood. This woman, who is of Russian origin, was for a long time the mistress of Hertz, the pianist. From him she transferred her allegiance to the Duke de Guiche—now Duke de Grammont—and other more or less well-known men of the day. But, not to dwell at too great length on the subject,

suffice it to say that as time went by without bringing her either position or fortune, she formed the resolution to attain by strategy both the one and the other.

She in the first place rivetted the affection of a rich Portuguese, the Marquis de Paiva, the cousin of the Portuguese ambassador, and obtained such empire over him, that the unfortunate man offered her his hand and heart — an offer she was not slow to accept.

The day after their marriage Madame de Paiva thus addressed her enamoured spouse : " You have attained the object of your desire and have succeeded in making me your wife. I, on the other hand, have acquired your name, and we can cry quits. I have acted my part honestly and without disguise, and the position I aspired to I have gained ; but as for you, Mons. de Paiva, you are saddled with a wife of foulest repute, whom you can introduce into no society, for no one will receive her. Let us part ; go back to your country ; I have your name, and will stay where I am."

Poor Paiva, overwhelmed with shame and rudely awakened from his dream of married bliss, followed his wife's advice, and retired to his Portuguese castle to brood in silence over the remembrance of his deplorable adventure. The ex-mistress of Hertz, who had now become Marchioness de Paiva, found it impossible with the allowance her husband made her to live in the luxury her imagination pictured. She

therefore looked about to see if she could not ensnare some rich and generous Prince.

This Prince, Count, or Duke she met while travelling, and she followed him to Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Naples, and Paris. He, on his part, always observed her surrounded with luxury and resplendent in her strange and voluptuous beauty—a beauty, however, somewhat indebted to care and the resources of art. La Paiva pretended to be utterly indifferent to the Prince; but one fine day it was no longer she who followed the predestined mortal, but the predestined mortal who followed her.

He was so deeply enamoured of her that he went to her house, not to offer his hand—that would have been an encumbrance to her—but his fortune.

"I have three millions a year," he said; "consent to be my mistress, and my income shall be as much yours as mine."

La Paiva, who had already spent three hundred thousand francs in effecting the Prince's capture, accepted the offer as a mode of restitution.

The name of the Count, Duke, or Prince is unknown to me, but La Paiva has to-day the best and most elegant house in Paris; her dinners are exquisite, she receives numbers of artists and men of letters, and her conversational powers are highly spoken of. I have seen the plans of a palace which Mangin, the architect, was building for her in the Champs Elysées. The ground and house, without the furniture, were to cost a million and a half of francs.

This woman displays upon her person diamonds, pearls, and precious stones worth two millions of francs, and is, without comparison, the greatest courtesan of the century, notwithstanding which, when she occupies her palace, people of repute will scheme and contrive to be received there.

April 6th.—People are discussing *sotto voce* an adventure which might have been attended with very fatal consequences. This was what happened:

The Emperor was leaving Madame de Castiglione's house at three o'clock in the morning in his private brougham, which was being driven by his confidential coachman. He had no servant or other attendant with him, and was in strict incognito. Just as the carriage was leaving the Countess's house three men rushed to the horses' heads and tried to stop them. The coachman urged them on with a vigorous application of the whip; they bounded forward, one of the assailants was thrown down, and the carriage reached the Tuileries in safety.

Many arrests have been made in connection with the matter, and the *Independence Belge*, in referring to them, alludes to a certain F. M., a writer on the staff of one of our principal reviews, as one of the suspects. The same paper also states that Ledru Rollin is gravely compromised by a correspondence which has been intercepted, and, furthermore, pointedly infers that these letters are sufficient to warrant his extradition as they show him to have been the instigator of a plot against the Emperor's life.

I had a conversation yesterday with some members of the Council of State on the subject of an Act against the assumption of titles of nobility, which has been submitted to them for consideration. They assured me that the Emperor does not consider this a sufficient means of reconstituting a real nobility, but that he wishes to invest heads of families with a freer right of disposing of their succession, of re-establishing, in short, the right of entail as it exists in England.

April 8th.—The conspiracy discovered during the last few days had its head-quarters at a locksmith's. Correspondence from refugees in London was seized at the house of the son of a Versailles architect, who was entirely free from suspicion. This man, who was in no sense looked upon as a conspirator, has been, nevertheless, allied with the Socialists, and has occupied a leading and confidential position among them.

The Emperor, who firmly believes in his lucky star, does not take, or think of taking, any personal precautions. He even got angry with Marshal Magnan, who represented to him how imprudent he was.

"I do not wish to be admonished in the matter," he said; "I prefer not to be placed under tutelage and to be free to act as I think proper. And please bear my words well in mind, Marshal."

The Emperor forgets that the chief of a nation does not belong to himself and has no right to run risks, everyone's safety is bound up in his. He may be compared to a card player, whose backers have the right to advise him.

April 15*th.*—I saw General Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, at Princess Mathilde's yesterday evening. He is still a young man in appearance, and looks barely forty years of age; his figure is very soldierlike, but otherwise commonplace.

There were very few people at the Princess's.

April 16*th.*—Yesterday I sold by auction a large number of the curiosities that encumbered my study. They have been fairly well distributed, although my friends gave themselves little trouble to assist the sale. Had I been unknown to them I could probably have counted upon their help. To-day I am selling a collection of 1,800 historical engravings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but have reserved some very beautiful things.

I must absolutely buy a little place for myself near Paris, where I can go from time to time to find repose and quiet. Towards the evening of life it is pleasant to seclude one's self a little, and to spend one's remaining days in listening to the tick of the pendulum. When one is no longer twenty years of age one becomes tenacious of every hour. I do not feel that I live while in Paris, where the quiet of night and freshness of morning are almost unknown to me.

The arrangement I had made for building a house in the Bois de Boulogne has fallen through; the contractor wished to exceed his estimate, which I declined to allow. He then proposed to take both building and land off my hands, and I accepted his offer.

April 23*rd.*—The plot against the Emperor's life,

which I have spoken of above, has turned out very curiously.

A typical Socialist, named Giraud, had conceived the idea of assassinating the Emperor as a means of bringing about the Red Republic. This man, be it noted, is a cowardly knave, very unscrupulous in the means he employs, but energetic and ambitious in playing the part of political assassin.

After pondering again and again over a scheme which he believed would transform him into another Brutus in the eyes of posterity, he hastens to the great citizen Bastide—to whom he was probably already known—and makes him the confidant of his inspiration, asking at the same time for a letter to Ledru Rollin. Bastide listens, and then says to Giraud :

" Go to London, and you will find my letter at such and such a house."

Giraud departs at once, but the police, who have had him for a long time under their observation, send, by the same boat, an experienced detective, who lands with him and goes to the same hotel.

Once in London, Giraud hurries to the lodging of Bastide's correspondent. From there he is conducted, by means of five different intermediaries, to the house of the real correspondent, who places in his hand the letter for the great Ledru.

The detective, meanwhile, had not lost sight of Giraud, but had made his acquaintance, and learnt all his movements.

Giraud is at last received by Ledru, to whom he is

recommended in Bastide's letter. He unfolds his project, and asks, not to be furnished with the means of executing it, but that a coalition may be formed between the various Socialist sections in order to seize upon power when the right moment arrived.

Ledru approves, praises Giraud's patriotism, and says that he will collect all the Socialists of London without delay, and inform them of the heroic propositions of the new Brutus. He then gives him another appointment for an early date.

Giraud, whose object is now accomplished, has but to wait for this meeting, but, wishing to kill time during the interval, he proceeds to visit the sights of London in the company of his friend the detective. At the same time Ledru Rollin goes from house to house to acquaint all sensible and true Socialists with the good news.

The members of the Cabal multiply, Ledru throws himself into the movement with great energy, and becomes so ubiquitous as to be the most frequent object in the London streets. During one of his many journeys who should he meet but Giraud and the detective, lounging arm in arm like two old cronies.

Whether the detective was known to Ledru, or where he had seen him, I cannot say. It is probable that he had seen him in 1848 buzzing about the Ministry of the Interior, which at that unhappy epoch was occupied by citizens Ledru and Georges Sand.

Ledru sees, or fancies he sees, a whole world of revelations in the intimacy of these two men. Giraud

appears at once in his eyes as police spy number two sent to draw him into a net, and he jumps to the conclusion that Bastide's letter is a forgery. But the great citizen is not to be trifled with, so he denounces Giraud, delivers up Bastide's letter, and returns to his domicile rubbing his hands.

Giraud, on being arrested, is speechless with stupefaction, but at the site of Bastide's letter, which has been handed over to the police, he thinks he has been betrayed by the whole Socialist party leagued against him, and, in turn, consequently betrays everybody. On his confession eighty persons are arrested.

The affair is to be hushed up, and the public probably will never hear a word about it.

May 3rd.—The Grand Duke Constantine, who arrived in Paris two or three days ago, came to the Louvre yesterday at one o'clock. We received him in morning dress and white cravat. He stayed two hours and a half, but saw everything rather hurriedly.

This Grand Duke, who is not credited with any great love for us, is a young man of agreeable figure, fair complexion, good manners and education. He spoke well about things that took his fancy, and compared them with excellent judgment with works of art of the same epoch that he had had opportunities of seeing in other museums. The Sovereigns' Museum interested him very much, particularly the insignia and Bible belonging to Charlemagne and St. Louis's Prayer Book. He also stayed for some time before the shoe worn by Queen Marie Antoinette, and the sword from

Pavia. The chased armour belonging to Henry II. was an object of great interest to him. More than once he exclaimed: "What a marvellous piece of workmanship!"

He spent a quarter of an hour in the Imperial Court. Napoleon's camp-bed, his hat and grey surtout, the coat he wore at Marengo, the Consul's sword, everything about the place captivated him. To the Grand Duke it was almost like reading contemporary history.

"We preserve," he said to me, "two of his travelling trunks; they are at the Czar's palace."

In the Naval Museum he examined everything rapidly, but with great interest.

Morel Fatio, the keeper of this museum, was led into saying, in course of conversation, that he had been before Cronstadt two years previously, but that he had not been able to see anything. The Grand Duke replied in his characteristically curt and imperious manner: "You should have come the year following; you would then have been able to make some sketches."

He looked as if his authority could be exercised with severity and decision, for the lower part of his face indicates great strength of will.

In the evening there was a grand ball at the Ministry of Marine, where the Countess de Castiglione, whom people insist in believing to be out of favour, figured more prominently than ever. The Minister had refused to send her an invitation, and she only

procured one at the special request of Princess Mathilde.

When the Princess made the tour of the rooms with the Grand Duke, the Countess came next on the arm of a Russian gentleman. The Minister, Madame Hamelin, and the Princess's attendants and ladies of honour followed after.

In the small drawing-room reserved for Princes of the blood, except the Minister of Marine, his wife, and a young Russian lady, no one was admitted but the Countess de Castiglione.

I cannot make the Princess out. She is hurt, and not without reason, at the Empress's want of amiability in not inviting her to the family dinners to meet the Grand Duke; and lo and behold, there she is actually chaperoning the Emperor's mistress! It is very ill judged.

I am told by a naval Captain, La Roncière, an intimate friend of Prince Napoleon, that the latter detests the Grand Duke.

La Roncière and I were dining together yesterday in the small room at the Imperial Club, and he informed me that the Prince had reproached the Emperor with his extreme cordiality to the Grand Duke. The Emperor wished his cousin to go to the Hôtel de Ville out of respect to the Russian Prince, but he positively refused to do so, whereupon, says La Roncière, the Emperor observed: "Well, do as you like."

Alfred de Musset, our truest and most original poet, died yesterday. He was barely forty-six. I

knew him intimately from his earliest youth, and used to see him very frequently; since he acquired the passion for drink, the excess of which killed him, I have seen less of him. Musset did not drink to become merry, but to attain another existence, strange, impenetrable, and fantastic, which produced nothing. Troubles, too, I believe, conduced little by little to this demoralization.

He was a real and grand poet, but in him poetry had already become extinct; to-day it is the mortal clay alone that is consigned to the earth.

Poor Alfred! I fancy I see him still, fair, rosy and timid, and but seventeen years of age, as he came to read me the manuscript of his "Tales of Spain and Italy." Poor poet! no one will ever know the cup of sorrow you drank before you took to draining the dirty glass of the wine shop.

CHAPTER IV.

1857 *(continued)*.

Coolness between the Empress and Princess Mathilde—The Empress in her armchair—Princess Mathilde's friends—The de Reisets—Monsieur Chabrié, and Count de Laborde—Concert at Monsieur de Girardin's—Two letters of Marshal Marmont — The Grand Duke Constantine at the Exhibition—The Emperor and Monsieur Vieillard—La Rochejaquelein and the Duke de Bordeaux's letter — The Empress at Fontainebleau—The King of Bavaria's visit to the Louvre.

May 4th.—Princess Mathilde is decidedly out of favour with the Empress, for since the arrival of the Grand Duke she has not been invited to a single Court dinner. The Empress is piqued at the Princess's popularity and the success she enjoys, because of the trouble she gives herself to be amiable. In fact, the Empress scarcely cares to see her at the Tuileries.

The grand Court dinner yesterday was a curious affair; the only two Princesses invited were a couple of old and very unprepossessing gossips, the Grand

Duchess of Baden and Princess Camerata. What charming specimens of the French Court for the young Grand Duke's benefit!

The Empress cannot forgive Princess Mathilde for the marked attention shown her by the Grand Duke and the matutinal visit he paid her before calling on any of the other members of the Imperial family.

At the Tuileries it displeases the Empress to see the Princess chat with any agreeable person and make herself pleasant and amiable, and it sometimes happens that two or three times during the course of the evening she will call the Princess away from the people she is talking to, and ask her to come and sit beside her.

Directly dinner is over the Empress places herself in an armchair, and never stirs from it until she retires to her room. This armchair is a sort of holy of holies; no one approaches it without a special invitation conveyed through the Chamberlain. In other parts of the drawing-room people talk and act as in ordinary society, but around the Imperial armchair the world has no existence; there etiquette subordinates, freezes, and paralyzes everything.

It may be supposed, perhaps, that the Empress invites to her side, through the medium of her Chamberlain, men of wit and entertaining talkers. Not at all! Mons. de Flamarens and the Duke de Bauffremont are nearly the only persons honoured, and Heaven alone knows in what respect the wit and conversation of these two Senators, and whilom professional beaux, are seductive.

The Castiglione is still in favour at Princess Mathilde's, and Giraud has been commissioned to paint her portrait. Giraud himself is also on the very pinnacle of favour, everything that he does is admirable; he is always grumbling, always asking, for ever receiving, and never satisfied. His reputation reacts upon his brother, who is also an "admirable" painter, also on his son, "who has much talent." All the work that can be given to them is given; and young Giraud, who has produced nothing, and is still an art pupil in some studio, is to have his appointment too.

Giraud has his town and country house, while a large number of artists are dying of hunger; but what does that matter if the excellent Giraud's appetite is still good?

The other personages who are in favour with the Princess are the Vimercatis, husband and wife, neither of them very exhilarating nor overburdened with wit; also the Marquis and Marchioness de la Valette, a more intelligent couple, but very obsequious.

The Princess becomes illusioned and disillusioned without staying to reflect why she is the one or the other. Her drawing-room, which was formerly a very agreeable resort, where one met a good many men of note, has now become dull, for the reason that one only comes across vain fops, like the Reisets and Vimercatis, consequential bores, like Abbé Coquerau, or casuists of the stamp of Muller, the painter.

The Girauds tried over and over again to implant

the Dumases, father and son, in the household, but that was too much of a good thing.

In the evening the door of the Palace is generally shut against all but members of the inner circle. I regret extremely the decline of the little Court of the Rue de Courcelles. The Princess's special service is almost exclusively in the hands of Madame de Fly, an old witch who was formerly lady-companion to Lady Wittingham, the mistress of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg.

The gentleman-in-waiting is an excellent and brave General, named Bougenel, who is well acquainted with the smell of powder, but was not its inventor. The lady-of-honour is Baroness de Serlay, a schemer, who makes a great show of devotion to the Princess, but whose influence is in the descending scale.

Baroness de St. Marsault and Countess Ratomska are amiable people, and of kindly manner. They are only moderately in demand, however.

But here comes the flower of the flock! . . . Raise your hats! this Admirable Crichton, this distinguished Myope, who, like Homer, will be known to all eternity as the grand blind man, is Reiset! This is he who, by dint of rubbing his nose against old pictures, has acquired the reputation for being a great connoisseur of art.

He is, or always seems to be, preoccupied, carries his little figure with a self-satisfied air, and adopts the manner of a superior person; he has also the habit of shrugging his shoulders contemptuously if you do not

happen to agree with him. He is principal mustard-maker to the Pope, High Admiral of Lake Eughien, and, for all his affected bluntness, the most fawning courtier in all Christendom.

Here, too, comes his wife, a thin, pale creature, who was at one time so terrified at the sound of a light word accidentally spoken, but who now can listen without turning a hair to the freest language of gallantry.

Also appears Mdlle. Reiset, a young girl with an agreeable exterior, and the freshness of youth; she is attractively coquettish, but her head has been turned by family greatness, and she has not, up to the present, considered any suitor worthy of her hand. This young lady also no longer frowns at the risky jest.

What changes have not the humour and morals of this family undergone?

At a bachelor dinner given by Reiset at his country house, during the absence of his wife and daughter in 1850, some rather doubtful joke fell from the lips of one of us. Reiset started back horrified, and exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake do not pollute the house to which my wife and daughter must shortly return."

Since that day Madame and Mdlle. Reiset have become more inured to gallantry, and the prudish Reiset has not hesitated to accept his position.

All of which goes to prove that the atmosphere of Courts has a potent influence on the formation of character.

May 7th.—At the ball given on Saturday last by his

Excellency the Minister of Marine, Princess Mathilde met Mons. Chabrié, the ex-keeper of the Imperial Archives, who, as has already been stated, was recently replaced by Count Léon de Laborde.

The Princess went straight up to Mons. Chabrié and said to him out loud: "I was extremely sorry, Mons. Chabrié, to hear of your dismissal from the Archives, especially when I learnt who your successor was."

Mons. Chabrié was much touched, and in thanking the Princess said: "I am the more grateful to your Imperial Highness since you have been the first to offer me a word of sympathy."

Some days previously to this scene Madame de la Redorte had been to see the Princess, and had said to her on de Laborde's part that "now that he had been selected by the Emperor to fill a high public function she hoped that her Imperial Highness would reinstate him in her good graces, and permit him to pay his respects to her again."

The Princess answered Madame de la Redorte: "I am perfectly indifferent to whatever position Mons. de Laborde may be raised, or what public functions he may assume, but I am mistress of my own house, and Mons. de Laborde shall never again put his foot in it. Tell him so from me."

The Princess is upright in her dealings, and her first impressions are excellent. She is formed by nature to occupy a high and leading position, but unhappily there is no one to give her enlightened support; the people who surround her are either dishonest or else ignorant

of the world and the manners of Courts; the result being that she does not receive the credit that is due to her, partly because she is not led in the line of conduct that becomes her, and partly because, under pretext of asserting her personal independence, she is induced to neglect the maintenance of her prerogatives.

May 8th.—Yesterday Nieuwerkerke saw Chabrié, who gave him a full account of his scene with Fould in the Emperor's presence, which resulted in his having to send in his resignation.

"The Emperor," said Chabrié, "took great pleasure in plying me with questions, knowing very well that I should say all I knew without any reserve. He seemed to enjoy his Minister's embarrassment. After my resignation the Emperor overwhelmed me with kindness; not only did he make me a Commander of the Legion of Honour and Principal of the Audit Office, but at the Tuileries he pointed me out to the people about him and said: 'Gentlemen, that is the most honest man I know.'"

Prince Napoleon left yesterday for Berlin, in consequence, it is said, of his ill-feeling with regard to the Grand Duke Constantine.

Yesterday there was an afternoon *fête* in honour of the latter at the Chateau of Villeneuve l'Etang, and this evening there is to be a concert at H.I.H. Princess Mathilde's.

May 10th.—I met Regnault, the director of the Sèvres potteries, at the Tuileries ball yesterday. He asked me if I would assist him with paintings for his

fäiences and models for his vases. We are going to set to work to try and restore this beautiful French industry.

May 15*th.*—Girardin gave a *soirée* on Tuesday last. The best singers, pianists, violinists, and other musicians considered it an honour to be allowed to perform there without any remuneration, but Girardin, the man of progressive ideas, as he was receiving the great world, penned the musicians off in a room apart, and they were only allowed to come out as they were called upon in turn to exercise their talent. On this occasion Girardin kept art at a distance. Such was the etiquette invented by the ex-director of *La Presse.*

The people of quality admitted to Girardin's were not, therefore, compromised by contact with artists; such amalgamations are well enough at the houses of such outsiders as the old nobility, but at Girardin's . . . why, people might suppose these artists were his friends!

Towards the end of the evening the great Dumas, followed by the equally great Lamartine, made his way to the artists' enclosure, and, having got the door half-open, shouted in his loudest tones, "His Majesty Lamartine, gentlemen; worth at least as much as His Majesty the Emperor!"

Lamartine, thus announced, presented himself in all his superb magnificence, and played his kingly part with dignified affability. Upon this occasion he had left Belisarius's helmet behind at his house in the Rue de la Ville l'Evêque!

Lamartine Belisarius may be seen every day at his office in the above street, where, if you go to subscribe your twenty francs for his periodical publications, you are received by the great man himself. He holds out his helmet to you and says, "Date Obolum Belisario." You let your napoleon fall into the old Roman's bronze head-piece, you get your receipt, and he sees you to the door.

General Ornano has come upon two letters of Marshal Marmont. Count de Caen speaking of them yesterday at the Imperial Club said:

"I have seen both letters. In the first, which was written when Bonaparte was still only a General, Marmont, his aide-de-camp, speaks of him as if he were a species of idiot, who would be the cause of grave misfortunes. In the second, Marmont admits his own treachery in 1814."

I wish to see the very text of these two letters before I believe in the interpretation put upon them. I know how easy it is to make people say what you wish by twisting an expression or changing a word. Anyhow, these two letters are to be published, and then we shall see.

May 17th.—Yesterday, during the course of a visit to the Fine Art Exhibition, where some of the best pictures had been temporarily placed in a room apart in order to give the Grand Duke Constantine an idea of the works of our living artists, the Prince noticed a keeper who was minus a leg, and was decorated with the Legion of Honour. He had the man presented

to him, and asked him where he had lost his limb. "At Sebastopol, your Grace," replied the soldier. The Grand Duke complimented him upon his cross, and the soldier, nothing disconcerted, said: "If your Grace will give me another I will wear it with pleasure by the side of my red ribbon." The Prince could not repress a smile, and rejoined: "When we have invented a decoration for our enemies I will bear your wish in mind."

The Emperor having received at Fontainebleau the day before yesterday the sad news that his old tutor Vieillard had been taken ill with inflammation of the lungs, left for Paris yesterday morning by the ordinary train, accompanied only by General Montebello. On his arrival at the station he took a cab and went direct to Vieillard's house, where he showed great solicitude as to the old man's condition, and treated him with great affection. After remaining there some time he went to say good-bye once more to the Grand Duke, who was surprised and charmed at the unexpected visit. The Emperor returned to Fontainebleau the same day.

May 24th.—La Rochejaquelein is going about everywhere asking for advice and putting on the air of a man of wounded honour who is resolved upon taking some serious step. He is hawking about a letter from the Duke de Bordeaux which was written by the exiled Prince to General La Rochejaquelein on the occasion of the old Marchioness's death, and appeared in the Legitimist papers twelve days ago. "This letter is an

insult," says La Rochejaquelein; "the Prince seizes the opportunity of my mother's death to abuse me. He even says to my uncle towards the close of the letter that the name of La Rochejaquelein, so admirably borne by him, will be continued in its honourable traditions by my son Julian. Have I been branded by conviction at the police courts that I am thus passed over in silence?"

In spite of this assumed indignation, La Rochejaquelein is not sorry for a little notoriety, and if a smack on the face would but attract public attention, he would not hesitate to offer his cheek.

I told him that he ought not to be surprised at the Duke de Bordeaux's language, that his position as a Senator under the Empire was naturally resented by the Legitimists, that he had much better let the matter drop and not excite any controversy. La Rochejaquelein spoke of at least asking satisfaction of the Duke de Bordeaux. I laughed, and told him that he would make himself ridiculous, and nothing more nor less.

La Rochejaquelein, who has forsaken Legitimacy for the Imperial Senate, after soliciting of Lamartine and Ledru Rollin in 1848 the post of ambassador to St. Petersburg, now wishes to be honoured by the Legitimist party. He also desires at the same time to be considered a devoted and reliable supporter of the Emperor, whereas he is nothing but a man of self-importance, without capacity, who in a moment of aberration actually had the audacity to suppose that he could oppose Louis Napoleon in his candidature for the

Presidency of the Republic. He is a frog who puffs himself out but avoids bursting.

May 26th.—The rain is again inundating the Louvre. It is coming through the ceiling of the Apollo Gallery, and the flooring in several places is covered with sawdust to receive the water. Henry II.'s Staircase yesterday was a perfect torrent. The Beauvais Pavilion, where some of the most precious drawings are stored, has been similarly inundated twice in eight days.

Lefuel, the architect, is moved by nothing. What do such trifles matter to him? To every inquiry he replies —

"Yes, the roof is uncovered, and the pipes for carrying off the water are not yet finished."

As to Nieuwerkerke, he has allowed himself to be persuaded that it is a simple matter, and natural enough, that there should be no protection against the rain. Lefuel is for the moment faultless in his eyes. He is preparing a beautiful apartment for the Director-General, and is about to begin, by the Emperor's order, the restoration of Princess Mathilde's house.

The Emperor, Empress, and King of Bavaria have arrived in Paris.

The Empress has not made herself liked at Fontainebleau. She has been most ungracious to the townspeople and garrison. On one occasion when there was an exhibition of fireworks in the private grounds she had all the park gates closed, in spite of the request that the public might be allowed to enjoy the sight.

Unfortunately the Empress confounds gravity with dignity. She is afraid she may not be considered sufficiently imperial. She is haughty without reason, and yet allows the Delesserts to take the strangest liberties with her.

However advanced the French may be in democratic ideas, they do not like upstart monarchs. The National pride does not accommodate itself to an Empress who was only yesterday to be met with at the linen-draper's or seen walking about the boulevards. The Empress Eugénie thinks that with her severe manner and Spanish genealogy she can keep the world at arm's length. She deceives herself, and perhaps will one day learn (we are far from wishing it) what a misfortune it is not to be loved.

When she visits her different country residences her guests are a curious collection. At Fontainebleau she entertained Madame de Lagrange, Mdlle. de Flavigny that was, the wife of her equerry, a person who is as disagreeable morally as physically. This lady wrote a small daily pamphlet, in the form of letters to her mother, in which she criticized people and things connected with the Court. These letters were distributed about the Faubourg St. Germain, and were highly entertaining to the Royalist party, who, poor fools, were in raptures with them. When they met each other the first question was, "Have you seen Madame de Lagrange's last letter?" and then they went over it again, and laughed till their sides ached. It was delightful!

May 27th.—The King of Bavaria came to visit the Louvre yesterday incognito, and without previously announcing his intention of doing so. He was, nevertheless, accompanied by two or three members of his suite, amongst whom was young Prince de Latour-Taxis. General Béville and Tascher de la Pagerie, the Empress's principal Chamberlain, escorted him.

Nieuwerkerke, who was not aware of the intended visit, was presiding at the time at a Committee of Fine Arts at the Champs Elysées; I was, therefore, obliged to do the honours to the royal visitor. The King of Bavaria, who is about forty-six years of age, has a slender, well set-up figure, but his face is ugly and common. He seems a man of intelligence, and takes a lively interest in art. He is coming again to complete his inspection of the galleries.

During our extended tour round the building he asked me if Horace Vernet was in Paris, and on my replying in the affirmative, he expressed his desire to have executed by that artist a large picture of the battle of Austerlitz for the museum at Munich.

"Such a picture," he said, "would be better understood by a French artist, especially by one of such talent as Vernet, than by any of our German artists."

The King was greatly interested in the historical objects in the Sovereigns' Gallery.

CHAPTER V.

1857 (*continued*).

NIEUWERKERKE'S APARTMENTS AT THE LOUVRE—DINNER AT ST. GRATIEN—PRINCESS MATHILDE'S INTIMATES—BEGINNING OF THE SEPOY WAR—PRINCE DE CANINO—ARAGO—ROYAL GRATITUDE — THE PARIS ELECTIONS — THE EMPRESS'S SUDDEN DEPARTURE FOR PLOMBIÈRES—BÉRANGER'S ILLNESS—MORNY'S RETURN; THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS RELATIONS WITH MADAME LEHON—FINANCIAL JOBBERY—THE DEATHS OF PRINCE DE CANINO AND PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA—THE AFFAIR OF THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES—RACHEL'S SALE—TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS OF THE RUE MONTAIGNE—ABBÉ COQUEREAN.

June 2nd.—The Princess Mathilde has left town for her summer residence at St. Gratien. Before going she wrote me a charming little letter telling me not to forget that my room was ready for me.

Horace Vernet has declined to paint the picture for the King of Bavaria, on the ground that the commissions he has from the Emperor will fully occupy the remainder of his days.

June 19th.—The elections begin on Sunday next;

the opposition parties are agitating and trying to stir up the electors. In Paris the names of the men of 1848 are put forward—Cavaignac, Bastide, Goudchaux, Lasteyrie, &c., &c.

The *Debats*, so strongly opposed to coalitions, is itself coalescing with the veriest Democrats.

The Government makes a mistake in patronizing the candidature of a crowd of nonentities, whose only title to public regard is that they are attached as civil functionaries to the Emperor's household.

Mons. Haussmann's elevation to the Senate is condemned by everybody. It is a positive scandal.

The apartment which Nieuwerkerke is having arranged for him at the Louvre occupies seventeen rooms on the first floor. Lefuel is at his wits' ends in the matter; from the time the idea was first conceived, Nieuwerkerke's demands have day by day increased. In the beginning he only wanted comfortable bachelor's quarters, now it must be a complete flat, with drawing-rooms, bedrooms, study, dining-room, bath-room, &c., &c. As to the other officials, it is perfectly immaterial how or where they are lodged, garrets are good enough for them. And with it all Nieuwerkerke neither dines nor breakfasts at the Louvre; he spends half the year in the country, and is more taken up with things outside than inside the Museum. He aspires to the Senate, and when he gets there will trouble less than ever about other duties.

On Sunday I went to St. Gratien for the day, but I did not stay to dinner.

The poor Princess's domestic life has become deplorable. She is this year at her country house with Nieuwerkerke and Madame de Fly, her reader, who looks for all the world like an old go-between. Madame Vimercati is also spending a part of the summer there.

On Sunday last there were besides the two Girauds, Arago, a joker of doubtful taste, and that false and uninteresting Soulié. All day long conversation was devoted to puns and jests on words, each one more stupid than the other. At table they also spoke before the servants about priests and religion, with a disregard of propriety unfortunately too common at the Princess's; both the clergy and their teaching were derided.

The Princess's surroundings have become intolerable, composed as they are of enemies in disguise, courtiers of the vilest kind, or simple buffoons. Under pretence of enjoying greater freedom in her life, she is induced to shut her door against people of worth; intellect consequently plays a small part at her gatherings, where the stewards and dispensers of hospitality are the Girauds, who are the most covetous beggars I know. Charles extols Eugène, Eugène extols Charles, and both extol young Victor, Eugène's son.

The Princess passes her day painting in water colours with E. Giraud, or looking after her gardens with Nieuwerkerke; then she goes to visit the Reisets, who are grander than ever now that their daughter wears a countess's coronet.

July 2nd.—A part of the native Indian Army is in

complete revolt against the English Government, and prompt reinforcements have had to be sent out. At Delhi the bank has been pillaged, and English residents have been massacred.

It is said that England will ask for French troops to assist in putting the insurrection down, but I doubt the report.

July 5th.—An apartment is being put in order for Prince de Canino at the Jardin des Plantes; for the life of me I do not know why, nor can anyone tell me. But the Prince complains that the place is too small for him.

This ex-President of the Roman Republic, this old enemy of France, this bad husband, father, and citizen, this dishonest gambler with whom no one will play except for money staked, this man without respectability, who is prone to any act of cowardice or ingratitude, and is allied with revolutionists of the most disreputable kind, is, nevertheless, the object of the Government's solicitude.

One thing worthy of remark is that nowadays it suffices to be acceptable to the revolutionary party to be sure of Government favour if you ask for it.

Arago, the Inspector of Fine Arts, wishes to be made the Director; he is sure to get what he wants!

He is a bad painter, a dissolute man, and a gambler; an Imperialist to-day, he would be a Republican to-morrow; he is a sort of bat who clings and flies by turns.

Prince Napoleon is his intimate friend; Princess Mathilde treats him as her familiar, and Nieuwerkerke pets him and calls him by his Christian name.

Conversions are still believed in. It is most amusing. The Restoration thought twice before pardoning La Vendée, but showered its favours on pretending Liberals and men of the first Empire. It never recognized the titles and promises given and made to the Royalist soldiers of the five departments of Old Brittany; it even treated them as brigands. The Princes only visited those unhappy districts, which had suffered so much in the cause of Royalty, perfunctorily and under compulsion.

When 1848 came, however, all the Liberal generals who had received favours from Louis-Philippe took part against him, or, to speak more correctly, they carefully abstained from taking up arms in his cause.

And yet the Emperor and his family are not warned by such examples.

Morny has been at Plombières for some days, and his wife has just arrived in Paris.

Madame Lehon's position has become embarrassing. Many people turn their backs upon her, pretending that she has been very exacting in her money transactions with Morny. Society has discovered this beautiful excuse to palliate the cowardly treatment in store for her.

I will admit, if it be wished, that the relations between Madame Lehon and Morny have not been honourable; but they are both equally blameworthy.

It is surely a case in which both parties might be sent about their business tied back to back.

July 8th.—The Paris elections have been completed by the return of the three Deputies who on the first ballot did not obtain the requisite majority. All three belong to the Opposition. They are: General Cavaignac; Darimon, Proudhon's old coadjutor; and Emile Ollivier, ex-Republican Commissary for the Bouches du Rhône.

The merchants of Paris are not satisfied with their lesson of 1848; their commercial prosperity does not count, the peace and quiet now enjoyed by France are nothing to them. Let them but succeed in bringing about troubles and we shall see them again calling for pity, trembling, and weeping at the ruin they have been chiefly instrumental in bringing upon themselves and their families; and yet they would do just the same thing again on the first opportunity.

The *Assemblée Nationale* newspaper has been suspended for two months for saying that only the Paris elections ought to count, and that consequently Messieurs Goudchoux, Carnot, Cavaignac, Ollivier, and Darimon were the only real representatives of public opinion. The *Estafette* has received a second warning for a similar article.

July 10th.—The Empress left for Plombières yesterday with the ladies and officers of her household.

This journey, which has given rise to a great deal of comment, was very unexpected. It is said that her departure was very sudden, and was the result of an

attack of jealousy caused by the tittle-tattle about her.

However that may be, I fail to see how she and her suite can be properly lodged at Plombières, where no preparation for their reception has been made.

The Empress is surrounded by gossip-mongers and men of no enlightenment whatever, and the composition of the Emperor's Court is as bad.

The *Estafette*, in consequence of its hostility to the Government, has been deprived of its right of public sale.

July 11*th*.—The Empress has arrived at Plombières, and the Emperor came as far as Epinal to meet her. This has put an end, in so far as the public are concerned at least, to the reports that were in circulation with regard to the motives of her journey. The question is, was the Empress expected? and did the Emperor approve of her visit? I do not know; but what I do know for certain is that there was no such journey contemplated a few days ago, for the Empress was having invitation cards engraved for the *fêtes* she was to have given at St. Cloud.

I am obliged to admit that there is a certain feeling of anxiety throughout the country since the result of the last Paris elections became known. People are uneasy about the opposition, the revolutionary nucleus, which is developing itself, and which while tending to excite the bad passions of some unsettles the already wavering minds of others.

It is necessary for the Emperor to show the greatest

firmness in order to restore the confidence of the timid, and to keep in check those who are hostile to his rule.

I was talking yesterday with General Ornano, who admitted with grief the change that is coming over public opinion; he agreed with me in deploring the weakness, or ill-disguised hostility, of many of our public officials.

Europe is passing through a crisis, and the democracy is making and will make powerful efforts to foment troubles and revolution; it is, therefore, necessary to keep strict watch as in time of war.

July 14*th*.—The Empress returned from Plombières yesterday. She passed through Paris wearing a Vandyke hat ornamented with feathers, and the ladies of her suite were similarly arrayed.

Béranger's death is daily expected. He is now regarded as a "simple soul," the counterpart of Lafontaine. Heaven knows that Béranger is far from being a "simple soul."

The Empress sends every day to make inquiries after the illustrious invalid. Damas-Hisnard visited him by command, and the newspapers are full of the famous interview. They have even put into the mouth of the Empress's Secretary the following expression: "You are the poet of Her Majesty's young days."

It must be admitted that he would make a singular young ladies' poet.

The police are afraid of Socialist manifestations on the day of Béranger's funeral.

July 17*th*.—Béranger is dead. He is to be buried to-

day, and the service will take place at twelve o'clock at Ste. Elizabeth du Temple, his parish church.

"The Government have decided that he shall receive public honours," says a proclamation of the Préfet of Police, which appears in prominent type in to-day's *Moniteur*, and that the Emperor, "desiring to do honour to this national poet, whose works have so powerfully contributed to the maintenance of patriotic sentiment and the popularity and glory of the Empire, has decided that the cost of the funeral shall be defrayed out of the Imperial Civil List."

All this is not without a certain subtlety, but it tends also to propagate a falsehood.

Béranger was neither a man of virtue nor a Bonapartist, he simply courted public favour, and used every opinion in turn as a weapon against the Government of the day. Bonapartism served his purpose against the Bourbons, and Republicanism against the Bonapartes.

This national poet above all fostered the creed of irreligion, and his licentious songs did nothing to stay the demoralization of the masses. He was a song-writer of spirit, a rebel of the lyre, but that is a long way off from being a national poet.

There is no manner of doubt that during his lifetime Béranger was the muse of insurrection just as in his death he now inspires the keynote of sedition.

At least so the Préfet of Police informs us this morning: "The Government," he says, "will not allow any disorderly manifestation to interrupt the respectful and

patriotic grief that should prevail at Béranger's funeral obsequies."

After this preface he proceeds to say that the funeral procession will be restricted to official deputations and holders of cards of invitation.

Cards of invitation, well and good; but official deputations of what?

In any case at twelve o'clock we shall be solemnizing Béranger's funeral by an attempted rising, and the clergy, who have been so insulted and derided by that unbeliever, will be chanting the prayers of the Church for the repose of his soul.

Comedy—pure comedy! everything in this world is comedy. It is at our theatres alone that true comedy is not seen.

I can hear the drums, and have just learned that 8,000 men of the army of Paris are under arms and ready for any movement on the part of the Socialists.

July 18*th*.—Béranger's funeral has passed off without disorder. The rioters, who were all well supplied with money, being convinced by the presence of a numerous body of armed troops that there was no chance of a disturbance, took the sane course of capitulating, and went away to the purlieus of the town with their wreaths of immortelles. In the evening these unhappy and ill-conditioned objects—fit representatives of 1848—were to be seen about the streets in a beastly state of drunkenness.

It appears that Béranger died in the odour of

sanctity; he had asked the curé of his parish for his benediction, but the curé answered: "It is not a benediction, but absolution that I give you," whereupon *the song-writer and the priest embraced.*

In his latter days, Béranger being without the means of procuring food, the Emperor remitted through Perrotin, the publisher of his works, enough money to maintain him, Perrotin persuading the poet that the money came from the sale of new editions.

July 22nd.—Morny having returned from St. Petersburg a fresh light is thrown upon the matters in dispute between himself and Madame Lehon. The facts are as follow: When de Morny became the Countess's *cavaliere servente*, he was in possession of four hundred thousand francs, which he invested in some famous zinc mines on her advice. In a very short time his fortune was more than quadrupled, and so it remained until the Revolution of 1848, when it was entirely lost, as was Madame de Lehon's.

But on the arrival of the Prince President de Morny's fortune changed; the confidence and tender affection of Louis Napoleon at once assured his position. He became the man of the time, and the time was fertile in great events. Everybody looked up to him, for he was the support and mainstay of all great works and associations of public utility. Fortune smiled on her favourite's enterprises, and he gained enormous sums of money, in which Madame Lehon very largely participated.

Morny has in his possession all the letters written

to him by that lady asking for advances of money, which always went to liquidate her debts and to enable her to keep up her luxurious establishment and expensive mode of life. In these letters she calls him her saviour, &c., &c.

The remittances thus made by de Morny amounted to considerable sums.

On being appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg he resolved to consolidate his position, found a family, and form legitimate domestic ties; but he considered, and very justly so, that Madame Lehon should be the first to be informed of his resolution, supposing that she would also be the first to counsel and approve of the step he contemplated. He wrote to her, therefore, in that belief, saying that he hoped to marry Mdlle. Otton, that he should expect for his wife a good reception at her hands, and for himself the continuance of a loyal and durable friendship. Madame Lehon replied to him in a letter full of bitter reproaches, and concluded by conjuring him to break with the Ottons, for should the marriage take place the world would not fail to say that she had been cheated by Morny, who paid his addresses to a young girl at the same time that he continued his intimacy with her.

Morny listened to Madame Lehon's appeal, and in spite of the difficulty of doing so he broke off his engagement, taking the whole onus of the rupture upon himself; at the same time he begged Madame Lehon to bear him in kind remembrance, but to prepare herself, and to prepare Parisian society, to see him return from St. Petersburg a married man.

The fury of Madame Lehon then knew no bounds; she was ready to ruin the man from whom since 1848 she had received enormous sums of money and whom she still expected to live upon. She knew, however, how to dissimulate up to the very day that the news was received from Russia announcing that the marriage of the French ambassador and Mdlle. Troubetskoi would shortly take place.

All being then lost to Madame Lehon, her only thought was how to extricate herself from her position with the greatest advantage to herself; she, therefore, obtained an audience of the Emperor, before whom she appeared in a fury of jealous despair, representing herself as the despoiled victim of de Morny, and giving His Majesty to understand that in order to obtain restitution of the sums detained from her she would not hesitate to have resort to legal measures.

The Emperor, horrified at the scandal such a proceeding would cause, wrote to de Morny and told him of Madame Lehon's accusations and intention.

Morny replied that, far from being in any way under pecuniary obligations to Madame Lehon, that lady had for years past lived on the means he had allowed her, of which he had written proofs, but that being so far off it was difficult for him to produce them and properly explain matters; under which circumstances, and in order to avoid a law suit or scandal of any kind, he begged the Emperor to be so good as to act as arbitrator in the matter, and in anticipation gave his consent to any arrangement His Majesty might think proper to make.

Madame Lehon thereupon redoubled her demands, and in the end induced the Emperor to award her three million five hundred thousand francs out of de Morny's fortune.

Since his return, however, and after acquiescing in the award, de Morny has furnished incontestable proofs that he owed nothing, but that, on the contrary, if accounts were gone into, two million five hundred francs would be found to be due to him.

Madame Lehon, none the less, takes her three millions odd, is selling her house in Paris, and retiring to a newly-acquired property in the country. Her daughter and de Morny's, Princess Poniatowski, who does not share her mother's ill-feeling, has written to ask her father to see her. He is hesitating whether he shall do so or not, but will probably give way in the end.

July 29th.—The Emperor returns from Plombières to-day. It is said that his journey to England is put off until August 5th. The Queen of England's visit to France is postponed indefinitely, the news from India being so bad that it is impossible for the Sovereign to leave home on a pleasure trip.

According to the latest news Delhi still holds out, and the English are waiting for reinforcements. The insurrection is spreading to districts hitherto undisturbed. This Indian business is a serious embarrassment for England.

Chaumont Quitry, the Emperor's Chamberlain, told me yesterday at the Imperial Club that with reference

to all this financial jobbery at the "Grand Central" the Emperor had remarked to him last winter:

"I will not allow de Morny to come back until all this dirty business has been settled."

July 30th.—I was talking yesterday evening on the Club terrace with the Marquis d'Audiffret, the most accomplished financier we have, about Mons. Fould and his assumed importance.

"I cannot tell you how I deplore the whole situation," said the Marquis. "Fould is a mischievous man, who knows very little about finance, in spite of his pretensions, and, moreover, belongs to the corrupt party. That man does untold injury to the Emperor. More than once I have been invited by His Majesty to discuss Mons. Fould's financial or administrative plans, and have not had much trouble in pointing out where they have been defective, or even impracticable; but I must avow I have been astonished to hear Mons. Fould declare I was right in my criticisms without even trying to justify or support his own propositions."

The English Government, who have been taken to task by all the Powers for the protection they have afforded political exiles, are, it is said, about to legislate in the matter. It is high time they did so, but I have some difficulty still in believing that England will surrender a weapon which has always been so useful to her in her Continental policy. Ledru Rollin not only denies having taken any part in the plot against the Emperor's life, but he insists that the persons arrested

are pretended assassins in the pay of the French police.

July 31*st.*—Prince de la Moskowa and Prince de Canino have recently died. Good riddance to both of them.

Prince de la Moskowa was a man without any good qualities whatever, and his character made him generally detested. Military men say he was a good musician; musicians ought to rejoin that he was an excellent soldier. As to Prince de Canino, he was hated and despised by everybody. Reeking with every vice, capable of any crime, or act of ingratitude, a passionate gambler, and disordered *roué*, he was spurned by his wife and suspected by his children.

The Government journals, desirous of pronouncing his encomium, *extol his knowledge of birds!*

August 1*st.*—Just as the Emperor was about to pay a visit of courtesy to the Queen of England, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the English ambassador at Constantinople, supported by Baron Prockesh, declares a violent diplomatic war against us in connection with the affair of the Danubian Principalities.

England and Austria pose as the arbiters of the situation, without taking into consideration the protestations of the other Powers, or the sentiments of the Turks themselves. The Porte agreed to the postponement of the Moldavian Elections in deference to the wishes of France, Russia, Prussia, and Piedmont. Their postponement was rendered necessary in consequence of Prince Vogoridez's abuse of authority, but

Lord Stratford and Baron Prockesh insisted upon being present at the Council of Ministers, in spite of the wish of the Sultan and his advisers, forced their views upon the meeting, and ended by carrying their point.

August 4th.—Eugène Sue died at Annecy yesterday. I knew him well between 1833 and 1840; he was a mediocre writer without morality or conviction, and a disreputable individual in every sense. The "Mysteries of Paris" made and marred his reputation.

Eugène Sue dead is a scandal the less.

Our influence at Constantinople has turned out the Ministry, and carried the day against the English and Austrian ambassadors. Our Minister, Thouvenel, has for the moment beaten Lord Stratford. The Emperor and Empress leave for Osborne, on a visit to the Queen of England, on the 5th. Their stay will be very short.

August 5th.—The heat has been very great for a month past. This morning it rained, and the Parisians were delighted to get drenched through; never was rain more ardently longed for.

Mdlle. Rachel's sale has taken place, and the prices bid for some of the things have been simply ludicrous. Her bed fetched more than 1,000 francs, and a particular chamber requisite 100 francs. Such details are more significant than words.

August 7th.—The trial of the persons charged with an attempt upon the Emperor's life has commenced. Their culpability is clear, and the most incredulous

cannot now deny the participation of Mazzini and Ledru Rollin in the infamous plot.

In reading the accounts of the trial it is curious to note with what care Countess Castiglione's name is suppressed in referring to the watch kept upon her house by the conspirators in order to surprise the Emperor on his arrival or departure. The Rue Montaigne is not even alluded to by name, but simply number 53. Such display of cunning is a pure farce.

August 8th.—Tibaldi, Mazzini's agent in Paris, the real conspirator, the man who directed the assassins sent from London to attempt the Emperor's life, and who armed and looked after them, was yesterday condemned to transportation for life. He made no confession.

As to the other two wretches, Grilli and Bartolotti, who had each received fifty napoleons to kill the Emperor, they will have time to reflect upon the infamy of their trade during fifteen years in a convict prison. The enthusiasts of the Italian cause can scarcely be proud to see "Our Nation," as Italy is called, taking so leading a part in assassination.

August 9th.—The policy of England and Austria is again for the moment successful in Constantinople.

Turkey refuses to annul the elections in the Danubian Principalities, and the ambassadors of France, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia have consequently broken off communications with the Porte, and hauled down their flags.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Baron Prockesh have

delivered a note to the Porte which is fairly insolent in its language, as it encourages the Turks to resist the demands of the other Powers, and promises to guarantee them against the consequences of doing so.

Lord Palmerston's newspapers, with the view of quieting India, do nothing but speak of the massacres that ought to take place there, and of the measures they wish to see adopted by the Government towards the natives. "The Government of the Sword" and philanthropic England are all the time shedding tears for Italy!

August 10th.—I dined at Princess Mathilde's at St. Gratien yesterday, and met the Sardinian Envoy and the Minister of Public Worship.

Coquereau, the most scheming of abbés, was also there. For four mortal hours he never ceased worrying the Minister; he denounced this that and the other Bishop, demanded the dismissal of such and such chief of division or bureau, and finally got the Minister to take him back to Paris in his carriage.

For his Excellency himself he was full of praise and flattery; in fact, the Abbé wishes to be a Bishop himself. The Princess, who does not know the character of this gentleman and calls him her "excellent abbé," does all in her power to secure his promotion.

As I have already said, the Abbé was an Orleanist until the Emperor made him Almoner of the Fleet and Canon of St. Denis. At the present moment he is, with the view of getting a bishopric, an ultra-Gallican, and says the most outrageous things against Rome

and the Episcopate. Heaven knows what he would be to-morrow if he attained his object.

Princess Mathilde said to him during the evening: "Admit now, my dear Abbé, that if anyone else had behaved as you have for the last four hours you would have called him an intriguer."

The Duke de Frias, the Spanish ambassador, paid a ceremonial visit at 9 o'clock; he is a sort of caricature of a man, but has the reputation for amiability and intelligence. You ought to see him.

CHAPTER VI.

1857 *(continued)*.

England and Austria's policy at Constantinople—Godefroy again—The Médicis Gallery—Opening of the new buildings at the Louvre—Distribution of orders—The Emperor's Speech—Anecdotes of Mocquard, Rouland, and Magnan—Cruel conduct of the English in India—Anecdote of General Montebello and Lord Hardinge—Bacciochi's opinion of the Emperor and Empress—Madames de Contades and Walewski—The Case of Colonel de Cercey—Meeting of the Emperor and the Czar—The Grand Duke Constantine at Cherbourg—England Mourns—The Court at Compiègne—Lord Palmerston's Speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet—Prince Napoleon and the Aristocracy—Return of General Lamoricière to France.

August 12*th*.—The Emperor and Empress returned from Osborne yesterday. They visited Rouen on their way back, and were very well received.

August 13*th*.—The result of the Emperor's visit to England is made known to-day. Lord Palmerston recedes from the position he had adopted with regard to the Moldavian Christians, and there are to be fresh elections. Mons. Thouvenel is therefore shown to have

been right in protesting and breaking off diplomatic relations with the Porte, and the insolence of Lord Stratford and Baron Prockesh is indirectly censured.

This proves once more that it does not do timidly to give way to England, who is strong so long as other nations are weak, and overbearing when they do not resist her.

England persists on every occasion in crying out loudly against the ambitious pretensions of Russia, but endeavours to hide her own encroachments. For example, after taking possession six weeks ago of an island in the Red Sea belonging to Turkey, she now seizes a group of islands situated close to the Dutch possessions in the East Indies.

August 14*th*.—I have just been to see the Rubens Collection in the Médicis Gallery which the picture-restorer Godefroy is working upon, and my heart is ready to burst with what I have witnessed.

Godefroy is drunk three-parts of his time; he is rough-handed, and goes to work in a positively brutal manner in scraping off the varnish and cleaning the pictures. He uses a big sponge and *Alkali*.

The half-shades, the form and delicacy disappear, the contours are lost, and then he sets to work, the barbarian, with a heart of joy, to touch up, repaint, and renovate the productions of Rubens.

These restorations, ordered by Villot, and executed by Godefroy, will ever remain a disgraceful chapter in the annals of the Museum.

Those beautiful hands of Maria de Médicis in the picture of "The Birth" are lost. I am well aware

that Godefroy intends to replace them, but I prefer Rubens's brush.

When Villot decides upon a piece of restoration he and his agents proceed to work as if they were washing the dirty linen of the Hôtel des Invalides.

There will be a fine fuss when the Museum is re-opened. Mons. Alkali Villot has taken upon himself a heavy responsibility.

11.30 *o'clock.*—The police are taking up their position in the large court of the Louvre to be in readiness for the Imperial procession, which will enter by the gate on the side of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and workmen are strewing gravel along the route the Emperor is to take.

The courtyard will be closed to the public at twelve. This morning I visited the room where the ceremony is to take place ; it is arranged and decorated by the furnishing staff, inexpensively enough. It is one of the large courts in the centre of the new buildings which have taken the place of the old Louvre galleries.

The weather is rainy and gloomy, it clears up at times and then becomes cloudy again ; the atmosphere, too, is heavy and full of electricity. If the weather is wet to-morrow the Emperor's *fête* will be rather a failure.

3.30 *o'clock.*—I have just returned from the ceremony, which was favoured by the weather, as it turned out quite fine. The Imperial procession was able to proceed by the streets and places which form the circuit of the Louvre, passing through the large court-

yard and going out by the gate in front of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the sun shining all the time.

The inaugural ceremony was cold, the cheers were only occasional, and without warmth. The artists and workmen who filled the gallery, at the end of which was the Emperor's throne, were precisely the class of men who furnish recruits to the Revolutionary party.

All the principal offices of State were represented at the ceremony.

Six crosses of the Legion of Honour and a large number of gold medals have been distributed. Lefuel is made an officer of the Legion of Honour. The knights are: Piot, the architect and chief inspector; Bosio, sculptor; Jacquot, ditto; Maret, master mason; Durand, master plumber.

The Princes who accompanied the Emperor were wrong to show by their looks that they were bored. Princes ought not to forget that they have a part to play, and should always put on smiling faces in public.

The principal event at the ceremony was the Emperor's speech, which, I confess with regret, had a most painful effect upon me. The first part, that which dealt with the Louvre itself, was excellent; it was to the point, and abounded in those happy expressions which distinguish all the Emperor's speeches. But when he attempted to show that there is a philosophic meaning in monuments as in history, he committed, in my opinion, an outrage upon public morality and national honesty. This was his argument:—

"Just as it may be noted as a remarkable fact that

under the first Revolution the Committee of Public Safety unwittingly continued the work of Louis XI., Richelieu, and Louis XIV. in dealing the last blow to feudalism, and in following up the system of unity and centralization—which had ever been the constant aim of monarchy—so also is there a great lesson taught by the Louvre, where we see the ideas of Henry IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., and Napoleon adopted by the transient Administration of 1848.

"It is a well-recognized truth that a nation acquires from its antecedents, just as an individual does from his past training, principles which no momentary passion, however fierce, will entirely succeed in obliterating.

"When a moral impulse is the result of a country's social disposition, it is transmitted through centuries of time and many diverse forms of government, until in the end the object is attained."

Thus from out the mouth of the Emperor himself issued the justification of the infamous Committee of Public Safety, which, in his view, accomplished, through the medium of the nation, the work of Providence, and crowned the policy of Louis XI., Richelieu, and Louis XIV. by dealing the last blow to feudalism.

No, sire, the Committee of Public Safety, whose name should never be mentioned before a meeting of workmen in tones of esteem, was not the successor of Louis XIV. This Committee of Blood was nothing

but a guillotine, whose victims, for the most part, were drawn from the lower classes and the ranks of the people. The Committee of Public Safety! . . . it is a terror, it means Lebon at Arras, Collot d'Herbois at Lyons, Carrier at Nantes!

Say, if you please, that the abolition of titles and privileges, which was neither the work of the Committee of Public Safety nor of the Convention, was a continuation of the policy of Louis XI., of Richelieu, and Louis XIV. if you like, but that the Committee of Public Safety should find its justification, or *raison d'être*, in any moral impulse . . . the thing is impossible!

Your argument, sire, carried you too far; you cannot be aware of the consequences of such a theory.

Socialism and Mazzini are continuing the work of the Committee of Public Safety. They are, therefore, following up the work of Louis XI., Richelieu, and Louis XIV. They also wish for unity, as did the Committee of Public Safety; unity through Terror.

Sire, you have insulted the great King whose work you are finishing; it is wrong. You have shocked the moral sense of the nation; it is wrong. You have made the philosophy of history speak untruly; it is wrong.

And I am the more hurt, sire, because I am devoted to your policy, which is not that of the Committee of Public Safety.

August 19th.—I was talking yesterday with Marshal Canrobert and the Marquis d'Audiffret about

persons who are now high in office, and here are a few of the anecdotes I picked up.

About the time of the General Berton business Mocquard was asked to undertake the delivery of a sum of six thousand francs, and the money was handed to him by Mons. Combes Syeis, who was implicated in that conspiracy. Mocquard remitted two thousand francs to the person for whom the money was intended, but kept four thousand for himself, and it has never been possible to make him disgorge.

The father of His Excellency Mons. Rouland, Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, was a servant in the house of the Marquis d'Audiffret's father. During the Revolution he was faithful, honest, and devoted to his master.

Marshal Magnan's father was a porter who sometimes waited at his employer's table, in which service he was occasionally assisted by his son.

Fould's grandfather was a servant; his father was three times a bankrupt, and the son once only. This is an improvement.

The men who are most devoted to the Emperor are indignant at seeing such rascals as Fould, Billault, and their accomplices wearing the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

August 24th.—I have changed my apartment at the Louvre, and am now lodged in a little *entresol* near the Director-General's new quarters, which is reached by a staircase now in course of construction. The entrance hall opens from the alley leading to the Rue de Rivoli.

My office looks into the courtyard, and my bedroom into a garden, which belongs, I suppose, to the Ministry of the Interior.

The latest news from India is not very reassuring. Delhi still holds out, and the Indians are defending themselves desperately. The English General in command of the besieging column has died of dysentery. A General in another locality has succumbed to his wounds, and the troops at Oude are in open insurrection.

The English officers and newspapers speak of the insurrectionists as ruffians, and give long accounts of the massacres of Europeans by native troops.

Like them I look upon these massacres as abominations, and I repudiate assassination with my whole soul, but in order to have the right to speak of the natives as barbarians England should conduct herself towards them like a civilized nation.

If the natives massacre the English whom they capture alive, the English also hang their prisoners or shoot them from the cannon's mouth. They, who were so easily roused to indignation because the King of Naples imprisoned the conspirators who troubled his dominions, do not hesitate to let the world know their mode of procedure (which they seem to have borrowed from the old Deys of Algiers), by means of which insurgents are put beyond the possibility of future harm. English or Indians, it is equally a war of barbarians, and if either merit the excuse of extenuating circumstances they are the Indians and not the

English. Those people, who are hardly civilized, are suffering from the effects of a long term of servitude, to which they have been subjected for the profit of a company of merchants. In the space of less than a century they have seen their royal races gradually disappear and their land absorbed by the East India Association. Then, too, the excellent Protestants of the Metropolis have terrified them by their proselytising ardour. The poor people had been able to support a great many vexatious trials, but they could not bear the thought of their religion being attacked. Whatever may be the issue of the struggle, the moral prestige of England will greatly suffer.

Rivers of blood will be made to flow in putting down the insurrection, for in the eyes of England the Indians are not beings of the same degree as the Neapolitans.

Nevertheless, if the King of Naples would surrender to the English the sulphur mines of Sicily, they would willingly lend him cannons and send artillerymen from India to teach him how to tie men to their mouths.

August 26th.—The Indian insurrection was the principal topic of conversation at the Imperial Club yesterday, and General Montebello asked the English ambassador "if he did not think India was altogether lost to England?" The ambassador replied: "It may be so, General, but you understand the character of our nation sufficiently to know that she will not hesitate in adapting herself to circumstances, and if she loses India politically she will still, in a commer-

cial sense, retain her dominion by making treaties with her successor."

General Montebello told me that he had been sent by the Emperor on a mission to England eight months before the Crimean war broke out. Having visited all the military establishments of the three kingdoms he told Lord Hardinge how surprised he was at the bad administration and wretched organization of the English army generally.

"You have done everything, my lord," he said, "to prevent the possibility of a French invasion, and yet, may I be allowed to tell you, fifty thousand French troops landed on any point of your coast would meet with no very serious resistance, and would achieve the conquest of England."

Lord Hardinge replied:

"You are more generous than the Duke of Wellington, who has often said that twelve thousand Frenchmen would suffice for the task."

The Marquis d'Audiffret also told me that, after visiting all the Government Offices in England, he could not help letting the officials know his astonishment at finding everything so badly conducted, and the elementary principles of administration so little understood.

"We are positively ashamed of it," was the rejoinder.

September 12th.—The Emperor has sent a thousand pounds, and the Imperial Guard four hundred, towards the fund being started for the families of the victims of the Sepoy war. It is good policy to have done so,

but the example will not be very widely followed in France, where the irritation against England is greater than ever. This animosity first showed itself at the Conseil-Général of the Eure, in connection with the piercing of the isthmus of Suez. The Naval Captain, La Roncière, was the spokesman on the occasion, and his severe strictures met with unanimous response from the members of the Conseil.

Lord Palmerston's speeches in Parliament, and the opposition of England and Austria in connection with the Danubian Principalities, have, in a great measure, brought this ill-feeling about.

Yesterday Bacciochi said to me, speaking of the camp at Châlons :—

"God grant that the intoxication of all this grand military display may not put into the Emperor's head the idea of adding the glory of war to all the glorious and useful works which distinguish his reign."

Bacciochi also talked a good deal about the internal life of the Court, of the Emperor and Empress, and Princess Mathilde. With respect to the Emperor, he said :—

"He is as faithful in his friendships as he is faithless in matters of the heart."

Of the Empress he said :—

"You cannot place reliance even upon the duration of her charitable moods. She is so very inconstant."

With reference to the Princess Mathilde, he remarked :—

"The Emperor is very much concerned at the publicity of her relations with Nieuwerkerke, and is

greatly affected each time some inconsiderate act on their part gives rise to fresh gossip. As, for example, when Nieuwerkerke lived at Breteuil with the Princess, and used to drive her himself about the St. Cloud Park, and now again in their common household at St. Gratien, where Nieuwerkerke gives himself all the airs of a master. 'I have frequently tried to give Nieuwerkerke a friendly hint,' he said, 'but he will not understand me.'"

September 14*th*.—I have just come back from St. Gratien, where I had a long talk with the Princess yesterday about the women who frequent the Imperial Court.

The Princess again repeated to me that she had heard the Marchioness de Contades soliciting a pension from the Empress on the occasion of her rupture with General Fleury, and supporting her demand in the following language:—

"It is not only, madam, an affection very dear to me that I am deprived of in losing General Fleury, but I may also tell your Majesty I am likewise deprived of the means of living. General Fleury shared with me his income, which enabled me to live in Paris, and lead the life that suited my position and tastes. Up to now he has always shown me the tenderest regard, and never failed to spend Sunday with me!"

These frank admissions were rewarded with complete success. Madame de Contades was allowed a pension of twelve thousand francs, and her son by de

Coislin is brought up at the Empress's charge. Damas Hisnard also takes her to see Her Majesty every Sunday.

Madame de Contades has the right to wear the Imperial hunting dress, which is called at Court "The button," and when the Grand Duke Constantine went to Compiègne she was specially presented to him. She had an apartment in the Palace, and was, in short, held in high regard.

The Marchioness de Las Marismas, whose husband is an imbecile, is also one of the Empress's favourites. This lady, whose mother did not enjoy the best of reputations in Italy, is one of the ladies-in-waiting. Her relations with Poniatowski are well known.

Countess Walewski, the wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is without doubt the Emperor's favourite at the present moment. The Empress is also most partial to her, and Walewski himself is by no means indifferent to his wife's newly-acquired "dignity."

September 17*th*.—Lefuel's new system of lighting the large gallery of the Louvre is admitted by everyone to be a failure. One side of the gallery gets too much light, and the other is hidden in half-darkness, which is more favourable to repose than to viewing pictures. The large gallery has not yet been thrown open to the public, and I am rather anxious about what will be said when it is. The restoration of Rubens's canvases will give rise to grave disapprobation. It is impossible to see anything more heart-rending than their renovation by Sieur Godefroid.

Up to the present time more than one hundred pictures have been disfigured by him.

How can it be possible to restore a hundred important works in a few months?

I was talking with Merimée yesterday about Lefuel, and he quite agreed in my estimate of that gentleman and his architectural productions.

Merimée has told Fould a hundred times how incapable he is, but Fould's invariable rejoinder is —

"Why do you so dislike Lefuel?"

Merimée has in vain protested that he has no personal feeling against Lefuel, but that he is ashamed of the man's blunders and the want of taste he has displayed in designing the new grand staircase.

Fould does not understand the matter, and always replies:—

"Why the devil are you so hard on Lefuel?"

This will give an idea of the artistic intelligence of the Minister who is responsible for the Fine Arts.

September 18*th*.—In Spain Queen Christina has tried to upset the Narvaez Ministry by means of a plot hatched in the Palace itself. Marshal Narvaez has come out of the matter victoriously this time, but the conspiracy will be sure to break out again.

Queen Christina is Spain's bad genius. She has never had any other object than that of wholesale plunder, and has so far been successful. She probably wanted to commit some fresh act of robbery, and tried to get rid of Narvaez in order to carry out her design. The risk of plunging Spain into revolution did not

weigh with her, for on that point she is perfectly indifferent.

It would be an immense benefit to Spain if the cholera or some other malady would carry this brazen wanton off.

September 24th.—I do not remember if I have mentioned in the earlier part of this book a very grave matter which came before the Council of War in Paris, which seriously affected the character of a Colonel in the army who had hitherto enjoyed high public esteem. The facts as I am about to give them were related to me by Brénier, our last ambassador at Naples, and by Mons. Villemain, a member of the Council of State, and formerly Commissary of Stores.

This Colonel, Count de Cercey (son of the brave Admiral of that name), who in Louis Philippe's time was a great favourite of General Tiburce Sebastiani, was charged by Mons. Morissot with malversation of funds, and found guilty both by the Council of War and the Court of Appeal.

When this disgraceful sentence was pronounced the public condemned the culprit with great bitterness. The higher his position and the more hopeful his career had been, the more severe was the public censure, the more was he made to feel the loss of the favours he had hitherto enjoyed at the hands of fickle fortune.

Mons. de Cercey was bright, good-looking, and of happy disposition. He led an easy life, and was open-

hearted and generous. Everyone sought his acquaintance, and his superiors were fond of his society.

If Mons. de Cercey's qualities brought him friends and attracted the attention of his superiors, they also made for him enemies amongst those who, not possessing the same recommendations, and being less successful in their military career, were proportionately envious. Some even became his bitter foes, and amongst these was the President of the Council of Appeal before which Mons. de Cercey's case was heard.

The Registrar of the court told Mons. Villemain that in law and in fact the verdict was an abominable iniquity.

As I have already stated Mons. de Cercey was an easy man of the world, who was without method in his business affairs, and kept no account even of the most important transactions.

The principal point in dispute between him and his opponents was a sum of two hundred thousand francs, as to the employment of which it was impossible for him to furnish any proper account.

"I know," he said, "that I had to pay the money to those who were entitled to it, but beyond that my memory does not serve me."

The Count de Cercey, Colonel, Commander of the Legion of Honour, and a brave soldier, who had shown great energy in suppressing the revolts in the South in 1848 and 1852, was, therefore, broken and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

This sentence, which was made known throughout

the country by means of the Press, was read with avidity. People became passionate partisans in the matter, and took sides both for and against the condemned man.

Fifteen days after the sentence was confirmed on appeal, the prisoner's counsel received from a country attorney a letter enclosing receipts for the famous two hundred thousand francs. The solicitor wrote :—

"On reading the account of Mons. de Cercey's sentence I am deeply concerned at the fearful injustice to which he has been subjected, and hasten to forward you the proofs of his innocence. God grant that they may yet be of service to him!"

Since then Mons. de Cercey has not ceased to importune the Keeper of the Seals to put in motion the machinery of the law in order that his case may be reheard.

The Emperor has been interested in his unhappy position, and the Empress has herself pleaded his cause. The Legal Committee of the Council of State, which was consulted as to the possibility of reconsidering the verdict, have also pronounced in his favour. All, in fact, who have been able to examine into the matter are assured of Mons. de Cercey's innocence, and yet the wretched prisoner cannot procure redress, and is undergoing his sentence.

Mons. Abbatucci refuses to order a new trial, because, he says, the Minister of War is not in favour of doing so ; the latter alleging as his reason "*that in case of his acquittal he would have to make him a General!*"

September 25*th*.—The Emperor has left the camp at Châlons, and is about to proceed to Stuttgart.

Yesterday I saw Marshal Canrobert, who has just returned from the military manœuvres. He told me how astonished he was at the Emperor's marvellous military ability, at the facility with which he can command and handle troops, and of his rapid appreciation of the advantages and disadvantages of the ground.

The Duke of Cambridge was very pleased with our men, and said:

"If we had such a camp as Châlons in India I should be without the least uneasiness as to the issue of the present insurrection."

September 26*th*.—The Emperor of the French and the Czar of Russia have met at Stuttgart. The newspapers teem with speculations as to the questions which the two Sovereigns will discuss during their interview.

The Emperor has selected to accompany him young Prince Murat, a Lieutenant in the Guides, who married three years ago Prince Wagram's daughter. I am at a loss to understand the reason for this special mark of favour, a distinction which the young Prince's merits certainly do not entitle him to. This Lieutenant in the Guides, and grandson of King Murat, has not done much honour at present to the memory of his ancestor; he has prudently kept clear of war, and when our soldiers were dying like heroes before Sebastopol he was shooting at his father-in-law's at Grosbois. With that exception, however, he is a good

fellow enough, but without brains or education, in the matter of which he just simply knows how to read and write. Such as he is, however, Lieutenant Murat is the hope of his family, who think to see him, at no distant date, King of Naples.

His wife is the most disagreeable little minx it is possible to meet. She is the offspring of a shoddy aristocracy which has been evolved out of an admixture of finance, favouritism, and French bourgeoisie.

October 7th.—During his visit to Cherbourg the Grand Duke Constantine does not seem to have behaved very graciously. I was told yesterday that when he was shown over the magnificent harbour works he said to the Engineer :

" The works are very fine, but they will not shelter a fleet; if any enemy's vessels should appear off the harbour the French fleet could be destroyed by bombardment." And the Prince smiled sarcastically.

The Engineer, who felt very much aggrieved, replied :

" These works, your Highness, are rather intended for breakwaters than for defence; but if a French fleet did find itself menaced by bombardment it would not lie at anchor; for, whatever might be the disproportion of the attacking fleet, it would sally out and give battle."

The Grand Duke did not say any more, and the Admiral Préfet gave the Engineer a grateful pressure of the hand and thanked him for his patriotic reply.

Speaking of Prince Napoleon at the Imperial Club last evening, Marshal Canrobert remarked: "Was there ever such a maladroit being in the world for all his intelligence? He can find time to go and see Rachel when he is in the South, as the *Indépendance* informs us, but he cannot find time to pay a visit to the camp at Châlons.

October 9th.—The famous day of mourning and mortification ordered to be observed in England was celebrated on Wednesday last. The whole of England bent under the weight of its *Indian humiliation.*

The newspapers, the *Times* at their head, have performed their *mea culpa.* They have recognized that if the English neither knew how to make themselves loved nor respected by the Hindoos they ought to look for the reason in their own uncontrollable pride. "For," they say, "we were in other respects good masters, administering to all equal justice and overwhelming the natives with benefits."

England is evidently not yet sufficiently humiliated, and the proof is to be found in the insincerity of her confession.

Admit, then, proud and wounded, but yet impenitent people, that you have been hard task-masters, cruel and exacting, and indifferent to justice. Do not speak with such vanity of the glory of your arms; with your gold you sow treason near the native Princes you wish to vanquish, and you prepare false treaties which you only acknowledge as such when you can no longer disown them.

Read again the despatches of your old Governors, and you will therein find the avowal of your abominable treacheries. Recall your war with Tippoo Sahib; it is full of atrocities. You count the Hindoo as nothing, but you include India as an asset in your budgets. You suck it as one sucks an orange. You claim the continuation of your authority in the name of civilization.

What have you done for India since your occupation? You have despoiled her and humiliated her children. Fast and cover yourselves with cinders! . . . hypocrites! The day you take Delhi you will bring shame upon yourselves with the horrors you commit, and then you will say: "*Justice has been done!*"

October 23*rd.*—The Court has been at Compiègne since Sunday, and will remain there for two or three weeks; numerous invitations have been issued, which, as usual, have given rise to a good many comments. One does not know why invitations are sent to persons so absolutely unknown and of so little importance as Gaston d'Hauteserve and his wife.

Gaston, in spite of his prenomen and aristocratic surname, is of very ordinary family, which was ennobled by Louis XVIII. because of its loyalty.

The real name of the family is Gautier, but each branch has added to its plebeian appellation the name of its place. Gaston's father, a big-bellied Deputy of the Government of July, had a high position in the Paris Custom House. He is an outrageous Orleanist.

On his mother's side, Gaston is descended from

Goulard, the apothecary at Nimes, who invented the "Goulard water."

November 5th.—The affair of the Principalities is becoming complicated. The Turkish Ministry is changed; Lord Stratford has procured the nomination to the Grand Viziership of a man who is violently opposed to the Union.

Austria, supported by England, backs up Turkey, and the question of the free navigation of the Danube meets with much opposition from her.

Mons. de Thouvenel, our ambassador, refuses to communicate with the new Grand-Vizier.

November 8th.—I corrected yesterday the proof of my letter to the French Press, which will appear on Tuesday or Wednesday next. It is headed: "English sentiments of justice and humanity with regard to the question of India." I have not put my name to it because of my position as a public official. Marshal Canrobert said to me, when I showed it to him: "It is a big business, and I advise you not to print your name."

November 12th.—At the Lord Mayor's banquet, on the 9th inst., Lord Palmerston made a speech, of which the following is an extract:—

"It is the custom, my lords and gentlemen, for Continental people to say that England is not a military nation. From a certain point of view, from their point of view, it is, perhaps, a perfectly true statement. An Englishman is not so fond as are the people of some other countries of uniforms, of steel scabbards,

and of iron heels; but no nation can excel the English, either as officers or soldiers, in a knowledge of the duties of the military profession, and in the zeal and ability with which those duties are performed; and wherever desperate deeds are to be accomplished—wherever superior numbers are to be boldly encountered and triumphantly overcome—wherever privations are to be encountered—wherever that which a soldier has to confront is individually or collectively to be faced—there is, I will venture to say, no nation on the face of the globe which can surpass—I might, without too much national vanity say, I believe, that there is no nation which can equal—the people of the British islands." (Loud cheers.)

This is a little strong. Lord Palmerston forgets, then, the Crimean campaign, or that without the help of the French, of those *lovers of uniforms and iron heels*, the English army would have found itself in a pitiful plight. Lord Palmerston makes himself popular in his own country by his insolence to foreigners.

November 24th.—Mons. Dupin, the great Dupin, the representative of Louis Philippe and middle-class Parliamentary Government, has been appointed Procureur-General of the Court of Appeal.

Mons. Vaisse has been appointed President of the same Court, and the post he vacated of Procureur-General of the Imperial Court has been filled up by Mons. Chaix d'Estange, who a few years ago thought of leaving the Bar for a diplomatic career.

On the occasion of the Empress's birthday a grand charade, the poetry for which was written by Mérimée and Mocquart, was played at Compiègne. Rouland, the Minister of Public Worship, took the part of an Auvergnat peasant, which was admitted by everybody to have been a great success. He is a perfect comic actor. The female parts were nearly all taken by foreign ladies, who murdered the poetry in first-rate style. Lady Eglington altered the rhyme and put in measures of her own in the most liberal manner, but the Court were charmed with the whole performance.

November 28th.—Dupin has been made a Senator and Chaix d'Estange and Vaisse Councillors of State.

The Empress and Princess Mathilde are for the moment on the most marvellously intimate terms; they exchange presents of jewellery, show each other their wardrobes, and behave with mutual courtesy.

November 30th.—I dined at Princess Mathilde's yesterday with the Duke de Malakoff and General Fleury. Everyone was engrossed with a duel that has just taken place, and for a most absurdly insufficient reason, between Mons. de Froidfont, of the Guides, and a young Neapolitan nobleman, an only son. The duel was fought with swords, and the Neapolitan was killed on the spot.

At Vincennes the roof of the guard-room at the fort gate, on the forest side, has fallen in, and the whole of the guard, consisting of twenty men, have been crushed to death.

Princess Mathilde was furiously angry yesterday

with young Dumas, who has accepted the Order of the Legion of Honour with great readiness after having had the rudeness to decline being presented to the Emperor by her.

December 6th.—Prince Napoleon is in a state of transformation, and good people pretend that he has entirely changed.

I do not believe it; his language may be different, but his motives are the same.

He now says that the Emperor would be perfectly justified in taking in hand the reform of the nobility; that is to say, in restoring to the old aristocracy their former splendour by depriving the upstarts of their titles. He assumes, in fact, the most aristocratic notions, although still surrounded by democratic advisers. Hubaine is his secretary, &c., &c.

December 7th.—Mons. Chapuis-Montaville has a son who married the daughter of a rich merchant of St. Etienne; the son and his wife, however, have obtained a judicial separation, and the custody of the child born of the marriage has been given to the mother. Quite recently, however, Chapuis, junior, with the assistance of the principal Commissary of Police and the Procureur-Impérial at St. Etienne, succeeded in locking up the mother for an hour and carrying off the child. But, as the proceeding has caused great excitement in the neighbourhood, the Préfet has suspended the Commissary, and an Imperial decree which appeared in yesterday's *Moniteur* has deprived the Procureur-Impérial of his office.

December 13*th*.—General Lamoricière has returned to France; on his arrival he at once informed the War Minister of the fact. He appears to be very much affected by the permission to return, which the Emperor sent him as soon as the illness of the General's young son was known. Lamoricière has written to inform the Minister that he must not be looked upon as an enemy of the Emperor, for he recognizes all that he has done for the glory and tranquillity of France, and gives him full credit for his policy. He adds that if ever it is necessary to do so he will interpose his own life between that of the Emperor and the assassin's dagger.

General Changarnier is, I hear, also tired of exile. I should not be surprised to see him back in France before very long with his political views greatly modified.

CHAPTER VII.

1858.

Discontent of the Army in Algiers—Captain Doineau's sentence—The manners of the Empress—The Orsini plot—The Emperor's message to the Senate—Reception at the Louvre—Presentation of an address by the Lord Mayor of London to Count de Persigny—The Empress and the Princes of Oude—Count Germain and Louis Napoleon—Rudeness of the Countess de Montebello—The Empress's extraordinary interest in Orsini—The Archbishop of Bordeaux's Protest—Anger of General Espinasse—Execution of Orsini and Pieri.

January 3rd.—Another new year, but nothing very fresh to relate; people continue to talk and act much as usual. At the new year's reception of the Diplomatic Corps at the Tuileries it was remarked that the Emperor passed the Papal Nuncio and the Austrian ambassador without addressing a word to either of them.

Princess Mathilde sent me a scarf-pin this morning

as a new year's gift. It is a large gold knot, and was bought at the English jeweller's.

The *Times* cannot make out if my pamphlet is by Marshal Canrobert or a Russian agent. Some persons again attribute it to the Duke d'Aumale. My eldest brother, who is not aware who the author is, thinks it well written. I share in its success, therefore, with all the pleasure of anonymous authorship.

January 4th.—I have fresh news from Algiers. The army it appears is very discontented that the Emperor does not visit the Colony, and murmurs loudly that the officers about Court are permitted to gain their steps without seeing rougher service than that of the Paris drawing-rooms, whilst those who are fighting in Africa go unrewarded altogether. Then, again, there is a bad feeling existing between the civil and military services; each works for its own interest, and the Colony is allowed to suffer in consequence. The Emperor ought to visit Algeria and see for himself what is going on.

The officers of the army are unanimous in censuring the commutation of Captain Doineau's sentence; they say he is simply a robber and an assassin, and that the indignation of the troops was general on the day he embarked, at seeing him wearing his uniform and Order of the Legion of Honour. What particularly shocks public opinion is that the life penalty to which he is condemned is to be undergone in a village near Algiers, where he will be allowed to wear his uniform and order, and at liberty to shoot whenever he likes. He has

been heard to say, moreover, that he will get his ticket-of-leave in three years' time.

It is said that the wife of General the Marquis de Beaufort, a regular Algerian hack, owed considerable sums of money to the Aga, whom Doineau assassinated, as did General Montauban, and that the murder was committed in order to liquidate these debts.

I had some conversation yesterday with General d'Orgoni, who tells me that he is the author of the articles on India in the *Gazette de France*. He says that the twenty-four princes of the royal family of Delhi, who were all hanged on the same day, could not have been favourable to the insurrection inasmuch as the whole of their money was invested in East India Company Stock. This is another way of paying off debts.

Last summer D'Orgoni spent seventeen days with the Czar of Russia by special invitation.

A day or two ago the Emperor suddenly took it into his head to go skating on the Bois de Boulogne lake accompanied by Béville. The skaters recognized him very quickly; and deferentially acknowledged his presence; some went in front to make a way for him while others followed at a respectful distance behind. The Emperor went round the lake twice and then returned home.

January 11*th*.—Princess Mathilde breakfasted this morning at the Louvre. We were a very small party: Madame Vimercati, her brother, Nieuwerkerke, and myself.

After breakfast we talked a good deal about the

Court, the intrigues connected with it, and the Empress's singular manners, which are so wanting in ordinary politeness that Madame Radziwill had declared to Kisseleff she would not attend another reception.

There are scarcely any among the younger women of the Court who do not endeavour to captivate the Emperor, and as he is not very discreet it is soon known which of them he favours.

Madame Walewski reigns supreme at the present moment, but she is dreading Madame de Castiglione's return. She takes no trouble to hide her influence with the Emperor, but on the contrary offers to use it in the interest of all sorts of people.

Towards the Princes and Princesses of the Emperor's family the Empress is more than cool, with the exception for some time past of Prince Jérôme, who is in great favour just now, and goes to see her in the morning. The reason of this reconciliation is a mystery to everyone.

There is a battle royal now waging between the wives of the officials. Madame Baroche wishes to take precedence of Madame Troplong. She insists that her husband, being a Minister, is of higher rank than the President of the Senate. Then the Ministers wish to take precedence of the Marshals, and so on.

Prince Napoleon came up and spoke to me at his sister's last evening. I was in the last degree surprised, as he generally affects not to see me.

January 14th.—As the Emperor and Empress were going to the Opera this evening Mazzini's Italians

tried to take their lives. Before they had alighted three bombs exploded, one after the other, between the wheels of their carriage.

One horse was killed, the Emperor received a slight scratch under the nose from a splinter of glass, and the Empress was grazed near the eye. A projectile also went through the Emperor's hat. General Roguet was wounded in the neck, but not seriously. Among the attendants, police, and lookers-on, forty-five were wounded and four killed. The Emperor and Empress showed the greatest courage, and the latter never lost her presence of mind, although she was covered with the blood of the wounded people about her. Their Majesties were warmly applauded on entering the house, and when they left, at about half-past eleven, the Boulevard was filled with a sea of people, who cheered them to the echo. The Emperor, on his return, had no attendant on either side of his carriage, and bowed to the people on the right and left. During the Opera a crowd of high functionaries of State went to the Imperial box to offer their congratulations. The Empress showed them General Roguet's cloak, which was riddled with projectiles, and, pointing to the Emperor, said with a smile —"He is worth that to us nevertheless."

The Corsican policeman who is so attached to the Emperor, although wounded in three places, and in spite of the Empress's injunctions, refused to retire until their Majesties were safely back at the Tuileries.

Four days ago the arrival of the assassins was

notified by Mons. Barrot, our Minister at Brussels, and by the Dutch Minister here. Five minutes before the attempt was made an Italian Colonel, who has been for some time suspected, was arrested by the police, who found upon him a bomb, a revolver, and a dagger.

A Captain Pieri, an officer on the Italian Staff, was arrested just before with a bomb in his hand. Six or seven revolvers were also picked up on the pavement.

All the windows in front of the Opera House were broken, one or two Lancers of the escort were seriously wounded, and the sentry at the entrance of the house was killed.

This abominable attempt has made a great impression on the Parisian mind. One hears nothing but indignant remarks everywhere about the English Government, who harbour in London the ringleaders of these plots against the Emperor's life. The members of the Imperial Club were very bitter.

At Prince Napoleon's a charade, by Alfred de Vigny, called "Frightened, not hurt," was being played at the time.

Six or seven arrests have been made.

The Emperor had just arrived from Fontainebleau, where he had gone in the morning for a day's hunting.

January 15*th*.—The foot of one of the Emperor's servants is about to be amputated.

This morning an Italian named Orsini was arrested.

Of the twenty-eight mounted men forming the Emperor's escort, seventeen were wounded besides twenty-four horses.

Up to the present moment there are known to be ninety-five wounded, and six deaths. The Quartermaster riding with the escort probably saved the Emperor's life, as he happened to be close to the carriage door; his horse received twenty-six pieces of lead, and was killed on the spot. To-day the Emperor and Empress drove without escort along the Boulevards, as far as the Bastille, and were warmly greeted on their way.

January 19th.—The Emperor's speech on the opening of Parliament is the most important he has yet delivered.

The following passage attracts a good deal of attention:—

"As I did not accept the power with which the nation invested me for the sake of momentary popularity, which is, after all, only the delusive result of feeble concessions, but in the hope of one day meriting the approbation of posterity by founding a durable policy, I do not hesitate to tell you that, in spite of assertions to the contrary, the danger lies not so much in the possession of authority, supported by excessive prerogatives, as in the absence of sufficiently repressive laws."

The Emperor then immediately goes on to say that a Bill will shortly be presented to Parliament obliging all who are properly qualified to take the oath.

The number of persons wounded by the explosion of the infernal machines is now stated to be 141.

The carriage which contained the ladies of the Empress's suite was stopped by the police, who made Madames de Malaret and de Saucy alight and go into a neighbouring house, where they remained for ten minutes, until the excitement caused by the outrage had somewhat subsided. It afterwards transpired that the house in which they had sought shelter was not of the most desirable character.

January 20*th*.—Among the assassins of last Thursday Pieri merits special mention, as he is extremely intimate with Prince Napoleon! Many people assert that the Prince was aware of the plot, and merely gave an entertainment on that evening in order to avert suspicion.

For my part I can hardly believe in such turpitude, although all the Prince's associates are members of the extreme democratic party.

January 23*rd*.—Yesterday Nieuwerkerke gave his first reception in his new apartments at the Louvre. A good many people were present, and the music was first-rate. Sivori and Planté played the violin, and Stockausen's singing was excellent. About half-past eleven a dozen of the guests, amongst whom were Morny, La Valette, Barrot, and Prince Gagarine, came down to my apartments. Giraud drew a caricature of Barrot, we drank tea, smoked, and talked till half-past one.

I had previously dined in a private room at the

Café Anglais with Bacciochi, who told me that severe measures were to be taken at last against the enemies of the Government and public order.

I observed that they should first purge the different departments of State, and then take care to appoint a man of undoubted fidelity to look after the Press in the interests of the Government. It is a fact much to be deplored, that the majority of Government *employés* are hostile to the Empire.

On Monday there is to be a ball at the English Embassy in honour of the Princess Royal's marriage. The Emperor and Empress are to be present, and I have just received an invitation.

January 28th.—By a decree in to-day's *Moniteur* the troops stationed in the Empire are divided into five Army Corps :—

1st, Paris, having the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Divisions; 2nd, Nancy, the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th; 3rd, Lyons, the 8th, 9th, 10th, 17th, and 20th; 4th, Toulouse, the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th; 5th, Tours, the 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, and 21st.

January 29th.—If the English Press is to be believed the Government of Great Britain have at last decided to introduce into Parliament a Bill dealing with political assassins.

Count de Persigny, the French ambassador, in replying to an address presented to him by the Lord Mayor on behalf of the City, on the occasion of the Emperor's escape, made a speech which has caused a great impression in London.

In it he says that the French Government never desired to protest against the hospitality accorded to political refugees; but, on the contrary, were pleased to know that people who honestly differed in their convictions could find a place of refuge. The French, moreover, did not even think of exercising any pressure upon the English Government in connection with the occurrence of the 14th instant. At the same time he could not disguise from the representatives of the City how greatly the cordial feeling between the two countries was endangered by the impunity accorded to the accomplices of political assassins, owing to the silence of the English law with regard to such matters. He said that in France the irritation was very great, for that people could not understand why, if a law did not exist to prevent the recurrence of similar crimes or punish the perpetrators, one was not immediately made.

As Mons. de Persigny says, the feeling of irritation against England is extreme, in proof of which it is only necessary to read the addresses from the different regiments asking, in some instances, to be sent to England to track the assassins to their den.

The Queen of Oude has died in Paris, at the Hotel Lafitte (three days after her arrival), from the effects of worry and misfortune. A good many spectators congregated to witness the funeral procession of this unhappy lady.

February 4th.—The Empress regretted that the death of the old Queen prevented the presentation to

her of the Princes of Oude, as had been arranged, the unfortunate family having asked for an audience of the Emperor immediately they arrived in Paris.

"It can be arranged," said the Emperor, "now that the Queen is buried, to receive them this evening, and I will send Bacciochi to tell them that they may come."

About half-past eight Bacciochi informed the Emperor and Empress that the Princes of Oude and their suite had arrived, and shortly afterwards he ushered in about forty persons, men and women, dressed in muslin and cashmere, and covered with jewels, the women wearing long veils, which entirely hid their faces.

The Empress advanced to receive them, saying with some warmth to the Emperor as she did so, as he could scarcely repress a smile at their dusky visages, droll attire, and Oriental attitude:

"When people are unable to behave with the dignity their position demands, it is better for them to retire!"

Bacciochi was also unfortunate enough to be seen smiling, whereupon the Empress said to him, curtly and imperiously: "Leave the room!" Then learning that one of the Princes spoke English, she entered into conversation with him. She expressed in sympathetic language her deep regret at the Queen's sad death, and noticing certain audible sounds which proceeded from under the women's veils, and which she thought were sobs, she added:

"There can be no better evidence, Prince, of the

loss you have sustained than the manifest sorrow of those unhappy women."

At this last remark the Emperor could contain himself no longer. Bacciochi, hearing his loud laugh, came back to the room, laughing also, and the lachrymose Hindoo women, raising their veils, disclosed to the Empress's view the faces of her ladies-in-waiting. The Prince of Oude was Lecoq, the Master of the Ceremonies, and to Tacher, the Chamberlain, had been given the part of principal eunuch.

The Empress was at first taken aback and furiously angry, but seeing the Emperor laugh so heartily she finished by laughing also, and the evening ended merrily, which is a rare occurrence at the Tuileries.

February 7th.—In 1846 Rachel played for several nights at one of the London theatres. At one of her representations Count St. Germain, a French peer, was in the stalls, and seeing Prince Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of France, in a box, he went during the *entr'acte* to pay him a visit. At the beginning of the next act Count Germain went back to his stall, and on taking his seat was addressed in the following fashion by a little, commonplace, wild-looking man who happened to be in the stall next him:

"Allow me to say, Count, that it is a most extraordinary proceeding for a peer of France to compromise himself to the extent you have done by conversing in a public place with so disreputable an adventurer as Prince Louis, a ruffian whom nobody respects!"

The man who thus expressed himself was no other

than Bourquency, who is now our ambassador at Vienna.

At Princess Mathilde's table yesterday the friends of Italy again returned to the question of the Papal dominion, saying that the Papacy had been the bugbear of Italy, and the greatest obstacle to her greatness. I could not help telling them that they were a set of wretched Pagans, who out-Voltaired Voltaire himself.

The Papacy has really been Rome's salvation, and made it the capital of the Christian world at a time when the rest of Italy was reverting to barbarism. Not only so, but if Rome has escaped from the incursions of the barbarians it is because St. Peter's throne has stood at the Capitol.

February 12*th.*—Our own and the English troops have taken Canton. A strong resistance was offered by the Chinese.

People are beginning to get uneasy about the cession to England by Turkey of the island of Perim. It is a very serious matter, which one would be wrong to treat lightly. What would England say if one day Turkey thought proper to hand over to Russia some strong position on the shores of the Bosphorus?

February 15*th.*—Orsini, Pieri, Gomez, and Rubbio have been transferred from the Conciergerie to Mazas. Their sentence will be pronounced on the 25th or 26th.

February 24*th.*—I met La Guéronnière at dinner yesterday and we had a long talk about English politics. He tells me that he happened to be closeted with the Emperor when the despatch announcing the

resignation of the English Ministry arrived. The Emperor was visibly annoyed at the turn of affairs, but, said La Guéronnière, it would take a great deal to put an end to the alliance. The Emperor holds to it with great tenacity.

March 1*st*.—Changarnier and Bedau have received permission to return to France.

The Countess de Montebello, wife of our new ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been guilty of a great piece of rudeness to Princess Mathilde, who has complained of her conduct and asked for an apology.

At a dinner party at Kisselef's the Countess de Montebello, on rising from table, got her dress entangled in the leg of a chair. By a vigorous movement she disengaged it, and then rushed out of the room, dragging the gentleman who escorted her by the arm and passing very rudely in front of the Princess.

March 6*th*.—A few evenings ago the sentence passed upon Orsini was being discussed in the Empress's drawing-room, and the Empress, to everybody's astonishment, expressed herself strongly in favour of granting him a pardon. She said—

"He is not an ordinary assassin, nor a miserable wretch like Pianori. He is proud and courageous, and I respect him."

The Emperor stopped her with—

"Your feelings carry you rather far, my dear. Pray be careful of what you are saying. Remember for whom you are expressing your regard."

The Empress wishes that Orsini may be pardoned.

It is a great misfortune, and if the Ministers were moved by any proper feeling they would at once resign.

March 9th.—The Empress has had several scenes with the Emperor on the subject of Orsini, and with tears and sobs has begged for his reprieve. She declares that such an act of clemency would bring good fortune to her son.

The Emperor is desirous of avoiding a repetition of such scenes, and is by no means pleased that they have taken place before witnesses.

Only on Sunday week last at a family dinner the Empress expressed her complete indifference to anything like personal souvenirs.

"I cannot understand," she said, "how people can keep locks of hair and clothes belonging to those they have loved. I haven't any of the Emperor's hair."

Princess Mathilde remarked —

"But surely you have kept some of the Prince Imperial's?"

"No, I have not," replied the Empress. "I gave it to Madame Walewski."

Madame Walewski is now in disgrace with the Empress, who shows the most marked coolness towards her; but on the other hand the Empress has taken up very warmly with an American of unknown origin, who is a great favourite with the Emperor. She is invited to all the private parties at the Tuileries, and the gossips about the Empress's person declare that she is perfectly delightful.

The Empress does not approve of French society,

although she was not so difficult to please before her elevation to the throne. She prefers the English and Spaniards.

Prince Napoleon's observation was not very reassuring: "How can a man govern with such a goose for his partner?"

I breakfasted with Princess Mathilde this morning, and we discussed the Empress's insane infatuation for Orsini.

The Empress is simply losing her senses. She allows herself to be led by Madame Delessert, who, in turn, is led by Maxime Ducamp. She has wept and thrown herself on her knees to solicit Orsini's pardon. She admires him, and looks upon all who are opposed to his reprieve as her personal enemies. She went so far as to say to Chaix d'Estange, who conducted the prosecution: "Orsini did not want to kill the Emperor of the French, but the friend of the Emperor of Austria."

Her conduct is beyond all reason. She speaks of nothing but Orsini. The other day it was the sole subject of conversation with her Equerry all the way to Piènnes. On Monday last, at a reception at the Tuileries, the question of Orsini's pardon was in everybody's mouth. The Empress reproached Chaix d'Estange for his speech at the trial, and is even angry with Faure because, in her opinion, he did not defend his client's life with sufficient vigour.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux said to her: "Look, Madame, at my priestly robes and my white

hairs; they surely are not incompatible with a feeling of mercy, yet even I am bound to think of the interests of human society, and my advice to your Majesty is to allow the law to take its course."

Princess Mathilde, seeing Espinasse approach, said to him: "General, you seem to be put out about something." "Yes," he replied, in his blunt, open manner, "and there's devilish good reason for it, too." He then turned roughly to the Empress and said: "Why do you meddle in the matter, Madame? Let us look after our business and you look after yours. If you are so unfortunate as to obtain Orsini's pardon you will not be able to show yourself in the streets of Paris without being hissed. A pretty mess you are making with your clemency. You got the Emperor to sign an order for the release of a certain carpenter I had under lock and key. Are you aware who the man was? He was one of the assassins of the Opera Comique."

Then, as the Empress drew away, Espinasse followed her, and they continued the conversation in excited tones in one of the ante-rooms.

Someone even remarked:

"The Empress wishes to get rid of the Emperor in the same way that Marie de Medicis tried to get rid of Henry IV. After obtaining the crown she throws other women into his arms, and asks for the pardon of assassins."

One of the Empress's most astounding observations was as follows:

"After all, what impelled Orsini to commit the act but an exaggerated sense of generosity? He has an exalted love of liberty, and a no less passionate hatred of his country's oppressors. *I can very well remember the hatred we Spaniards bore to the French after the wars of the First Empire.*"

Eleven o'clock p.m.—The petition of the three criminals—Orsini, Pieri, and Rubbio—has been refused on appeal. The Empress said on Monday last that what makes her feel an interest in Orsini is *that he is such an excellent patriot.*

March 14*th.*—Orsini and Pieri were executed yesterday. The sentence of death in Rubbio's case was commuted to hard labour for life.

Orsini was self-possessed to the last, and never ceased from enjoining Pieri to be calm. The latter was very excited, and kept singing the song of the Girondists.

CHAPTER VIII.

1858 (*continued*).

England and French Conspirators—The Emperor and Callet Saint-Pol—The English and French Fleets—The Emperor's policy—Prince Napoleon's income—The Queen of England's visit to Cherbourg—The Naval Fêtes—Eccentricities of the Duke de Malakoff—The Duchess of Orleans's will—Princess Mathilde's opinion of the elder Dumas—Visit to St. Gratien—Walewski's reputation—General d'Orgoni—The Duke de Malakoff and the Queen of England—Nieuwerkerke and the Empress—The Count de Montalembert—Napoleon III. and Berryer.

April 17th.—I have just left Fleury, who tells me that a despatch from London arrived last night announcing the acquittal of Bernard. The city jury would not find against an accomplice of the assassins of the 14th January last for fear of appearing too amenable to French opinion. People are very exasperated here, and the Emperor has a perfect right to feel annoyed. He, however, takes the matter very

calmly. All the same he will not forget, but will wait in silence until the cup overflows. We shall say as at Fontenoy: "Let the gentlemen on the English side fire first." There will be a time when our turn will come, and then the Emperor will be impelled against England with the whole nation at his back.

I am indignant when I hear soldiers, sailors, and statesmen say: "*What can we do against England?*"

May 6th.—At the reception at the Tuileries on Monday last the Emperor, seeing Callet Saint-Pol among the Deputies present, went up to him and, with some heat, said: "You are opposing our measures, sir. You are doing more than oppose them. You are overstepping the limits of your privileges and the liberty accorded by the constitution."

Callet Saint-Pol replied: "I am not in opposition, sire; but, within my rights and in accordance with my duty, I criticize what seems to me to be impolitic; in fact, I avail myself of the power of control vested in us." Whereupon the Emperor said: "Very well; if you desire to act in that manner, sir, you cannot expect the help of the Government."

This piece of ill-temper on the part of the Emperor is unfortunate. A Deputy may belong to the Government party without approving of all their measures.

May 26th.—England is concentrating her fleet because the Emperor has ordered the French fleet to Cherbourg for the opening ceremony of the new harbour.

This is another excellent mark of friendship on the

part of our neighbour, which must be placed to her credit against the day when we settle up accounts.

June 5th.—The Emperor is still at Fontainebleau, and Princess Mathilde has gone to her Chateau at St. Gratien. On the eve of her departure she sent me the following line : "I have taken up my quarters at St. Gratien, which means that I expect you there, and that your room is ready. Until we meet, which I hope will be soon, a thousand kind wishes.—MATHILDE."

June 7th.—The Emperor is little by little, and without ostentation, augmenting our fleet, which by next year will be in a respectable position. England is suspicious and watchful; if we collect fifteen vessels for the Cherbourg *fêtes* it is immediately announced that the Queen of England intends to come with a squadron of twenty under the pretence of paying us a friendly visit.

June 9th.—The Emperor is at the present moment devoting a great deal of attention to the French navy, but he is doing so very silently; the works at Cherbourg are already finished, the Seine has been enlarged and deepened at its mouth in order that our vessels may be received and sheltered, and the steamers and gunboats are being increased in number.

The Emperor understands perfectly well that in the future, more or less near, there will be a tussle between England and France, and that unless France wishes to lose her place among the Great Powers, she will have to develop a first-class navy, and not leave Eng-

land any longer in complete possession of the seas. The Emperor knows this better than anyone else, but he remains quiet, he will only wage war on equal terms and when England's tyranny has become unbearable to all nations alike.

The Emperor is patient, because he possesses the faculty of perseverance and those clear and distinct views that are the outcome of a trained mind and a ripe intellect. He does not disclose his future plans to those about him, for he has no confidence in the men in his employ. These are all the more useful for his purposes because of their being ignorant of his designs.

He despises those who are in his service even more perhaps than his avowed enemies, and believing more in self-interest than in affection, he is never very surprised or angered when any new act of turpitude comes to his knowledge, treating it merely as another entry to the account of this person or that.

Baseness does not repel him, for he believes in the venality of all mankind, but he insists upon its being hidden. If, for example, he ever visits his displeasure upon Mons. Haussmann, it will not be for the money he has extorted in his various dealings, but for his having been clumsy enough to allow the public to ascertain too easily the number of his robberies. The Emperor has neither hate nor love for anyone. So long as people are useful to him he tolerates them; when they cease to be so he casts them off.

July 6th.—For some few days I have been located

in a little house that I have rented at Port Marly for the season. I am quite quiet, for as nobody knows I am there I am not troubled with any visitors. I continue to go every Sunday to Princess Mathilde's and return on Monday.

Last Sunday Benedetti, the director of the political department of the Foreign Office, was at St. Gratien. The Princess spoke to us at length and without reserve about her family and the people who are most intimately connected with the Emperor. Morny, who had been spending the evening with us, left at ten o'clock. I learned from the Princess's conversation that the enmity of her father and brother for the Emperor and the Prince Imperial was as great as ever. The day that Prince Napoleon was nominated to the post of Colonial Minister he said: "The position will facilitate my putting a spoke in the Emperor's wheels whenever the right moment arrives."

Prince Napoleon already receives an income of 500,000 francs as Imperial Highness and General of Division, and he will have another 300,000 francs as Colonial Minister. The other Ministers only get 120,000 francs.

July 12th.—The Empress has been to St. Gratien to pay Princess Mathilde a visit. She was very gracious and amiable; she evidently desires to become more closely allied with the only member of the Imperial family who is entirely and devotedly attached to the Emperor. She asked the Princess to breakfast and spend the day at St. Cloud, and extended her invita-

tion to Vimercati and his wife, who happened to be present.

The Queen of England is coming to the Cherbourg *fêtes* on the 4th August—another little pleasantry in connection with the English alliance. People in France are beginning to get a little sick of this farce.

July 15*th.*—The Queen of England is coming to Cherbourg, accompanied by six frigates and a flotilla of yachts. Lord Lyons will command this fleet, *if*, as the *Patrie* says, *circumstances in connection with the Queen's visit to Germany require her to leave before the fêtes take place*, after her interview with the Emperor, which will take place on board ship.

The number of vessels accompanying the Queen is an insolence without precedent. She has no use for a fleet in going to pay her daughter a visit in Prussia. Still less does she want a fleet of ships to parade at Cherbourg before the French vessels which the Emperor is to review.

To bring a fleet to Cherbourg at the time our squadron is there, and not to stay and assist at the *fêtes* that are about to take place, is the very Alpha and Omega of impertinence.

July 13*th.*—The likelihood of Fould's disgrace is again being talked about. He is accused of having been the most ardent partisan of the repressive system which was adopted after the occurrence of January 14th.

Everybody at that time was in favour of strong measures, and expected General Espinasse to carry

out his orders with severity, but now people have changed their views, and in the space of a few months have become furiously incensed against General Espinasse and Fould for having acted with so much vigour.

August 8th.—The Emperor and Empress are still at Cherbourg in the midst of the *fêtes*, but the Queen of England has left. In spite of the speeches and protestations of friendship with which the two sovereigns have buttered each other, there no doubt exists on the part of England a feeling of irritation at seeing France augment her fleet, and France, on the other hand, is not displeased at being able to show England that she is not to be treated too cavalierly.

The Emperor, with his marvellous intelligence, has seen that France must have a brilliant navy in order to become a really great nation. But for this purpose peace is absolutely necessary for a time. This the Emperor will therefore maintain until the day arrives when he can say, "The country is ready."

August 15th.—The Emperor has been received everywhere with enthusiasm. In Brittany the cordiality of the populace is marvellous. Wherever he passes the people come out in crowds to meet him, accompanied by their mayors and clergy. At Notre Dame d'Auray the concourse was immense. The Emperor ordered little silver medals to be distributed commemorative of his pilgrimage to the chapel dedicated to the patron saint of Brittany.

At Cherbourg the cordial feeling with England only

exists in official utterances. In one or two instances a collision between the people and the English sailors was within an ace of taking place.

The Duke de Malakoff made himself remarked by his eccentricities. For instance, he said to Morel Fatio, who asked him if he was beginning to talk English —

"I can't talk much, but I go to the Zoological Gardens every day, and have taught myself the names of all the animals. Now I am learning to speak to them, and when I am able to make them understand me I shall know how to talk to the English."

General Codrington was by the Marshal's side when he said this.

Again one morning, after breakfasting with their Majesties, the Duke de Malakoff was complaining that at the Queen of England's receptions the Turkish Embassy took precedence of the French, and said —

"It is not very amusing to tail behind the Turks."

The Empress answered:

"But, Marshal, the Congress of Vienna decided that on all ceremonial occasions the ambassadors should take rank from the date of presentation of their credentials, and in such matters the decision of the Congress of Vienna is the law."

"I thought, Madame," rejoined the Duke de Malakoff, "that since the Congress of Paris there was no question of the Congress of Vienna."

August 21*st*.—It is apparently decided that the Duke de Malakoff is to be married to a young Spanish lady, the constant companion and a distant relation of

the Duchess de Montijo. The young lady is twenty-five years of age, very elegant and good-looking; the Duke is sixty-five, short and fat, without figure, manners, or distinction. His hair is white, and his face red.

The Sieur de Framboisy may one day have cause to repent of this youthful folly.

English affairs in India are not going on very smoothly, and Ireland is seriously unsettled.

September 8th.—La Presse has copied from the Liverpool *Albion* the late Duchess of Orleans's will. It does not seem to be a very remarkable production.

The Duchess pardons all who have in any way *offended* or *injured her*. She ought rather to have solicited pardon of her husband's family for having forced Louis-Philippe to abdicate.

She also recommends her sons to remain *firm in their political faith*. It is unnecessary to point out that their political faith consists in the entire absence of principle, for the assumed royalty of their ancestor was the result of a sort of filibustering expedition. It was not a legitimate right endorsed by the nation.

The Duchess of Orleans was never willing, like her brothers-in-law, to recognize the necessity of the Orleans-Bourbon fusion. She thought she could regain the French throne with the aid of the democratic party, and govern France in her son's name with a Parliamentary majority and by playing a game of see-saw, a proceeding which would inevitably have led to another revolution.

Finally she asks in her will to be transported to

France and buried at Dreux by her husband's side on the day her children return to their country.

To sum it up, the Duchess's will, which her partisans look upon as an extremely touching relic, is a document of no significance whatever.

The Duchess of Orleans was always an over-estimated woman; a schemer who was not over scrupulous in gaining her object. She was prepared for anything, even revolution, since the day that Louis-Philippe, who knew what she was capable of, decided the question of the Regency in favour of the Duke de Nemours.

The ducal branches of the Orleans Bourbons were always an untrustworthy race. Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII., was a conspirator, who brought his friends to the scaffold. Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV., was a poor creature. The Duke of Orleans, who was Regent during Louis Fifteenth's minority, corrupted France. Philippe Egalité was instrumental in guillotining Louis XVI. Louis Philippe prepared and profited by the Revolution of 1830, and when he meanly deserted the throne his sons behaved more recreantly still.

God grant that we may never see the dregs of this race on the throne of France!

October 23rd.—Yesterday Princess Mathilde opened her mind very freely before the Girauds on the subject of the elder Dumas, and declared that his society had become altogether impossible; but for the matter of that she added: "I never looked upon him otherwise than as an amusing *Jack-in-the-box.*"

Hardly was the expression out of her mouth when, by E. Giraud's tone of indignation, she saw that she had made a mistake, and endeavoured to explain her meaning.

She said: "I could not ask Dumas here because of his high birth; his negro origin is too well known for that; neither could I invite him because of the important offices he filled in the State, for he really held none. It was, therefore, his intelligence, and nothing but his intelligence, that made me seek his acquaintance. I required his bright wit to amuse me, his high spirits to give animation to my friendly little gatherings, and if I call him a Jack-in-the-box it is because I have the habit of giving that name to everything that makes me laugh."

E. Giraud was not apparently much appeased by this definition of her meaning, for when we were going to bed he said to me: "I suppose we artists are all Jacks-in-the-box to the Princess."

October 23*rd*.—Yesterday Chaumont Quitry, who was charged by the Emperor with a message to Princess Mathilde asking her to spend a fortnight at Compiègne, came to the Louvre to pick me up, and we went down to St. Gratien together in the Emperor's post chaise.

The Emperor, it appears, had no particular desire to go to Compiègne, but he gave in to the Empress's wishes on the subject, and the invitations were consequently issued.

The list of those who have been asked is quite as

remarkable as it has been in past years, and on reading it it occurs to one that the Queen might return the compliment and ask a few French people to Windsor. The English largely preponderate, and it would almost seem that we are not sufficiently good company for the Empress.

Still, and as honourable exceptions, Messieurs Mérimée, Violet Leduc, and Edouard Delessert are commissioned to represent France at the Court of Compiègne.

On reaching St. Gratien Princess Mathilde received us with her accustomed kindness; we were made to stay dinner, and only left at eleven o'clock. During the evening Nieuwerkerke, General Bougenel, and Vimercati went to the card-room to play, and the Princess, Quitry, and I to the drawing-room to chat. Madame Vimercati and the Princess's reader, Baroness de Fly, were also present, but they took no part in our conversation whatever.

Among other subjects the Princess mentioned how much she regretted in Walewski's interest the publicity given to the Emperor's present to him of a considerable property in the department of Landes. "This gift," she said, "places Walewski almost beyond the pale of society. I have received letters from Germany which show the discredit into which he has fallen since the idea has got about that he is rewarded not because of his own merits, but because of the Emperor's attachment to his wife."

In spite of appearances and the stories that are in

circulation, the Princess, however, added that it was difficult for her to believe that Walewski was so degraded as to profit by his wife's misdeeds.

November 5th.—The *Times* is hostile towards us with regard to the Portuguese business, and the whole of the Opposition joins in chorus, and is preparing its campaign against the Derby Cabinet on that platform. The Derby Cabinet, foreseeing the attack, and in order to repel it, also blames the French through the Conservative press.

With respect to the Suez Canal, the work in connection with which is about to be commenced, these papers say that England ought to have obtained not only the Island of Perim, but many more important places besides on the Red Sea littoral.

General d'Orgoni, who has been ordered back by the Emperor of Burmah, has been refused permission to pass through India, and cannot obtain a passage on any vessel belonging to that country. The English Ministry also threatens to arrest him if it can lay hands on him at sea.

Walewski made no answer when the General said to him: "You induced me to come over to France, and ought to get me back again in safety."

It must be confessed that we adopt a miserable attitude with respect to England.

Burmah offers herself to our influence, to our trade, and to our religion; but we reject her every offer, so frightened are we of England. We help this country in China, and she returns the compliment by crushing us

in Europe; and when it becomes a question of India we are told not to meddle with what does not concern us.

Monsieur de Montalembert, in order to criticize our system of government, becomes the apologist and the unbounded admirer of the English Constitution and Administration; he, the old friend of Poland and the champion of oppressed nationalities, actually discovers that India has never been ill-used by England, and that the Hindoos have always been treated with the greatest loyalty and condescension.

Malakoff is fast assuming the character of a half-monster, half-buffoon, and even his subordinates are beginning to treat him with open contempt. He is malevolent besides, and says evil things of people.

A short time ago, at a dinner party at Princess Mathilde's, he insisted that the wound General Blanchard received at Sebastopol was feigned. Reiset, in order to stop him, was obliged to say very curtly: "You are wrong, Marshal. Blanchard, who is my cousin, is quite incapable of such an act of deceit, but what is more, I nursed him myself, and saw his wound."

The Duke quite carries off the palm at the present moment for vulgarity of conversation. The last story told of him is, that when the Queen of England expressed to him her regret that Marshal Bosquet had been disabled at such an early age from active service in consequence of the fatigues he had undergone in Africa and the Crimea, he replied:

"The fatigues undergone in his campaigns have nothing to do with his illness. Bosquet is a *cuisse folle*, and that's what's the matter with him."

Queen Victoria, not understanding the term, turned to Prince Albert to ask what it meant, and I hope he was able to inform her.

November 6th.—Nieuwerkerke has just returned from Compiègne, where he has at last had the long-desired opportunity of an explanation with the Empress. Noticing a marked coolness in her manner towards him, that she did not speak to him, and even avoided meeting his glance, he made inquiry privately as to the cause of her displeasure, and found that the reason of it was that he had been present at the last toilet and execution of Archbishop Sibour's murderer, Verger.

He gave an explanation of his conduct on the occasion, and proved to Her Majesty that he had only been present with a moral and religious object.

The Empress thereupon resumed her old kindly manner towards him, and became once more gay and hospitable.

A short time afterwards the Court were playing at forfeits. One of the games chosen, which was very popular, was to mention the name of a tree, and throw a handkerchief at someone, who was obliged to reply by quoting a proverb.

The Empress having singled out Nieuwerkerke and thrown the handkerchief at him, he had the presence of mind to say: "May no sin go unpardoned." The

Empress thought the proverb charming, and most happily chosen, and the last symptom of coolness towards Nieuwerkerke vanished.

November 24th.—The great dignitaries of State are not very happy in their children.

Fould, the Minister of State, has two sons; one of whom is a warm supporter of the Orleanists, and will not present himself at the Tuileries; the other, after running away with an actress, has gone to London, where he threatens to open a wine shop with this inscription over his door: "*Fould, son of the Minister of State.*"

Baroche, junior, otherwise called Fronsac Baroche, has been to England to attend the Duchess of Orleans's funeral, and has also paid visits to the other members of the family.

On his return to France he went to Biarritz, while the Empress was staying there, and was very much surprised that he received no invitation to a ball given at the Imperial Palace, even going so far as to ask why he had been excluded. "Tell him," said the Empress, "that I thought he was still in mourning for the Duchess of Orleans."

November 25th.—Yesterday, Montalembert had the honour conferred upon him of six months' imprisonment and three thousand francs fine for an article in the *Correspondant*, in which he makes a violent attack upon the French Government in the process of comparing it with that of England.

Montalembert wanted a little fresh notoriety; he

has now got into the martyrs' calendar, and ought to be satisfied.

November 30*th*.—I dined on Sunday last at St. Gratien, and there met amongst others Marshal Canrobert and Thouvenel, our ambassador at Constantinople.

We talked a good deal about Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, his strange character and hatred of the French, also of the very bad feeling lately existing between him and Bulwer.

It appears that the Sultan's debts amount to twelve hundred millions of piastres, equal to three hundred million francs.

December 26*th*.—Montalembert, who refused the Emperor's pardon, and petitioned the Court of Appeal against his sentence, has got it confirmed.

Berryer, who defended him, was very ill-natured in his observations, especially in the peroration of his speech. He said: "I also before now have been to the Chateau of Ham to afford consolation!"

When this remark was repeated to the Emperor he smiled, and went to his study. After a minute or two he returned and said: "The consolation Mons. Berryer brought to me in my prison at Ham was the pleasure of paying him thirty thousand francs for pleading my cause before the House of Peers, and in the following year he also afforded me the further consolation described in this letter."

Berryer's letter, which the Emperor read, contained a request for ten thousand francs, for which he had a

pressing use at the end of the month, and it ends by saying:

"I address myself to you, Prince, for all my friends have abandoned me."

The Prince sent the money, and Berryer was glad enough to pocket it.

CHAPTER IX.

1859.

Disagreement between the Emperor and Walewski—The Emperor and the Austrian ambassador — Prince Napoleon's marriage—Rumours of war—Opinion of Baron Rothschild—Letter from Queen Victoria—Preparations for war—Opening of the Legislative Chambers—Emile de Girardin's pamphlet—The Senate's amendment on the subject of Prince Napoleon's grant — Princess Mathilde's interview with the Emperor—Prince Napoleon's conduct to his wife—Marshal Vaillant's anecdote—The author and the Empress — Austria refuses the propositions of the Powers—Departure of the Emperor and Prince Napoleon for Italy—Engagements with the Austrians—Battle of Magenta—Death of Prince Metternich—Battle of Solferino—Suspension of hostilities.

January 2nd.—The Emperor has had occasion to express his displeasure with Walewski, and there has been a lively scene between them, in consequence of which Walewski has informed the Emperor that he must resign his portfolio.

It is not yet known how the matter will terminate.

January 3rd.—An incident occurred at the diplomatic reception on New Year's Day which has caused great excitement in Paris.

The Emperor said to the Austrian ambassador: "I am charmed to see you, Monsieur, and I beg you will convey to your Sovereign my best wishes for the new year and the assurance of my particular friendship, although the relations between our two Cabinets are not of the most cordial kind."

The Italians are delighted at this incident. For my part I can only say that the Emperor's best friends ought to regret it.

The army, that is to say the young officers, are enchanted, but wiser men only foresee in a war with Austria an increase in the public charges and a long and bloody struggle.

We are not yet sufficiently free from internal disaffection to stand the racket of a war either in Italy or Germany.

This is the official text of the Emperor's speech to the Austrian ambassador:

"I regret that our relations with your Government are not so friendly as they have hitherto been, but I beg you will nevertheless say to your Sovereign that my personal sentiments towards him are in no way changed."

January 9th.—It is rumoured that Prince Napoleon is to be married to the eldest daughter of the King of Sardinia. This young Princess is only sixteen. I

should feel for her very much if this marriage serves to encourage Piedmontese ambition, or to give an impulse to a movement against which French policy has always been carefully on its guard.

We are between peace and war, and do not know into which scale the *Master* will throw his weight.

January 14*th*.—Prince Napoleon left for Turin yesterday. He is to have an interview with the King of Piedmont's daughter. If the Princess agrees to the marriage it will take place very shortly.

Prince Napoleon has commissioned his sister to select the wedding presents, for which he gives her a margin of one hundred thousand francs, and another hundred thousand for diamonds.

January 25*th*.—Talking with General Delarue a few days ago, the Emperor expressed his surprise at the effect caused in France by his remarks to the Austrian ambassador. Delarue replied that the excitement would not be very easily allayed, as a war would affect too many important interests. A few minutes afterwards Rothschild wished to know what the Emperor had said, and when he was told he exclaimed, with his Teutonic accent:

"The Emperor does not know France. Twenty years ago a war might have been proclaimed without causing any great perturbation. Hardly anybody but the bankers held Stock Exchange or commercial securities, but to-day everybody has his railway coupons or his three-per-cents. The Emperor was right when he said 'the Empire meant peace,' but

what he does not know is that the Empire is done for if we have war."

January 30th.—The marriage of Prince Napoleon is to be celebrated this morning at Turin. The newly-married couple are to arrive on Tuesday at Marseilles, where a brilliant reception is being prepared for them. General Fleury has gone to receive them there on behalf of the Emperor. Six State carriages and twelve footmen left at the same time.

Prince Jérôme and Princess Mathilde will meet them at Fontainebleau. The solemn entry into Paris will take place on Thursday next.

The composition of the Princess's new household has been beset with obstacles, and up to the present everyone refuses to take any position in it. People will neither expose themselves to Prince Napoleon's gallantries nor to his fits of ill-temper and rude manners.

I believe that Madame E. Thayer (Mdlle. de Padoue) has at last consented to be principal mistress of the household.

February 4th.—The public entry of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde has taken place amidst rumours of war and general uneasiness. The population received them without any warmth or demonstration of feeling. In some instances persons did not even take their hats off.

The Prince himself is neither loved nor esteemed, and his marriage is regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war.

February 5th.—La Guéronnière's pamphlet entitled "Napoleon III. and Italy," which has just appeared, has had a most detestable effect. It pronounces against the maintenance of treaties, and forebodes the reorganization of Italy, from which Austria will be excluded. Finally it says:

"We call upon diplomacy to do, on the eve of the struggle, that which she will have to do on the morrow of victory."

February 7th.—I am going to the opening of the Chambres Législatives.

From a most reliable source I learn that the Queen of England has written in a very pressing way to the Emperor, begging him to abandon all idea of war with Austria, and rather to consider the strong desire felt in Europe for peace. She also alludes to the unanimity of the English Parliament in favour of a peaceful policy, and points to the support given to Lord Derby by Lord Palmerston himself with that object. She furthermore says that the affairs of Italy may be more satisfactorily arranged by a conference of the Powers than by war.

The Emperor reflected upon the arguments used in the letter. He had also to deal with the opposition of his Ministers, of Persigny, who was very warm in the matter, and of de Morny and Fleury, the latter of whom said:

"As a soldier, sire, I love war, but in this matter I beg your Majesty to consider how detrimental it would be to the interests of France and to your dynasty."

After a time the Emperor gave up his bellicose projects and listened to wiser counsels.

But he had had his little secret intrigue with Cavour, and the wily Piedmontese had been leading him in a contrary direction.

The Papal Nuncio two days ago was sitting next Princess Mathilde at dinner, and said to her:

"I do not know why a war should be waged in Italy which will only be profitable to the revolutionists. The Court of Rome is badly understood here; we are not opposed to a constitution, and the Holy Father would yield it with pleasure in concert with the Powers. As to Austria, she would just as willingly abandon Lombardy if compensation were given her in the Danubian Provinces."

The Princess asked the Nuncio if he really spoke advisedly, and he replied that he was absolutely convinced of the truth of what he was saying. Thereupon the Princess informed the Emperor of her conversation.

Two o'clock.—The Emperor has just made a magnificent speech, very firm and dignified, and delivered with strong feeling. It was equal to the situation, almost conciliatory, but without weakness.

On returning to the Tuileries he asked for a basin of soup, and remarked to Princess Mathilde:

"I have eaten nothing since yesterday; to-night I shall sleep.'

February 10*th.*—The ladies of Princess Clotilde's household have been appointed. They are: Madame

Ed. Thayer, Madame de Clermont Tonnerre, Madame de la Roncière, and Viscountess Bertrand. Flamarens had accepted the post of gentleman-in-waiting, and even thanked the Emperor and Empress for procuring him the position, but he subsequently resigned it and withdrew his thanks, as his family threatened to cut him if he had anything to do with Prince Napoleon.

They are very displeased with his conduct at the Chateau, for the affront is a rude one.

Girardin's reply to La Guéronnière's pamphlet is published to-day; it is called "War." The drift of it is to show that a war with Russia or England would be preferable to a war with Austria.

Two Italians were arrested four days ago on the Place Napoleon; they were armed with revolvers and explosive bombs, and were waiting for the Emperor. One of them committed suicide at Mazas after making certain revelations.

February 13th.—At the Ministerial Council yesterday Prince Napoleon had a very lively altercation with Walewski on the subject of Italy.

February 24th.—The Senate were taken aback by the proposition to allow Prince Napoleon eight hundred thousand francs to defray the expenses of his marriage, and General Castelbajac proposed an amendment in these terms: "That eight hundred thousand francs be given to the Emperor to defray the expenses of Prince Napoleon's marriage." The amendment was on the point of being carried unanimously, and the Emperor, who had been consulted, having agreed to the tenor of it,

when someone suggested that it would be equivalent to a vote of censure on the Prince. The Senate were, therefore, informed that the Emperor desired it should be withdrawn.

The mover of the amendment, however, insisted on putting it to the vote, and many members of the Senate openly avowed their intention to carry it; they said, as did Castelbajac, who was himself called to order by the President, "that the more confidence they felt in the Emperor the more did they suspect Prince Napoleon, whom they believed to be hostile to His Majesty."

A division was then taken and the amendment was lost; but it nevertheless found over thirty supporters.

When it was proposed to augment Prince Napoleon's allowance, Princess Mathilde had a very warm interview with the Emperor on the subject. She said:

"You do not know, then, that Napoleon is your bitterest foe; you do not know what he says in private? Napoleon among his intimate friends expresses himself in the most factious language. He says, in fact: 'My position is assured. I am well in the running, and if any misfortune should happen to the Emperor it would certainly not be that doll of an Empress or chit of a Prince Imperial that people would look to.' Bixio has also said: 'We are triumphant all along the line.'"

The Emperor did not seem at all astonished to hear this; he merely looked thoughtful.

I was speaking on the same subject with the Princess, and she said to me:

"Alas, I know what an extraordinary being my brother is, and that even Franconnière, his aide-de-camp, is beginning to get sick of him. You cannot imagine how badly he treats his poor wife, and how roughly he speaks to her. For example, yesterday at the Tuileries, seeing that she was enjoying the dance, he took her away at eleven o'clock, and when I remonstrated with him he replied: 'In my own house, where I amuse myself, I go to bed at eleven o'clock; it is therefore perfectly permissible for me to leave here, where I am bored to death, at the same hour.'

"His young wife is still dumbfounded at his extraordinary moods; he will neither breakfast with her nor see her during the day; in fact he has forbidden her to seek him, and if she has anything to say he makes her write him a letter.

"Madame de la Roncière, one of her ladies, lives at the Palais Royal, and is instructed to open all her correspondence."

Prince Napoleon spends his days with Girardin or Bixio, and his ill-temper, vulgarity, and unkindness increase day by day. When speaking of his wife he actually had the immodesty to refer to the coarseness of her linen.

March 23*rd*.—Marshal Vaillant a day or two ago confided to Baroness de Serlay, Princess Mathilde's lady of honour, the following anecdote. It should first of all be particularly noted that the Marshal, who is by no means young, and suffers from indolence and corpulency, still has great pretensions to gallantry:

"One of my duties, or rather my most distasteful duty," said the Marshal, "is to obtain the Emperor's signature to sentences of death pronounced by Courts Martial. I cannot describe to you what a painful office it is to have to obtain a definite warrant for a man's execution; it seems to me as if I were abdicating my proper functions and assuming those of the relentless goddess Atropos.

"However, a short time ago I had to obtain confirmation of a death sentence passed in Africa on a soldier, who, being in love with his officer's mistress, and listening only to the promptings of jealousy, at length resolved to murder her.

"The assassin's long premeditation of the act and his cynical manner during the trial had steeled my heart against him, and I took his death warrant into the Emperor's room without the least emotion. The Emperor took the paper from my hand, and after reading it said: '*A murder resulting from jealousy!*' 'Yes, sire,' I replied; 'but a murder which was coolly and deliberately planned.' The Emperor seemed plunged in thought for some seconds, and then asked me in a gentle tone: '*Have you never been jealous, Marshal?*' 'Certainly, sire,' I replied; 'I have been as jealous as Othello. One day, for example, I ran all the way from the Faubourg St. Germain to the Chaussée d'Antin, armed with a kitchen knife, to kill a faithless woman.' The Emperor looked at me with surprise, and twice exclaimed: 'What, you!—you!' and then after a moment's silence he gave me the warrant back, saying: '*I pardon him.*'"

April 3rd.—My work on Marie Antoinette has been published. I sent a copy of it to the Empress, and the same day received the following letter:

"My Dear Count,

"I gave your charming book to the Empress and I hasten in Her Majesty's name to thank you for your very kind present.

"Permit me to add to all the gracious expressions I am charged to convey to you, on the Empress's behalf, the assurance of my own particular friendship and sentiments of affection.

"Duke Tascher la Pagerie,

"Principal Chamberlain."

Since I received this letter the Empress has read my book, and yesterday the Emperor's Grand Chamberlain forwarded me an invitation to dine at the Tuileries on Wednesday next. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress is, therefore, dissatisfied with my work.

April 22nd.—We are decidedly to have war. Austria declines to accede to the general disarmament which has been proposed by England, Russia, and Prussia, and which France has agreed to. On receipt of this news, and of the still more serious report that Austria had yesterday sent an ultimatum to Piedmont requesting her to disarm within three days, the order was despatched from Paris desiring Trochu's division to enter Savoy.

Canrobert takes command of the first Corps d'Armée.

Marshal Malakoff returns from London, where he will be replaced by Persigny; and Marshal Magnan is ordered to accompany the Emperor, who himself takes the Command-in-Chief.

Yesterday Princess Clotilde said to Prince Jérôme: "We all deplore the Emperor's departure from Paris, and that he should have to leave so young and tender a child as the Prince Imperial at so critical a juncture. The absence of the Emperor is a great misfortune, but," she said, turning to her husband, "your duty calls you to the army; there is no other place for you, and you ought to leave Paris at once."

This young Princess is full of energy, courage, and good feeling. Heaven grant that her husband may as fully comprehend all that his duty requires of him!

The funds dropped one franc ninety centimes on the first rumour of war. What will happen to them to-morrow?

April 26th.—This morning, at six o'clock, the Zouaves of the Guard, in heavy marching order, passed my windows on their way to Piedmont; at twelve o'clock the Grenadiers went by the same road, and Count Vimercati has just been in to bid me a hurried farewell. It is a serious moment, and one cannot help feeling deeply moved.

To-day, at five o'clock, that is to say in two hours from now, the time granted by Austria to Piedmont will expire.

The young Duke de Chartres, who is an officer in the Piedmontese army, declines to resign his com-

mission, although the Orleanist party are exercising great pressure in order to induce him to do so.

The Count de Chambord quits Austrian territory. There have been some singular scenes at the Château between Prince Murat and the Emperor; this pretender to the Neapolitan throne wished to accompany the French army, and as he is not allowed to do so, he asks to be permitted, in the Emperor's absence, to assist at the deliberations of the Council of Ministers, over which the Empress will preside. This has also been refused him.

Prince Napoleon is not so eager for war; he wishes to be allowed to stay behind and take part in the government of the country.

April 29th.—The Tory Cabinet of our excellent ally England, seeing the bad odour in which Austria is held in European public opinion, has offered us a dish after her own heart, and proposes to mediate between us. Austria accepts the offer, but it remains to be seen if France will do so, and on what conditions. The Grand Duke of Tuscany has abdicated, in consequence of the revolt of his troops, and the King of Piedmont has been nominated Dictator in his place. It is said that as the war progresses Parma and Modena will follow the same course.

April 30th.—France has not accepted the mediation and *good offices* of England. France requested that in the event of Austria refusing the terms proposed by England the latter country should join in coercing her.

May 7th.—The Emperor leaves on Tuesday week, at

six o'clock in the evening; he takes three hundred and sixty horses with him, partly for his own and partly for his staff's use. One hundred and twenty of the Cent Gardes will accompany him.

May 8th.—A day or two ago while Marshal Vaillant was in the Emperor's private room, he wrote a note, which he requested the Chamberlain in attendance to despatch at once to the Ministry of War. The Chamberlain placed the letter, with the order to forward it, on the aide-de-camp's desk; just afterwards Béville arrives, and seeing the letter, which he thinks is intended for him, opens it, and reads as follows:

"The Emperor wishes to know if the 30th Regiment has left. Say yes."

Béville, who does not like the Marshal, takes the opportunity, without loss of time, of communicating the contents of the letter to the Emperor and Empress, who naturally are very much edified at the example thus afforded them of the way in which the country is served.

May 10th.—The Emperor and Prince Napoleon left this evening at six o'clock. The Empress and Princess Mathilde accompanied them as far as Montereau. The Emperor never received a more enthusiastic ovation than he did to-day. In front of the Louvre the cheers were no doubt very hearty, and his reception left nothing to be desired, but when he arrived at the Faubourg St. Antoine the manifestations were quite beyond description. The cheers were positively over-

whelming, a perfect *furia*. The excitement was so great that only those who were present could credit it.

The people rushed madly towards the Emperor, and even precipitated themselves between the wheels of his carriage; they cheered him with tears in their eyes, and voices choked with emotion and patriotic pride.

The people were grateful to him for leaving the tranquil pleasures of his palace, his Empire, wife, and young son, to place himself at the head of a French army which was about to shed its blood for Italian liberty, and to revive the splendour of France by heroic feats of arms.

May 12*th*.—Persigny replaces the Duke de Malakoff in London. People are glad to know he is there; he will require great tact in steering a middle course between Tory ill-feeling on the one hand and French susceptibility on the other.

England, more than any other living power, has, through her newspapers, her orators in Parliament, and even the agitators of 1847, impelled Italy towards the achievement of her freedom, and now that France takes sword in hand to aid in this enfranchisement England lends her *moral* support to Austria.

May 22*nd*.—The Austrians have attacked the advance guard of Marshal Baraguy d'Hillier's division, under the command of General Forey. The Marshal's division was manœuvring in order to divide the Austrian line, when his first brigade, under Forey, composed of 4,000 men, was suddenly attacked by 12,000 of the enemy. The possession of a village on

which the Austrians depended was fought for with great obstinacy on both sides, and the engagement lasted four hours. At last the village remained in our hands, and the Austrians were forced to retire with a loss of 2,000 killed and wounded, one General killed, and 200 men and a Colonel prisoners.

We have 600 men placed *hors de combat*, and General Beurré is among the slain.

June 5th.—All the St. Germain quarter is illuminated, there are bonfires everywhere, and fireworks are incessant; rockets seem to pierce the clouds in every direction. The Mayor has had the following despatch from the Emperor to the Empress read in every street:—

"Novara, June 4th, 1859.

"Bridge of Magenta, 11.30.

"A great victory: 5,000 prisoners, and 15,000 of the enemy killed and wounded. Details later on."

It is known that the Austrians, to the number of 150,000, were under the command of Marshal Hess, their best general.

The Franco-Sardinian forces amounted to 100,000 combatants. The Emperor is probably at Milan to-day. Garibaldi has met with a slight reverse.

June 10th.—Neither Canrobert nor Niel is wounded, nor is General Mellinet killed, as the gentlemen of the Bourse in their patriotic ardour fondly hoped. General MacMahon has been made a Marshal and Duke de Magenta. The Emperor and the King of

Piedmont have made their entry into Milan, and the Austrians have evacuated Pavia after spiking their guns and destroying their munitions.

June 11*th.*—The bulletin of the battle of Magenta is at last published. The Emperor with his guards was for two hours hemmed in by the whole of the Austrian army, during which time he was impatiently expecting the arrival of Canrobert and MacMahon, who were detained on their march. The number of French superior officers killed and wounded is considerable. Senneville, chief of Canrobert's staff, is among the killed. At the attack on the village of Magenta, General MacMahon captured, amongst others of the enemy, the whole of the second regiment of Chasseurs à Pied under Colonel Hauser.

June 14*th.*—Prince Metternich has just died at Vienna. No one seems to take the least notice of a death which, had it occurred a few years ago, would have been looked upon as an event of serious importance. Some French papers are unfair enough to write disparagingly of this statesman, who for nearly forty years was a leading factor in European politics. Deprived of power by the Revolution of 1848, he has since that period ceased to take any active part in public affairs, although his advice was still constantly sought. It is unjust to pretend that Austria owes to his repressive system of government the loss of Italy. Austria, from the very necessity of her position, was obliged to adopt a coercive policy, and has never been able since 1815, owing to the agitation caused by the

Carbonari and Mazzini, to relax the severity of her measures. Piedmont has also helped to unsettle the Peninsula with its self-interested cry of *United Italy.*

Monsieur de Metternich, who was over eighty years of age when he died, has been spared the distressing spectacle of seeing his country deprived of some of her fairest provinces, the possession of which led him to dream would one day make Austria a maritime power of far more extended influence and dimensions than the mere possession of Trieste ever could.

June 28th.—We are beginning to receive details of the battle of Solferino, the account of which was very much embellished in *La Patrie.*

We have, it appears, taken 7,000 prisoners, 30 pieces of cannon, and three flags. General Auger, who has been assisting the Emperor in reorganizing the artillery, has had his arm shot away. Francois de la Rochefoucauld has been slightly wounded and made prisoner, and young Fénélon is killed. General Niel has been made a Marshal.

July 9th.—The Emperor of Austria has asked for a suspension of hostilities, which request has been granted, and commissioners have been appointed to settle the terms of the armistice.

July 12th.—The Emperor has issued an order of the day thanking his troops for their devotion, and informing them that a truce until the 15th August has been agreed upon.

An interview took place between the two Emperors yesterday at Villafranca. What the result is we do not know.

General Fleury, who was sent as envoy to the Emperor of Austria, was received with great consideration, and had the honour of dining with His Majesty. The Emperor told him, in course of conversation, that the battle of Solferino had cost Austria 50,000 men. One hospital at Verona alone contains 700 wounded officers.

I had a long conversation on Sunday last with Princess Mathilde and Benedetti, director of the Foreign Office.

The armistice does not astonish them in the least; the Emperor has found Italy very different from what it was represented to be. That patriotic enthusiasm which was to have worked such marvels does not exist. The Italians are divided among themselves, and Cavour's fantastic picture has given place to sad reality. If Italy were to be consulted as to her future destinies chaos would be the consequence.

The Emperor will be back in a few days, when it is hoped that some Ministerial changes will then be decided upon. Walewski is spoken of as possible Minister of State in place of Fould, who has only been kept in office so long through the Empress's influence. She was foolish enough to borrow 600,000 francs of him to send to Spain to her sister, the Duchess d'Alba, *who wanted the money.* The 600,000 francs have, however, been repaid, and the insolence of Mons. Fould will have to be put a stop to.

July 13*th.*—A telegraphic despatch of yesterday announces that peace has been signed at Villafranca

between the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria.

The Emperor of Austria concedes all rights to Lombardy in favour of the Emperor of the French, who, in his turn, hands the province over to the King of Piedmont.

CHAPTER X.

1859 (*continued*).

THE EMPEROR AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS—WALEWSKI AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MARSHALS CANROBERT AND NIEL—THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH TO THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY—THE LEGION OF HONOUR—DEATH OF LORD HENRY SEYMOUR—AN AMNESTY GRANTED TO POLITICAL EXILES—COUNT DE MORNY ON ENGLISH AND FRENCH RIVALRY — PRINCESS MATHILDE'S REVELATIONS — FÉLIX PYAT AND VICTOR HUGO—THE EMPRESS'S COURT—THE EMPEROR AND HIS TOOLS—IMPERIAL POLICY—COUNT DE REISET'S AMBITIOUS VIEWS—HIS PROPOSAL TO PRINCESS MATHILDE—THE EMPEROR AND MONSIEUR DE LESSEPS —THE EMPEROR'S REAL AIM—PAMPHLET ON THE PAPAL QUESTION.

July 27th.—The members of the Diplomatic Corps having signified their desire to present their congratulations to the Emperor on the termination of the war, have been formally received at St. Cloud.

The Papal Nuncio, who acted as their spokesman on the occasion, said: "The Diplomatic Corps have been desirous of offering to your Majesty their sincere

and hearty congratulations on your safe return and the speedy conclusion of the war."

The Emperor replied, laconically, and in an evident tone of contempt:

"Europe has for the most part been so unjust towards me from the very commencement of the war that I have been only too happy to conclude peace as soon as I could do so with due regard to the honour and interests of France, in order to prove that it had never entered my mind to throw Europe into a turmoil and provoke a general war. I hope that from to-day all causes of dissension will vanish, and that the peace will be of long duration. I thank the Diplomatic Corps for their congratulations."

August 9th.—The Emperor left the day before yesterday to pay a hurried visit to the camp at Châlons. After the *fêtes* he will go to the Pyrenees with the Empress and the Prince Imperial. People are looking forward with impatience to the entry of the army into Paris; the sight will be magnificent. Meanwhile everybody goes to visit the camp at St. Maur, where the Guards, Line, Zouaves, and Turcos are bivouacked. The Turcos are the principal objects of curiosity, as there are a great many negroes among them.

August 13th.—The *Moniteur* publishes a decree dated August 11th, ordering a medal to be distributed to the troops engaged in the Italian campaign.

I met Villemain, the Councillor of State, and brother of the ex-Minister, in the train yesterday; he told me

that Mons. Brennier, before his departure for Naples as Minister Plenipotentiary, had had an interview with Walewski, who was fatuous enough to say to him :

"You are fortunate, Mons. Brennier, in attaining the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary, for we are quite decided not to confer that office for the future except upon diplomatists who are at least Counts, and you are only a Baron."

This is superb, and reassuring!

August 14*th.*—The *Indépendance Belge* publishes the following letter from Marshal Canrobert to Marshal Niel. The communication is intended to contradict a passage in Marshal Niel's official report of the battle of Solferino :—

"July 8th, 1859.

"I have just read in the *Moniteur* of the 4th instant your report to the Emperor on the part taken by the Fourth Army Corps at the battle of Solferino, and it is not without pain and astonishment that I notice therein the following passage : '*Unfortunately Marshal Canrobert, who was menaced on his right, did not deem it prudent to send me assistance before the end of the day.*' You will regret, Monsieur le Maréchal, having written those lines when I tell you that on arriving at Medole with the advance guard of my division at a quarter-past nine in the morning and learning that you were engaged with the enemy, *without losing a minute* I made arrangements to comply with the pressing demands for assistance which

General Luzzi, who was in command of your right wing three-quarters of a league off, made to me.

"At that time—that is to say, at a quarter-past nine—I had with me only a small part of the advance guard of the division commanded by Renault, but without a moment's delay I gave orders to that General immediately to collect four or five battalions and march them without their knapsacks to the assistance of General Luzzi. That order was executed at half-past ten in the morning, which really was as soon as was practicable. These five battalions were followed in close succession, and as promptly as the other detachments arrived, by the rest of the Renault division with the exception of two battalions.

"The left wing of this division had not yet reached Medole when I received an urgent message from the Emperor to be on my guard against a body of the enemy, 25,000 to 30,000 strong, which had left Mantua the evening before, and which I did in point of fact succeed in stopping with one of my divisions; at the same time you sent several aides-de-camp begging me to support your centre, as it was seriously menaced. Under the circumstances, although anxious about my own right flank and rear, which I heard were threatened with a strong force of cavalry with guns, I took upon myself to send an order to General Trochu, who was still behind, to take his first brigade, in light marching order, and hasten to your assistance. I therefore placed at your disposal, Monsieur le Maréchal, by successive detachments, and as speedily as possible,

the half of my Army Corps; and also permit me to observe, in my single desire to assist a companion in arms who was in an awkward position, I went myself in advance of the men I lent you in order that, by the presence of their own Marshal under fire, they might be stimulated in carrying out the services you required of them, and which they were but too happy to render in the Emperor's name. Nor can I help remarking, Monsieur le Maréchal, with regard to the passage in your report where you speak of the success you would have obtained had you but had the whole of the third Corps with you, that had that Corps in its entirety, with its leaders and divisional Generals, Renault, Bourbaki, and Trochu, been able to take part in the action, it would happily have been sufficiently inspired not to allow you *alone* to achieve the success you meditated.

"I conclude, Monsieur le Maréchal, by pointing out that your observation with regard to the tardy arrival of the assistance I was fortunately able to give you is contrary to the facts of the case. Such a charge, although doubtless far from your intention, is, in my opinion, and in the opinion of the whole of my staff, as well as in that of many of your own officers, an unfortunate blow to the simple principle of morality which requires that the person obliged should not ignore a service generously rendered, and is one which might have the effect under similar circumstances of causing the chief of an Army Corps to hesitate before depriving himself of a large proportion of his troops in

order to assist a brother in arms in a dangerous predicament.

"I have acquainted the Emperor with the terms of a letter which I feel under the painful necessity of writing to you."

The rectification of Marshal Niel's report was published in the *Moniteur* some time back by the Emperor's order.

There is no doubt, therefore, that Marshal, then General, Niel, had, in order to enhance his own services, put Marshal Canrobert's conduct in a false light. The transmission of the letter I have just quoted would, but for the intervention of the Emperor, have occasioned a duel between the two Marshals. It is earnestly to be hoped that its publication by the *Indépendance Belge* and the French papers will not revive the quarrel.

The army is at this moment entering Paris, and the weather is splendid. All the Communes for five leagues round are bereft of their inhabitants, the trains are crowded with passengers, and not a single room is to be had in Paris for love or money.

August 15th.—During the public entry of the army into Paris the excitement was indescribable; the Emperor was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, and bouquets of flowers were showered upon him and the troops. Prince Napoleon and his wife did not put in an appearance.

Marshal Niel has replied to Marshal Canrobert's letter. He endeavours to justify his report by citing

time and place. It is greatly to be hoped that this unhappy dispute will not go any further.

At the banquet given by the Emperor to the principal officers of the army in the "Salle des Etats," in the new wing of the Louvre, he made a speech, the last sentence of which has given rise to all sorts of interpretations.

"If France," he said, "has done so much for a friendly people, *what will she not undertake for her own independence?*"

The *Guernsey Star* states that the Emperor has given orders to fortify the Chansey Islands, which are situated between Granville and St. Malo on one side and Jersey on the other. These islands during the last war between England and France served as a shelter for the English cruisers that blockaded the ports of Granville and St. Malo.

The Emperor of Cochin China, or of Annam, if the term be preferred, sues for peace. He concedes the free exercise of Christianity throughout his dominions, and recognizes the concessions of territory made to Louis XIV.

I abstain from speaking of the torrent of decorations that has been falling, and will merely mention that young Soubeyran has been made an officer of the Legion of Honour and Bacciochi a commander. Then there are equerries, chamberlains, unknown artists, journalists, préfets, judges, &c., &c., upon whom orders have been conferred. It is no longer a Legion, but a *Rabble* of Honour.

The news from Italy is always the same; judging by the elections, the whole of the Peninsula wishes to become Piedmontese.

At Zurich matters are going on badly.

Queen Victoria has prorogued Parliament; she congratulates herself in her speech, and not without good reason, on the pacification of India, and says that with regard to the contemplated Congress on the subject of Italy many different overtures have been made to her. But Her Majesty has not yet received information sufficient to enable her to decide whether or not it would be advisable for her to take part in it.

Our *good ally* is positively superb.

August 17th.—The night before last I was very uneasy and restless, so much so that I could not sleep, and was obliged to get up. I was concerned about the condition of Henry Seymour, my best and oldest friend. He took to his bed on the 1st August, and although he constantly alternated between better and worse, his doctor saw no cause for anxiety.

Every day I have received news of him, and the day before yesterday the report was more satisfactory.

Nevertheless, I had a sleepless night, and felt so uneasy in my mind that I left Paris by the first train. When I reached his house I found that Lord Henry Seymour had died at half-past eight in the morning. I knew from his Secretary, Laboureau, that from the first he had had no hope, and had said: "The doctors are deceiving themselves; it is only a question of another fifteen days."

Four days before his death he had told Laboureau that in four or five days he should be no more.

Poor Henry ! He was at one time so gay, such an excellent companion, ever ready to do an act of kindness for any of his friends, and always so nobly and delicately generous to those in misfortune.

August 19th.—The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial have gone to take the waters at St. Sauveur.

Before leaving the Emperor issued the following decree, dated August 16th :—

"A full and complete amnesty is accorded to all persons convicted of political crimes and misdemeanours, or who have been under police supervision."

La Bédoyère, the Emperor's Chamberlain, the most foolish, obtuse, and incapable man in the world, has been made a Senator.

Reason : His father was shot in 1815, and his wife is not without attractions in the Emperor's eyes.

The Prince de la Moskowa is also made a Senator, although his father, it is true, was not shot, nor is he married.

Since our very intelligent politicians have discovered that the inhabitants of Naples, Venice, Tuscany, Rome, Lombardy, Modena, and Parma are the same people, and of the same common origin, they are frequently called upon to solve rather awkward problems.

The Greeks who are now subject to Turkey and England appeal to the principle of nationality, and ask to be reunited to the Kingdom of Greece.

The Poles the same.

Thereupon Statesmanship gets on his high horse, and, assuming his doctoral and constitutional tone, says :

"There are no nationalities to reunite, except where nationalities are different. In Italy alone is there any question of nationality."

"But Savoy ?" someone cries out

"Silence !" says Statesmanship.

"But Poland ?"

"Silence !"

"But Canada, India, Malta, Gibraltar, and —"

Silence once more. There is no nationality but the Italian to reconstitute, nothing so interesting, nothing so respectable, for the reason that in Italy we have the opportunity of being complacent to our ally, England, and her *soi-disant* Liberalism. If you will find for us in Greece, India, Poland, Malta, or Gibraltar a Pope to overthrow, we will interest ourselves in your question of nationality.

August 24th.—The political exiles are eagerly returning, and Félix Pyat has, it is said, already passed through Paris.

Félix Pyat denies the statement ; he can, it is true, he says, again see his country, but he can never again embrace his mother, who is dead.

I was talking on Sunday last with Benedetti, who tells me that France is looking for some position on the Red Sea to counterbalance England's occupation of Perim.

After a successful expedition to Madagascar our

rights have been recognized by the chiefs of the island, and we can now proceed up the rivers and establish our warehouses.

Victor Hugo does not reveal his intentions, but it is said that he has sent round a circular to the refugee gentlemen telling them to beware of *Napoleon the Little*.

The illustrious Pyat says that he has not yet accorded an amnesty to the man who has dared to amnesty him.

On Sunday I saw Vimercati, the Piedmontese, who was attached to Marshal Canrobert's Staff during the war. He rather infers that too much fuss is made about the glory of the French arms, and that the Austrian army was in such a miserable condition that our victories were more than easily won.

It is just what I thought; already we are being underrated, and later on the recognition due to our services will be denied us.

Cavour will return to power as soon as the diplomatic conferences are at an end, and then we shall see some pretty sights.

In Italy already there are but *The Great* Victor Emmanuel, *The Great* Cavour, and *The Great* Garibaldi.

Napoleon comes a long way behind. They, however, make use of him still; but wait till the end comes. They are trying to make him pull too many chestnuts out of the fire.

August 27th.—Count de Morny, at the opening of the Conseil Général of the Puy de Dôme, of which he

is the President, made a speech in which he referred to the lack of confidence in England with regard to the Emperor Napoleon. He considers this bogie-like distrust as the work of political parties, who endeavour to retain their influence by appealing to popular instincts and animosities.

The Count de Morny finishes by saying:

"Let us wage war against England in an industrial and commercial sense; let our struggle be one of progress and civilization; let it be loyal and open, and carried on in the interests of all alike.

"Those are the Emperor's sentiments; let us second them by our own efforts."

August 30*th*.—I spent the greater part of Sunday in intimate conversation with Princess Mathilde and Mons. Benoit Champy, President of the Paris Court of First Instance. The latter is a man of profound intelligence, and although not without ambition still of amiable and excellent disposition.

According to custom Nieuwerkerke, Reiset, and Arago played at *loto* from midday until evening.

The Princess, when she indulges in frank and friendly conversation, is a delightful companion and, when Nieuwerkerke is not in question, full of keen penetration and judgment.

On Sunday we talked, without restraint, of men and things of the day, and were all agreed in lamenting the Emperor's detestable surroundings, and that he should be so indifferent to the intellectual and moral attributes of people about him.

The Princess preferred to believe that he was ignorant of the character of his associates, which Benoit Champy replied was, if true, a great misfortune, for the public were always ready to judge a monarch by his favoured attendants.

In the Emperor's household Chamberlains, Equerries, and all his personal attendants, with the exception of Quitry, are equally imbecile; then there are the rogues and scoundrels and men without rectitude, such as Bacciochi and Mocquard, and Walsh, the Chamberlain, of whom the most infamous stories are told.

Then among the Emperor's confidential advisers there are Haussmann, the Préfet of the Seine, and Fould, the Minister of State, both men of soiled reputations.

The book published by the son of the last-named has caused his father sleepless nights. He bought up what remained of the edition, together with the manuscript, for eight hundred thousand francs, but two hundred copies had already been sold. Benoit Champy has promised to procure one for the Princess, who is certain to let me see it.

The Princess also spoke about her brother, Prince Napoleon, and his wife, Princess Clotilde. This ill-assorted couple will be sure to make the Emperor enemies; the Prince by his ill-nature, want of judgment, and low instincts; his wife by her narrow-mindedness and religious bigotry. This Princess is, moreover, Austrian at heart; corresponds with no one but the Archduchess Maria—one of the bitterest

enemies France has—and seems to intend by her haughty manner to keep everyone at a distance. Her pride has something insolent and irritating about it; it is a disdainful assumption of self-sufficiency which the French nobility are never likely to tolerate from any petty foreign Princess. Princess Clotilde makes an egregious blunder, for we are just the sort of people to return insolence with insolence and disdain with disdain.

Princess Mathilde read us a very amusing letter from the Queen of the Netherlands about Princess Clotilde. The Queen knows and reads her thoroughly; she says that a "Princess who is *hedged round with a barrier of Chinese arrogance* will never take in France," and she is perfectly right.

August 31st.—Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo both decline to avail themselves of the amnesty.

Louis Blanc says that the amnesty does not liquidate the debt which *Louis Bonaparte* owes France, and adds:

"Let there be an end to this odious system by which personal liberty is confiscated on simple suspicion, and which is really more hateful than the famous law against suspects which obtained in the darkest days of the French Revolution."

As to Victor Hugo, he sacrifices to his vanity with the same emphasis and in the same sonorous, hollow style of language. He says:

"No one will expect that I, in so far as I am personally concerned, will give one moment's thought to that thing which is called an amnesty.

"In the situation in which France is, repudiation, absolute, inflexible, eternal—that is my duty.

"Faithful to the vow I have made to my conscience I will share to the very end in liberty's exile. When liberty returns then will I return."

September 6th.—I have just met Sérrurier going to pay Princess Mathilde a visit. This curiosity has already acquired an air of importance which gives his physiognomy an expression of singular imbecility. I induced him to talk about the administration that has been handed over to La Guéronnière. It is a regular agglomeration of lazy, incapable, fine gentlemen. La Guéronnière plays the part of Minister, and pulls the strings.

In the special work of his department he is assisted by Sérrurier in the capacity of principal runner, and next by a gentleman who is both a socialist and an atheist.

The supervision of the Press is confided to a Mons. Savigniac, who scarcely knows what the term means. But then he is, in the first place, a sort of connection of this very high and mighty lord La Guéronnière, and, secondly, he is married to a *protégée* of the Empress, and that which the Empress favours God wills, and nothing could be better.

This astonishes no one, for quite recently, while speaking of Marie Antoinette, someone who is connected with the present Court said to me:

"The Queen committed the unpardonable blunder of giving offence to the nobility by wishing to accord

precedence to a Princess of the house of Lorraine, a cousin of the Austrian royal family."

But I replied she was a relative, and surely French courtesy might have induced the nobility in such a case to make the concession.

The courtier of to-day did not see the snare I laid for him, and rejoined with some warmth:

"There was no courtesy or relationship to be considered in the question; the nobility were right. A Sovereign, moreover, ought never to allow relations to interfere with his or her subjects."

"All very fine, Monsieur of the Embroidered Cloak," I replied, "but be careful, or you will get into trouble. What do you say to the Duchess d'Alba, our own Empress's sister, who takes precedence of the wives of Marshals and Ministers?

"What do you say to the Duchess of Hamilton, who does ditto under the pretext that she is a born Princess of Baden, and her mother one of the Beauharnais family?"

Embroidered Cloak did not answer.

The Grand Seigneurs of to-day are more facile than those of former times. They are submissive at Court in the hope of taking their revenge elsewhere, but only laqueys will grant them this satisfaction. When one has mixed with what people call the present Court, one goes away disgusted and sick at heart. All that is not foolish is ignoble, and all that is ignoble has favours and distinctions showered upon it.

All the pretty women pay court to Bacciochi in

order to secure the Emperor's notice, for to secure the Emperor's notice opens the road to everything. Look at Walewski. To him his wife is worth—her weight in gold.

Look at La Bedoyère, the most insignificant, foolish, and repulsive of men, made a Senator and a member of the Legion of Honour, and why?

Then there is Mocquard, who looked after Madame Howard and took her out for exercise, and Walsh, the old friend of Madame de Coislin, &c., &c.

All these people are of immense disservice to the Emperor, who only sees through them and their eyes the world he has to deal with.

September 7th.—The *Morning Herald*, the organ of the Tory party, raises its voice loudly against the ambitious designs of Victor Emmanuel, and denies the legality of the elections that have taken place in the different Duchies. It will accept the vote, it says, if in a new election the people are left to themselves, and are not imposed upon by Sardinian agents.

The Marquis de Ferrière is recalled from Florence, and Poniatowski publicly announces through the newspapers that he has been appointed the Emperor's envoy.

The question of a Congress is still on the cards, but everything is in a state of chaos.

Some time ago the movement in Savoy in favour of independent action excited a good deal of comment. When the idea of establishing a United Kingdom of Italy on the basis of nationality was first mooted this province, which is altogether French, innocently think-

ing that the principle of nationality was to be carried to its logical conclusion, showed its repugnance to being incorporated into the new union, and, with a simplicity, for which it was very much condemned, expressed its desire to be annexed to France. A newspaper, called the *Independant*, of Aosta, which gave its support to these views, was cited before the local courts and suspended for two months, while the director was condemned to three months' imprisonment and a thousand francs' fine, and the printer to a hundred francs' fine and costs.

The Tuscans, it is said, wish to be governed by the King of Sardinia. Being Italian, they decline to be governed by Germans, which is very natural!

But the Savoyards, being French, decline to be governed by Italians, which is very unnatural!

The *Journal de Rennes* says:

"England desires to place the whole of Italy under the jurisdiction of Piedmont. This, however, should not cause surprise, as the Palmerston-Russell Cabinet has three powerful reasons for favouring Piedmontese designs. First, the hope of destroying the Pope's temporal power; second, the desire of seeing Italy governed by a dynasty which will be under the influence of England, like the House of Braganza, in Portugal; and third, the creation of a powerful State which will serve as a counterpoise to France, and can be used at any time as an actively aggressive ally."

September 20th.—On Sunday Princess Mathilde and I had a long walk together, during which she spoke to

me with even more than her ordinary freedom. Her Highness told me many little things which throw a light upon the Emperor's impenetrable reserve, and confirm me in the view I have long held as to the profound dissimulation and artifice which characterize his policy.

Whoever endeavours to read the Emperor by what he says, even those with whom he is most intimate, will fall into a grievous error; he has about him a good deal of the conspirator, who prefers to act by crooked ways and means. His coldness towards some people, even his show of affection towards others, means very little; and as for his esteem, he has none for anybody. He classes people under two heads: *useful* and *useless*. The most honest, the most loyal of his followers, if he be not serviceable, counts as nothing in his estimation; but a cunning, designing scoundrel like Haussmann, if enterprising and useful, will be well treated and fondled; no notice will be taken of his peculations and infamies, but his hand will be pressed, and he will be received with beaming smiles.

Recently at Tarbes the Emperor took the opportunity, in replying to an address from the Bishop, to speak in most eulogistic terms of Fould as . . . "*the faithful friend under all circumstances*," and yet he knows perfectly well that in 1852 Fould said of him: "*The rascal is capable of borrowing my money.*"

When all his friends opened their purses to help him in the *coup d'état* he was aware that Fould

declined to contribute a sou, whereas Princess Mathilde gave him four thousand francs, all the money she had in the world, and pawned her diamonds besides. The Emperor, the Princess told me, had been preparing for the Italian war since last October. "At that time," she said, "Kisseleff warned me, and said that Napoleon's projects were perfectly patent to him. Early in November the Emperor ordered Fleury to get his campaign equipment ready, and Fleury, terrified at the order, went and asked Walewski what it meant.

Walewski was equally in the dark, and rushed off to the Tuileries, where he had a scene with the Emperor, who treated him with his customary contempt. In consequence of his indiscretion Fleury was in disgrace, more or less, for two months.

As for Walewski, who is kept in ignorance of the real state of affairs, and is bullied by his master—who withholds from him every tittle of respect in consequence of his intrigue with his wife, no less than on account of the official post he accepts as recompense—he has ever the same excuse on his lips: "*I must live.*"

This reply fitly describes the voracity of our public men, for Walewski, with an income of 30,000 francs and the Château d'Etoiles, and land adjoining it, which were presented to his wife, has ample means of living; but no, he sticks to his place, and puts up with the indignities and rough usage he receives; his master may kick him, but he submits in silence; the poor man

must have more than one set of teeth to eat with, one does not suffice; then, too, he must feed off silver plate, porcelain turns his stomach.

The Emperor, therefore, having decided on the Italian campaign, put himself in communication with the political refugees, through his cousin, Prince Napoleon (he did not at that time despise their aid), and had two interviews with Kossuth, one in Paris and the other in Turin, or rather Genoa. But he was deceived as to the nature of the revolutionary movement which this man was capable of exciting in Hungary. The Emperor counted on the assistance of the popular and democratic masses, but Kossuth said to him: "Your Majesty is in error; the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 was brought about by the nobility, and can only be stirred up again through their influence." In Italy the Emperor first of all looked to the people, and counted on them for support, but they did not respond to his wiles, and would not approach him; he only succeeded in arousing the enthusiasm of a small part of the nobility and middle classes. In the elections it was also decided to do without the people, the peasantry; and they did in point of fact do without them.

Wherever and whenever you look you find the traces of this double game, which the very agents who were employed go to prove. Colonel Cipriani, a man of very ordinary intelligence, whom I have seen in Paris years ago, was for a long time employed and paid by France for procuring information. Farini, who was

not of much greater consequence, was a revolutionary plotter. The accredited agent, Poniatowski, enjoys no reputation whatever, both men and women in his family are equally dispised.

The Poniatowskis are the outcome of a tardy marriage between that old *roué* Prince Poniatowski, who lived at Rome, and the widow of one of his servants, by whom he had several children.

It is even said that the Prince was already dead when this marriage took place, and that he was propped up in bed and made to reply to the priest's questions by a movement of the head, which, of course, was worked by a string.

The present Prince has all his life been a man of doubtful dealings, a sort of upper-class adventurer.

Reiset, "*Count*" Reiset by the Pope's grace, has already been described. Before marrying that shrew Mdlle. Sancy, he took it into his head that he should like to ally himself with the daughter born of the morganatic marriage of Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg. This young person, whose mother, an ex-opera dancer, was dead, had been carefully educated and brought up by the King of Wurtemberg, who also allowed her a pension.

Count de Reiset thought he would be conferring a great distinction upon this lady by offering her his hand, and that by condescending to marry so much beneath him he could exact any terms he liked. One fine morning, therefore, he asks Princess Mathilde for an audience, and, without beating about the bush, begs she will

interest herself in his projected union with the Wurtemberg Princess.

Princess Mathilde told him that the young person in question was by no means of royal rank, and that the only title she enjoyed was that of Countess.

Reiset insisted, however, that she was a Princess, and begged Princess Mathilde to interest herself in his behalf.

"I ask," he said, "that in virtue of this union, which will make me a member of your family, the Emperor shall give me the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and that the King of Wurtemberg shall continue his ward's allowance, permit me to adopt the title of Prince, and concede to me the gratification of wearing the Grand Cordon of his own Order."

Reiset's proposal was not listened to, but it caused a good deal of amusement at the time.

Later on, when these matrimonial projects were forgotten, the seductive Reiset one evening came and made a declaration of love to Princess Mathilde, who at first, in order to avoid giving offence, treated the matter in a laughing way. But Reiset, not being addicted to feelings of delicacy, continued to press his suit with considerable warmth, whereupon the Princess took him to task, and said in a tone of severity:

"Mons. de Reiset, I am aware that I am no longer a young woman and have no great pretensions to beauty, but I do feel that I am not yet sufficiently decrepit to become Madame de Robiland's successor."

Reiset, furiously angry and ashamed of himself, rose and retired, and this is the man we are employing in Italy. Incapacity crowned by consummate vanity.

Prince Napoleon has bought a property on the Lake of Geneva which belonged to his uncle, King Joseph Bonaparte. He went some days ago to see it, and his wife is about to join him there.

October 21*st.*—The treaty of peace between France and Austria has been signed at Zurich on the basis of the treaty of Villafranca. The treaty with Sardinia is not yet signed.

October 26*th.*—We are in a state of irresolution and uncertainty, and politics are becoming more and more perplexing.

It cannot be disguised that England is very ill-disposed towards us. Italy, Morocco, and the Suez Canal all tend to create a hostile feeling in that country.

Three days ago the Emperor received Mons. de Lesseps and said to him: "*You surely cannot wish that I should go to war with England on account of the Suez Canal.*" "No, sire," replied Mons. de Lesseps, "but I must call my shareholders together and give them their money back." "*Don't do anything of the sort,*" the Emperor rejoined; "*tell them that negotiations are still going on.*"

December 16*th.*—In consequence of incessant movement to and fro I have been prevented adding anything to my confidential record for the past month. But the time has not altogether been lost to observation. I have talked a great deal, and, above all,

listened a great deal, and I have had time for reflection, and without attaching undue importance to external political signs of the times, or to the contracted views of the daily newspapers, I have sought to read the future through the very contradictions of the present.

The Emperor is not communicative; he remains for whole days, so to speak, without opening his mouth, absorbed in his inmost thoughts. Calm and impenetrable even to those who are most in his confidence, his soul seems as adamantine as his face. Esteeming no man, no man is permitted to share his thoughts; he is like a laborious workman with useful tools, but no companions. One cannot pretend to judge him by his acts alone, for their real meaning often escapes the penetration of the wisest.

Being constantly preoccupied with this grand historical figure, my thoughts have sometimes seemed to divine the secret of his mission in the modern world. In my long reveries I have mentally followed this mysterious miner, and in spite of the silence of his strokes, the subterranean operations he pursues with such untiring industry have unfolded themselves to my imagination.

The ally of England, the Emperor is not her friend; he foresees the day that hostilities must break out between that nation and France, and he paves the way for alliances that will be necessary to him.

The campaign with Austria, the rising in Spain, and the war waged by this latter power against Morocco, are signs which have not escaped my notice. The

Emperor wishes to give the force of cohesion to the Latin races, and to stimulate the moral vigour they have lost. From Cadiz and Venice to the frontiers of Belgium and the borders of the Rhine, he wishes to reunite these races by a community of interest, by opposing the Latin to the Saxon element, as in the North the Slave is opposed to the German. The day this reconciliation shall have been completed, the day that Italy and Spain shall have retaken their places among the political and military nations of the earth, will be that on which he will declare against England the war of oppressed peoples, and Europe will then call that nation to account for her long and insolent domination.

Until that time comes the Emperor remains silent, but little by little future generations are being prepared for the rising in which they will be called upon to join for the amelioration of mankind.

The conflict with England is on his mind, he longs for it more than any other man, but it will only come in due course, and when the hour is shown on his mysterious dial.

Eight days ago I had another long and interesting talk with Princess Mathilde and the President of the Court of First Instance. Amongst other things, she told us that it was not Lagrange who in 1848 fired upon the troops placed in front of the Foreign Office, *but Piétri*, who has since been made Préfet of Police. She had heard him, while in a state of excitement, boast of his act. Piétri was on the occasion dressed in

a blouse. She furthermore told us that in 1849 Prince Jérôme, Abbatucci, and the rest of that set, were immeasurably incensed against the Emperor. They called him *that scoundrel*, *that wretch*, and Prince Jérôme exclaimed, "*I must have his blood!*" Their exasperation was indescribable. Piétri was then, as he is still, the evil genius of the Jérômes.

December 23rd.—A pamphlet on the subject of the Papacy and the position it ought to assume in Italy appeared yesterday.

It has made a great stir, as its authorship is attributed entirely to the Emperor without any aid from La Guéronnière.

People who admire anything and everything are unbounded in their praise of it; they consider it as offering a complete solution of the question, and as being the work of a brilliant genius. I do not share either in their enthusiasm or credulity.

The author tries to show, in the first place, that the temporal power of the Pope, both in regard to religion and political order in Europe, is a perfectly demonstrable factor.

He then tries to prove that the temporal power of the Pope is absolutely necessary in order to support the exercise of his spiritual power.

"That from a political stand-point, the head of two hundred millions of Catholics should owe allegiance to no one—that if the Pope were not an independent Sovereign he would be either French, Austrian, Spanish, or Italian," &c.

The author then arrives at this conclusion:

"That the temporal power of the Pope is both necessary and legitimate, but incompatible with a dominion of any magnitude, as it could not possibly be exempt from all the conditions of ordinary government, that is to say, from all that constitutes its activity, development, and progress; it ought to exist without an army, without legislative representation, and, so to speak, without law or justice."

I do not know who the author of the pamphlet is, but it is certainly faulty in its logic, and, if not intended for a piece of bitter sarcasm, is the unreasoning production of a man who flounders in the attempt to establish two opposite principles.

December 24th.—Nieuwerkerke assures me this morning that the Emperor has avowed the authorship of the famous pamphlet. If that be so I am very sorry, but I shall not be the only one to regret the fact, for the more attentively I read it the more illogical it seems to me, and the more does it stray from the object it aims at.

CHAPTER XI.

1860.

The Papal Nuncio's congratulations — The Emperor's reply—The attitude of England—Rumoured changes in the Ministry—Walewski's dismissal—Walewski and La Valette—Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi—The latter's marriage—The Bishop of Orleans—Père Lacordaire nominated to the Academy—General Mellinet on Bezancourt's books — Rumours in the Faubourg St. Germain—New play by A. Houssaye—Napoleon III. and England—The Empress and the Walewskis—The Empress's pin money.

January 2nd.—People have been awaiting with some anxiety the speech which the Papal Nuncio, as doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, was to make to the Emperor on New Year's Day. Some supposed that he would allude to the famous pamphlet, but he did nothing of the kind. The Nuncio's speech consisted of four lines, cold and concise, merely wishing the Emperor the compliments of the season in the name, and on behalf of his diplomatic *confrères.*

In Brittany and parts of the South there is a great feeling of irritation and exasperation, not only with the concluding portion of the pamphlet, but also with its general tone.

At the New Year's reception the Emperor came into the room calm and smiling, holding his son by the hand; but people are asking themselves, with regard to the pamphlet, if the Emperor intends to repeat this form of excitement every year as a New Year's gift to the nation.

January 3rd.—The following is the Emperor's reply to the Nuncio's brief congratulations:—

"I thank the Diplomatic Corps for their kind wishes on the occasion of the New Year. I am particularly pleased to have this opportunity of pointing out to the representatives of the Powers that since my assumption of office I have always shown the most profound solicitude for existing rights. I beg you will furthermore believe that my constant aim and object will be to establish everywhere, as far as I am able, public confidence and peace."

The question now is to know what the Emperor means by *existing rights*. Does he mean rights created by treaties, or rights created by revolutions, prepared and sustained we know where and by whom. Meanwhile it appears certain, if anything in this century of ours can be certain, that the Congress will not meet.

The English papers are rather pleased at this, and the notorious pamphlet has perhaps attained thereby one of its principal objects. If so, it is another

sacrifice to the English alliance. Persigny, whom I saw at the Imperial Club yesterday, is strongly in favour of this alliance, which he looks upon as indispensable; but I am bound to say that I am less enthusiastic about it than he is.

The English alliance will never further the extension of our maritime influence nor assist our commercial competition in the markets beyond the sea.

England tolerates us when we do not attempt to break a single mesh of the net she spread in 1815, but if we try to reoccupy our place in the world, or even if we wish to dispute with her in a friendly way the Empire of the seas, she hates us at once.

Look at her fortifying her sea-board, and even the Channel Islands, which are barely two or three leagues from our coast, opposing the making of the Suez Canal, endeavouring to undermine our influence at Constantinople, depreciating Spain because she is our ally, and applauding any attacks on the Pope because the Papacy is protected in a sense by France.

She compliments us when we join her in fighting Russia in the East, or when on some feeble pretence she endeavours to force the Emperor of China to receive an armed Embassy in his capital, and she joyfully accepts our assistance in pushing her poisonous opium trade in the interests of India.

Yes! Just as long as the Emperor consents to recognize the *English Papacy*, its supremacy and infallibility, so long will he be petted by the English people and their Government.

We were a bigger and a more powerful Power in Europe before the Italian war than we are now; we are more insecure at the present moment both at home and abroad. The campaign with Austria has not even conquered for us the love of the Italians.

January 4th.—There are rumours of important changes in the Ministry.

Walewski is to go to St. Petersburg, and his place will be taken by Thouvenel, our present ambassador at Constantinople. This change will meet with universal approval.

Marshal Niel is to have the portfolio of war, although there is a strong wish that this appointment may not be given to him. He is not at all liked, and the army have no esteem for him. Laity is to have the Ministry of the Interior.

The Emperor wishes to prove that no one counts but himself in the government of France, that the others are only puppets in his hands, who can be changed or dismissed without inconvenience to the public service. Beneath him is the sub-stratum of equality, where honest man and scoundrel are treated on the same level; each is useful in his different way, and that is all that is wanted.

The Emperor is like the Valère of the old Comedies, he must have his Frontins and Scapins to do his bidding; as long as he lives all will go well, but when he dies what an inheritance he leaves to his son, to his country—to France who is accustomed by him to do without morality, and in whom he has deeply engrafted the religion of self-indulgence.

January 7th.—La Valette is delighted at Walewski's dismissal from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He says he has always been an insincere and ungrateful friend.

In 1845 Walewski was in a very awkward fix. Being intimate with Thiers he was consequently suspected by Guizot, and had little chance of procuring a diplomatic appointment; besides which he was in financial straits. La Valette lent him some money, which I have reason for knowing has never been repaid, and, what is more, made use of the interest he had with Armand Bertin to get him a diplomatic employment. Mons. Guizot objected to give him anything on the ground of his connection with Thiers; and when Bertin and La Valette pressed the matter the Minister asked the latter if he would answer for Walewski and guarantee that he would not play into Thiers's hands. La Valette replied: "If I had had any doubt of Walewski I would not have interested myself in his behalf." Walewski was thereupon appointed to La Plata.

From that time forward whenever he could show any ingratitude or disrespect to La Valette he did so, whenever he could do him an injury he would. To such an extent did he carry his dislike that on one occasion he refused an invitation to dine with La Valette in more disdainful a manner than the Emperor himself would ever have thought of adopting in refusing the most inconvenient advances.

Walewski's fall leaves no regret behind it; he is one

of those favourites of fortune who build their houses on the sand, and leave nothing to mark their past greatness. He quits the Ministry, too, dishonoured by his own wife, who has written her name in capital letters on the list of Imperial Sultanas.

January 18*th*.—Count Vimercati, who is the King of Sardinia's confidential envoy to the Emperor, showed me yesterday an autograph letter he had received from his Sovereign in order to convince me of the position occupied by Garibaldi. This letter conclusively proves that the King has to submit to the revolution, but is only too anxious to free himself from its toils.

"Assure the Emperor," says Victor Emmanuel, "that I am doing all in my power to get rid of Garibaldi. I have sent him away to get married to the daughter of the Marquis Raimondi, and I hope he will now be quiet for a time."

The appointment of Cavour to the Presidency of the Cabinet, which I heard of through Vimercati this morning, will, I am assured, put a stop to Garibaldi's conspiracies, which the Ratazzi party were only too glad to encourage in order to embarrass Cavour. God grant that it may be so.

The Marquis Raimondi's daughter is a young and very lovely person, who is madly in love with Garibaldi. During the war she passed through the Austrian lines alone and unattended in order to bring him word of the near approach of the enemy, of which he was unaware.

Vimercati thinks that with Cavour at the head of affairs Garibaldi's importance will disappear.

An encyclical letter from the Pope was published this morning. In it the gauntlet is definitely flung down between Rome and France.

I have discussed the situation at some length with La Guéronnière ; we are in a position of grave difficulty, and one's private sympathies ought not to blind one to the public interests which are in danger.

February 2nd.—The Bishop of Orleans is doing all he can to undo the effect of his two letters ; he calls on everyone of importance and pronounces his recantation ; yesterday he was with La Guéronnière before ten o'clock, and stayed talking with him for a whole hour. Thouvenel says that he was at de Morny's the evening before full of humility. Poor Bishop ! People are beginning to understand the difficulties the Palmerston Cabinet has to contend with against the combination of the Irish and the Tory parties.

February 9th.—The war between the higher clergy and the Press continues, and the Bishop of Orleans has published another bitter letter, for which the editors of the *Siècle*, which paper is pointedly attacked, threaten to cite him before the Courts.

Père Lacordaire has been nominated for the Academy by the combined Opposition, and what is very curious to observe in connection with his nomination is, that the majority of his supporters consists of Protestants and philosophers. Guizot will reply to the speech he is to deliver on being admitted, but

before he is received the reverend father is to pay his footing by writing a book on the temporal power of the Popes.

I was talking yesterday with General Mellinet, who told me "that the book published by Bezancourt was a romance from beginning to end; that it was written without knowledge of the facts, and with a ridiculous proneness for little anecdotes, mere gate-keeper's gossip."

"To give you an example," he said, "Bezancourt asserts that at the battle of Magenta I several times sent to tell the Emperor that my position was untenable, and that to each message the Emperor replied, '*Never mind, hold on.*' Nothing could be more untrue, for my position was never for a moment critical, and I never sent such a message to the Emperor."

"If after the battle of Solferino was over," added Mellinet, "the Emperor had cared to follow up his success, he could have done so easily enough, for in my own division there were seventeen battalions perfectly intact, and which had never been used, but such was the state of confusion at the headquarters' staff that the enemy, although flying in every direction, were not pursued."

Vimercati leaves on Saturday to accompany the King of Sardinia to Milan. He has begged me to write him every other day a political letter which he can read to the King.

The annexation of Savoy to France is decided upon, but the Sardinian Government have requested the

Emperor to put a stop to the polemical discussion on the subject which is now going on in the newspapers.

In the Faubourg St. Germain a thousand rumours, which vie with each other in silly extravagance, are in circulation. The Emperor is mad! . . . The Emperor is not permitted to be seen! . . . The clergy have declined to celebrate mass any more at the Tuileries! . . . The fall of the Empire is predicted for the 24th February, &c., &c.

March 8th.—Sardinia is doing all in its power to prevent the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, in which she is backed up by the English, and the Westminster Parliament will, on Monday next, at the instance of the Tories, discuss the attitude of England in the matter.

March 20th.—Monseigneur Dupanloup is acquitted; the Romanist party is triumphant, and the *Siècle* is furious. They were more than annoyed at the Ministry of the Interior with Chaix d'Estange's speech for the prosecution; he was unnecessarily hard on the Bishop. Walsh, the Emperor's chamberlain, was very active at the trial in the Bishop's interest; he kept going to and fro, carrying Falloux every favourable report.

La Guéronnière has been obliged to stop the circulation of *Le Nord* newspaper. He said to me, "It is really a little hard that a newspaper should oppose us with our own money."

The King of Sardinia has accepted the result of the Italian vote, and the Pope has excommunicated him.

March 22*nd.*—The Emperor, accompanied by the Empress and the Prince Imperial, has formally received the deputation which was sent from Savoy to express the desire of that country to be united to France, and the determination of the Savoyards that no part of their territory shall ever be ceded to Switzerland.

The Emperor replied to the deputation at considerable length and with great cordiality. Without saying positively that he agrees to the annexation, he gives it to be understood that such is his intention.

The deputation will be entertained at dinner at the Tuileries on Saturday.

England is still opposed to the arrangement, and is actively engaged in getting up a revolution in Naples. The despatches from Commodore Elliot, who commands the English squadron in the Bay of Naples, strongly censure the Neapolitan Government, and predict the deposition of the King if he does not pay better attention to English advice. Lord John Russell approves of Commodore Elliot's conduct in a letter which has also been published.

The new King of Italy is raising a considerable army, which has more the appearance of an attacking than a defensive force.

March 24*th.*—The election of Mons. de Delmas, the Emperor's assistant private secretary, has been confirmed by the Corps Législatif by 120 votes to 109.

This is tantamount to a distinct vote of censure, which everybody expected would be the case. Every

possible act of illegality was committed, and the Préfet of Ile and Vilaine and the Sous-Préfet of Fougères have most gravely compromised the Administration; in fact, the public exposure of this miserable election has done the Government incalculable injury.

Mons. de Delmas has had the courage to take his seat, and was yesterday evening at an entertainment at the Louvre, when a little piece by A. Houssaye was played by a French company. The play was insipid, pretentious, and indescribably stupid, and A. Houssaye has shown very bad taste in writing it for the sake of the part which his mistress was to play in the presence of a select audience. Mdlle. Garcia is very pretty, but not an actress of any merit, and the part awarded to her is most uninteresting. It is full of pretty trifles, like this for example: "Our hands are not pure enough to meddle with the sacred rites of marriage."

The select audience nearly went to sleep, and Houssaye was not called before the curtain. I am afraid that this nonsensical production will never secure his admission to the Academy.

March 30th.—My old friend Sauvageot, who gave his collections to the Museum three years ago, died this morning at four o'clock, after undergoing an operation for stone.

The *Moniteur* of this morning contains the treaty concluded between France and Sardinia relative to the cession of Nice and Savoy.

Prussia is at issue with the Germanic Confedera-

tion. England is hot with anger against France, and is looking for alliances elsewhere. The Press in that country exhausts its catalogue of invectives, and is blind with rage; in fact, to believe what the Tories say, the friendly understanding is at an end.

The more I observe, the more I reflect, the more I am led to believe that the Emperor has attained an object which he has kept until to-day carefully guarded in the recesses of his own mind.

The heir of Napoleon I., his alliance with England has been one of reason and convenience, but whatever may be his magnanimity and self-abnegation, it is not possible for him to have forgotten the injuries his family and France have received. He must have kept account of that ever-active enmity which, having caused England to take the lead in the Coalition against France, still places her in jealous antagonism to French interests even during a period of peace.

It is my conviction that Napoleon the Third does not like England any more than Napoleon the First liked her. He knows that it is this nation which will eternally oppose everything that tends to reinstate France in the grand part she has played, and ought still to play, on the European stage, but the lesson of experience has taught him that he must not repeat the meaningless menace of the Boulogne camp, that England is not a country to be threatened and put on her guard.

With that calm dissimulation, the power of which he possesses in a greater degree than anyone in the past

or the present, with that patience, the practice of which he acquired during the solitude of a long captivity, he continues by a different process his uncle's work.

Lamoricière has left for Rome; it is not yet known whether he takes command of the Roman army or not. The young men of the Faubourg St. Germain are crossing themselves and thinking of following him.

The report about the grand excommunication of the King of Sardinia is without truth.

The Empress has unfortunately taken to writing private letters strongly condemnatory of the Emperor's policy. One of my friends has seen one of these effusions, in which amongst other things the Empress remarks:

"The Emperor's policy in Italy is wanting in loyalty and good faith."

The Emperor appears to be very satisfied just now with the King of Sardinia. Let us hope that experience may not alter his good opinion.

I have some difficulty in believing in Cavour, who is just now playing the part of good-fellowship, and throwing on the Ratazzi party the odium of all our troubles in Italy.

A few days ago Cavour said to an intimate friend, "I wish the Emperor would have confidence in me. . . . If he liked, he, old Palmerston, and I would lead the world at our pleasure, and if the borders of the Rhine were necessary to him, we would give them to him without any difficulty."

This is not sincere, for Piedmont is drawing closer to England than to us, and as to the borders of the Rhine which Cavour so generously hands over to us, why it is a child's dream.

I have forgotten to mention why the Empress is such an irreconcilable *papaline*. She is very thick with Madame Walewski, whose influence has been possibly augmented by her husband's dismissal from the Foreign Office. The Empress and Madame Walewski are inseparable, they wear the same dresses and bonnets, have the same opinions, and concert together, the one in her position of legitimate, the other in that of illegitimate wife, to oppose the Emperor in his Roman policy. Walewski himself inspires the Coalition.

April 24th.—General Lamoricière, with the consent of the French Government, has accepted the command of the Papal army, which he is actively engaged in reorganizing.

The Pope has no intention of opposing the usurpation of the Romagna, but he wishes to prevent the annexation of the other Roman provinces. All the revolutionists are furious; they had hoped to make only one mouthful of the remainder of the temporal power.

I have already said that I was distressed at the tortuous, tricky policy adopted by my country, and I repeat it with shame.

About, who published such a violent book against Rome and her Government, was paid to do so. The Duke de Gramont had several letters from Walewski

on the subject. This evening I am going to a grand ball given by the Empress, in the name of the Duchess de Tascher, at the Hotel d'Albe. Three hundred thousand francs are being spent on this entertainment, but there is no money to spare for the museum collections.

The Empress, I regret to say, only thinks of herself and of getting what diamonds, jewels, and money she can out of the Emperor. It never enters into her head that the museum wants anything. The Empress has a *hundred thousand francs* a month, and is found in everything. The museum has seventy thousand francs a year to spend on making new acquisitions, and the Imperial treasury is enriched by the sale of guide books, chalk drawings, and plaster casts.

Fould hates the museum, and quite coincides in the Empress's views.

Alas, why am I so often obliged to blame a Government I like?

CHAPTER XII.

1860 (*continued*).

Garibaldi's Expedition to Sicily—Béville's Opinion of the Italians—The Duke de Bassano and Napoleon the First's papers—Death of Prince Jérôme Bonaparte—Prince Napoleon's conduct during his father's illness—Dr. Rayer and the Prince—Massacre of the Christians in Syria—Pierre Bonaparte's letter—The Duke de Bordeaux at Geneva—Unsettled state of Europe—An Article in the "Constitutionnel"—General Cialdini and the French Troops—Imperial Reserve—About and the Cross of San Marino—Changes in the Ministry—Dismissal of Fould—Fould and General Fleury.

May 12*th*.—In Italy affairs are more than ever embroiled, and the gravest complications may result from recent events.

Garibaldi, at the head of an expedition of three thousand men provided with arms and money, has embarked at Genoa to carry assistance to the insurrectionists in Sicily. The Sardinian Government offers no opposition to his expedition, or, to speak more

plainly, its opposition is a mere pretence, a vain formality.

Encouraged by the new Italian Government and supported by England, Garibaldi is about to carry war into the Kingdom of Naples, and subscriptions are being raised and men openly enrolled for him in Genoa, Milan, and Turin.

May 15*th*.—Two vessels forming part of Garibaldi's expedition landed their volunteers at Marsala on the 11th. Being exposed to the fire of the Neapolitans their disembarkation was greatly facilitated by the presence of two English ships. The English captains asked the Neapolitans to suspend their fire for two hours to allow time for their officers and men to get on board their respective vessels.

The firing was thereupon suspended, and the insurgents were enabled in the meantime to land in safety.

May 18*th*.—I was dining yesterday with the Duke of Hamilton's friend Oswald, and sat next to General Béville, the Emperor's aide-de-camp. I told the latter that Sardinia's enormous growth did not please me at all, that I had no faith in the friendly assurances of the Court of Turin, and was of opinion that its ingratitude would be found out sooner than we expected.

Béville told me that he quite shared my views, that he had seen and studied Italy and the Italians on the spot, and found them to be a nation of boasters and humbugs, whose affection for us was only superficial.

He also said that Garibaldi's fabulous successes against the Austrians turned out to be after all only a

few affrays with Custom House officers, and that his battalion, which was so sacred in the eyes of young Italy, was mainly composed of Piedmontese, Frenchmen, and Poles.

Béville has very little esteem for the fighting qualities of the Italians. During the campaign in Italy he was left at Milan in charge of the recruiting depôt of the Foreign Legion, and in order to raise men he did not neglect to appeal to Italian patriotism and love of liberty.

The proud Lombards responded to his appeal, and two hundred recruits enlisted, but of these one hundred and ten were begged off by their parents, who said that their sons were still minors; seventy were declared unfit for military service, and of the remaining twenty *Lombard heroes* the majority deserted as soon as they had got their clothes.

May 24th.—The *Opinion Nationale* of yesterday cites the following passage from the letter of a correspondent of the *Gazette du Midi:*

"All the vessels arriving at Genoa announce that preparations for sending recruits, provisions, and arms to Garibaldi are being conducted almost without any attempt at concealment. Every evening on leaving the theatres people go down to the beach to be present at the embarkation, which takes place at night for the sake of appearances. The excitement furthermore is intense, and the Government would be perfectly powerless if they attempted to oppose the expedition." The means adopted by Mons. de Cavour and Victor Em-

manuel are not new. Colonel Anviti's assassins were not punished because of the same powerlessness. What is to be said of a Government which is only able to do what Mazzini approves?

Mons. Fould has appointed Soubeyran, his son by Mademoiselle de Rovigo (who married a poor creature called the Baron de Soubeyran), Assistant Director of the Credit Foncier.

The father of the present Duke de Bassano sold to the Russian Government through the agency of Prince Lieven in 1816 or 1817, eight chests full of papers belonging to Napoleon I. These papers, which are now at St. Petersburg, were confided to the Duke de Bassano's care by the Emperor himself in 1815.

June 28th.—Prince Jérôme is dead. He was attended in his last moments by Cardinal Morlot, much to Prince Napoleon's annoyance.

July 5th.—The funeral obsequies of Prince Jérôme were magnificent, and Abbé Cœur, it is said, delivered a very flattering panegyric on the deceased. Those who were present were much moved by the sight of Prince Napoleon's profound grief; in the morning he had tenderly embraced his father's corpse before he would allow the coffin to be finally closed.

All this sorrow is a farce. Prince Napoleon never had any esteem or affection for his father; he despised him as all people without rectitude despise each other. It required the Emperor's presence and authority to secure the Archbishop of Paris's attendance on the dying man, and Prince Napoleon was himself absent

when extreme unction was administered; he thought it more appropriate to be smoking a cigarette in an adjoining room.

During Prince Jérôme's last brief agony his son once or twice left the room, where all the family were assembled, to go and smoke.

He is a wretched Prince, without heart, soul, or respect for humanity; a bad son, a bad brother, a bad husband, and a faithless subject, he has every vice that dishonours a man. He dreams of nothing but money, and has taken care to deprive his sister of every sou that the law permits him to lay his hands on.

A month before his death Prince Jérôme said to Princess Mathilde:

"After my death matters will be very easy to arrange between your brother and yourself. There are only two of you to divide *in equal portions* what I have."

But Prince Napoleon got his father to do more than that. He made him add to the sum to be divided an amount of two hundred and fifty thousand francs which his sister was supposed to have had on her marriage. Prince Napoleon knows better than anyone that this sum was never paid, for Prince Jérôme had not at that time a single sou to give away, and both he and his son lived on a pension of fifty thousand francs which Princess Mathilde allowed them.

Nor was old Jérôme himself any better than his son when it was a question of money, for he forged his own daughter's signature in order to get possession of a

sum of twenty-five thousand francs which she had left in Princess Bacciochi's hands.

By his will he leaves to his well-beloved Plancy, *for services rendered*, the sum of twenty-five thousand francs and six of his best horses. He had previously placed with his own hand in Madame Plancy's two hundred thousand francs.

Prince Napoleon sold some of his father's horses and dismissed a number of his servants three days before the old Prince died. He is capable of everything that is vile; he is a hypocrite, and has no courage when people show a bold front to him; neither can reliance be placed upon his word. He lives an impure life, openly and without any attempt at disguise. He thinks that he can brave public opinion, but he forgets that in France, of all places, a Prince who, justly or unjustly, gets the reputation for cowardice, is never a leader with any power or following. It is said that the evening before his father's death he insisted upon going to the invalid's bedside to ask how he was. Doctor Rayer, who was in attendance, objected, and said:

"Don't disturb your father, Monseigneur, by going to him. It is quite useless; he will not know you."

The Prince, however, insisted, and went up to the bed. At the sound of his footsteps his father seemed to awake out of a sort of stupor, and murmured, in a feeble voice —

"Is it you, my brave son?"

"You see, Monseigneur," said the doctor, "*he does not know you.*"

This anecdote will give an idea of the popular estimation in which the Prince is held. He advertises his atheistical views on every occasion, and does not even spare his sarcasms from his poor wife, who has strong religious tendencies.

July 13*th.*—It seems that what I have already foretold is about to happen. I give the last paragraph of a letter which Garibaldi has addressed to Mr. Parker, of Liverpool, and which appeared in the papers the day before yesterday:

"I thank you for all your kind wishes, and assure you that I am deeply sensible of the sympathy that England feels in our cause. That country should remember that there are no sincere alliances except among free peoples, of which there are very few on the Continent. A free and united Italy would fill up the void, and become one of the greatest obstacles to the projects of the French Government."

July 17*th.*—Garibaldi, acting under the influence of Mazzini's party, has arrested Mons. Farina, Cavour's supporter, and the representative of his political views. The Ministers at once sent in their resignations, which were accepted, and a new Ministry, composed of barristers and journalists, has been formed.

The massacre of the Christians in Syria is assuming horrible proportions. In the Lebanon the Druses are proceeding to exterminate the Maronites, under the very eyes of the authorities and the Turkish troops. Our vessels have been despatched with orders to ascertain first of all, before taking the matter into their own

hands, whether the Turks are willing or not to protect the Christians.

The *Moniteur* of this morning publishes the following report from the commander of our squadron in the Levant:

"Beyrout, July 11th.

"The attack on the Christians began at Damascus on the afternoon of the 9th. The French, Russian, and Greek Consuls sought refuge in Abd-el-Kader's house. The attitude of the Turkish authorities at Damascus has been one of indifference, and, like everywhere else, rather inimical than otherwise.

"By night-time a great many men had been killed and women carried off to the harems. It is said that with the exception of the English all the consulates in Damascus were burned. Three thousand Turkish troops, in two frigates and another vessel, arrived to-day. The fears of the Christians are increasing; they are awaiting with anxiety the arrival of Vely and Namick Pachas."

Vely is a fanatical hater of the Christians, although his mother was one.

Abd-el-Kader espouses the cause of the Christians warmly, and protects all who come to him for refuge.

July 24th.—The massacres in Syria have been frightful. The Druses themselves admit that the number of Christians slain amounts to 22,000. Then there are, besides, the women who have been violated and taken to the harems, and the towns and villages

pillaged and set on fire. The complicity of the governors and Turkish troops in these acts is abundantly proved.

August 6th.—Princess Mathilde and her brother have quarrelled irrevocably. The Princess told the Emperor that she would not speak to her brother again even on her dying bed. The Prince, aided and abetted by Fould, behaved like a regular cut-purse in the matter of King Jérôme's property.

Yesterday we met Prince Napoleon on the Enghien Lake in worthy company. In his boat figured Pisani, Girardin, and Roqueplan.

The irritation shown by a portion of the foreign Press against the Emperor Napoleon is perfectly unendurable. Italian affairs and the Syrian expedition, which has just started, are the two favourite themes on which the writers in these newspapers incessantly dwell. In England the *Times* is the only paper that approves of the expedition and the attitude adopted by France. In Prussia and Austria the reactionary papers are unmeasured in their language. The Prussian *New Gazette* invokes a holy alliance for the purpose of expelling the Bonapartes and putting an end to Bonapartism.

In Italy Piedmont is dominated by Garibaldi's faction, and the King, who thought he could check it, is no longer master of the situation. The Italians are all enthusiastic supporters of Garibaldi.

At Milan during the night the word "Nobles" was erased from the name of one of the streets, and

Garibaldi's was substituted; and in the vicinity of Rome it required the intervention of the gendarmes to disperse a meeting of peasants which had assembled for the Socialistic purpose of dividing among each other the goods of Prince Borghese.

Garibaldi, in order to interest the public still more in his individuality, has chosen to believe and make others believe that his assassination has been resolved upon by the Neapolitian Court and the French police. When he expelled Farina from Sicily he at the same time expelled two Corsicans, on the ground that they had been sent by the French police to murder him.

Pierre Bonaparte, who is the most abject scoundrel it is possible to imagine—a worthy representative, in fact, of the Canino family—writes to Doctor Bertani, Garibaldi's agent, on this subject, and has the audacity to accuse Mons. de Cavour of having despatched these two assassins, in concert with Farina and the French police, to murder the Dictator.

Pierre Bonaparte ends by saying that Garibaldi is in the eyes of the Corsicans a sort of San-Pierro, and that they would vow a million vendetta *against anyone who touched a hair of his head.*

Monsieur Pierre Bonaparte is a ruffian who lives on a very handsome pension allowed him by the Emperor.

If the news is to be believed, the Turkish Government have, at the instigation of England, shown some energy at Damascus.

Fuad Pacha, it is said, has arrested four hundred

persons, who will be summarily judged, and executed if found guilty; goods that had been pillaged have for the most part been restored. Damascus is calm, and the troops continue to show great courage.

All this is exaggerated. England wishes France to find Syria pacified and all excuse for the expedition put an end to. But France intends by rigorous action to bring those who are culpable to book. Is everything finished, everything pacified, because a few hundred bandits are arrested, and valuable effects are restored?

There are at the present moment twenty thousand fewer Christians in Syria, two or three thousand women have been sold as slaves, and Christian villages no longer exist. Treaties old and new have always recognized the right France has to protect her co-religionists in Syria. We must, therefore, make our indomitable power felt at Damascus, and strike terror into the minds of murderers and their accomplices. Righteous vengeance must fall upon the Druses, and their tribe made to remember the inexorable justice of France.

This must be done not only in Syria, but in the rest of the Turkish Empire, for at Constantinople, even, Christians are menaced with the same fanatical treatment.

The Duke de Bordeaux has recently received the French Legitimists in solemn audience at Geneva. In taking leave of them he referred to certain grave events in the near future which would permit of his

giving them an audience in Paris. Poor Prince! Poor Legitimists! The King of Naples, the Duke de Bordeaux, and Montemolin, what unhappy folk!

September 7th.—Having been charged by the Minister of the Interior to keep up a daily correspondence with the Italian Press, I have had no time to enter up my diary.

To-day I have a few moments for recording the excited and disturbed state of Europe.

In Italy the revolution which is led by Garibaldi, and urged on by Piedmont, is at the very gates of Naples, and King Francis II., surrounded by traitors, is on the point of losing his crown.

Garibaldi's army is composed of all the riff-raff and adventurers he can get together, and he is allowed openly to enlist in England.

At the same time England discountenances any attack on Venice; it is to be seen if the revolution will obey her.

At Geneva the proud descendants of William Tell have insulted our countrymen and torn our flag. Our soldiers are in Syria, but I am of opinion that we ought to resort to more vigorous measures there for the purpose of suppressing Mussulman fanaticism.

The Emperor is received throughout France and Savoy with enthusiasm.

The Crown Prince of Prussia is engaged to meet Queen Victoria at Coburg in a few days' time; from thence he goes on to Warsaw to meet the Emperor of Russia. The Count de Chambord is still inducing his

friends to hope that he will shortly receive them at the Tuileries, and the Orleanists are waging, in the name of Parliamentary institutions, a little war of newspapers and pamphlets.

October 19*th*.—I am still busily engaged in representing the real aspect of French policy in the Italian Press, but I snatch a few minutes to make an entry or two in my book.

Sardinian ambition is at last unmasked by its invasion of Naples and the States of the Church, as to which I am not surprised, for I never had any doubt in my mind as to her real intentions.

The Cavour Cabinet thinks it is strong enough to set Europe at defiance, France included. I think Mons. Cavour deceives himself, but we are on the eve of an interview between the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, at Warsaw, and we shall then, I hope, know what we have to expect.

We have withdrawn our ambassador from Turin. Our army of occupation in Rome has been raised to 25,000 men, and we have energetically protested against Victor Emmanuel's unjustifiable conduct.

An *inspired* article in the *Constitutionnel* has even accused Sardinia of violating international treaties and the rights of nations. The article has greatly exercised the foreign and French Press.

The friends of Piedmont assert that when the Emperor read it he signified his displeasure with its incisive tone and sweeping condemnation of Sardinian

policy, but I know for a fact that it was written by La Guéronnière, at the Emperor's special request, and that the proof which was sent to St. Cloud was returned with this remark in the Emperor's own hand:

"*Very good, but hardly incisive enough.*"

November 17th.—The Franco-Sardinian policy aims at inducing the Pope to see the necessity of leaving Italy. As to the King of Naples, who is still at Gaeta, it is hoped that he will be finished off in another month's time, and then Venice's turn will come.

Five days ago the Emperor said to Princess Mathilde: "*The Pope seems again inclined to leave Italy. I wish that he had already done so; it would forward matters considerably.*"

We are officially the Pope's defenders, and have recently sent fresh troops to defend him; we have even protested against the invasion of his dominions, and yet very respectfully we cherish hopes of his downfall.

General Cialdini, one of the Piedmontese heroes, in an order of the day, infers that General Lamoricière is a coward, and that the French volunteers who are serving under him are *drunken mercenaries.*

This same General Cialdini, who is constantly alluding to the cruel measures of the Neapolitan Government, has ordered all Neapolitan peasants found with arms in their hands to be shot.

The Emperor's intentions are enshrouded in silence and mystery, but he advances towards his only object, which is to avenge 1815. He has already humiliated

Russia and Austria. He allows the Neapolitan Bourbon to be dethroned, and when Italy is united enough to engage Austria and the smaller German States in a war, in the direction of Venice and the Tyrol, he will proceed towards the Rhine to grind Prussia in the dust and give Belgium a clout on his way.

Then England will have to do with Russia, whose alliance with France gives her a free hand in her Indian and Turkish projects.

Such is the plan which I can see is slowly developing itself, but which I must admit is not in perfect unison with the saying, "*L'Empire c'est la paix.*"

I fear that we are on the eve of great disturbances, and I fail to see the evidence of loyalty anywhere. I hear *honest* men, Government political agents, say: "*What are principles, what are the rights of nations, or international laws?*

The Empress, who is unable to rouse herself from the state of depression into which she has fallen since the death of her sister, the Duchess d'Alba, has gone to Scotland to spend a few weeks with the Duchess of Hamilton.

Madame Castiglione has been in Paris for two months past, but she has not yet excited any remarks.

About, the author of "Tolla," the pamphleteer, who is so hard on courtiers, despotic monarchs, and the Church, some time ago asked for the cross of the Republic of San Marino, and was refused it. He consequently avenges himself on the said Republic in his last work.

I have the fact from Count d'Avigdor, the envoy of San Marino, who has About's letter in his possession.

November 23*rd.*—Yesterday evening there was a little gathering of about forty persons at Princess Mathilde's. The Emperor had previously dined with his cousin. I arrived about ten o'clock, and found everybody looking particularly radiant, especially the Princess. Although I guessed the cause, I said to her:

"What has happened to your Imperial Highness? I never saw you looking so pleased before."

The Princess replied:

"You don't know, then, that he is going?"

"Who is going?" I asked.

"Fould." Everybody said "Fould! It has come at last."

Fould, in fact, is superseded at the Ministry of State by Count Walewski, and the Comptrollership of the Emperor's household is joined to the office of Grand Marshal, under Marshal Vaillant.

Billault becomes Keeper of the Seals, and Laity replaces him, it is said, at the Ministry of the Interior. Count de Persigny also gives up the London Embassy. This was offered to Morny, but he declined it on the ground of his notorious preference for a Russian alliance. He, therefore, remains President of the Corps Législatif. A change will also be made, it is said, in the Ministry of Finance, but it is uncertain.

As regards Haussmann, whose schemes have just

been counteracted by the Council of State, he will, if the opinion of usually well-informed people is to be believed, shortly have to resign.

Yesterday evening people's faces were narrowly scanned; the Emperor's showed signs of satisfaction, and he remained in close conversation with de Morny for more than an hour. I only observed the Prussian and Russian ambassadors present. Among our own Ministers were Thouvenel, Billault, Rouher, and Rouland. People were busy with conjectures, suppositions, and projects.

Everybody seemed delighted to be rid of Fould, who is made a member of the Privy Council, with one hundred thousand francs pension. It is Walewski, therefore, who comes in for the handsome personalty of 600,000 francs recently conferred on the Ministry of State.

November 24th.—The nomination of Walewski to his new post is gazetted this morning; the rest of the appointments are not mentioned.

The influence that has brought about Fould's fall is probably Fleury's more than anybody else's. Fleury has always been of opinion that Fould's presence at the Ministry of State was very detrimental to the Emperor; but as there is generally a personal feeling in all such matters, it must be noted that Fleury had a special cause of irritation against Fould.

When the former obtained the Emperor's sanction to undertake the campaign against the Kabyles he wanted ten thousand francs, and went to ask the

Minister of State for the money. The Minister received him very uncivilly, and told him, in as many words, that he had been a spendthrift all his life, and that he was not going to lend him the money, as there was no certainty of getting it back again.

Fleury, who has never forgotten this insolent speech, has made a thousand efforts since to ruin Fould, and has accomplished his purpose at last, so successfully, indeed, that, in spite of Madame Castiglione's influence, the late Minister is decisively vanquished.

Count de Flahaut goes, it is said, as ambassador to London.

Out of the million francs which Prince Jérôme was allowed annually, the Emperor gives three hundred thousand to Princess Mathilde, and the rest goes back to the Treasury. Prince Napoleon, although he has a million of his own, wanted to lay hands on his father's million, and is very dissatisfied that his sister's income has been increased. The Princess now has annually :—

200,000 francs out of Demidoff's fortune.
200,000 „ old allowance.
300,000 „ new allowance.

Total 700,000 francs.

Which is not a bad sum on which to keep a house and make a decent appearance.

November 27th.—Yesterday, by Imperial decree, the Senate and Corps Législatif were accorded the right

of presenting an address in reply to the speech from the throne, and of debating any amendments on it. The Emperor has countermanded the invitations to Compiégne, as he is only going there for a day or two alone. The Empress is still in Scotland.

CHAPTER XIII.

1861.

THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON CASE—A MANUSCRIPT OF NAPOLEON I.—LABORDE AT NIEUWERKERKE'S RECEPTION—GENERAL PINELLI'S ORDER OF THE DAY—DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS—THE EMPRESS SELLS HER SISTER'S HOUSE—RESPECT FOR THE DEAD—THE DUKE D'AUMALE AND PRINCE NAPOLEON—FRENCH FREEMASONS—THE EMPRESS COUNTERACTS THE EMPEROR'S POLICY—THE EMPRESS'S AVARICE—HER RELATIONS WITH THE EMPEROR—PRINCESS MATHILDE'S COTERIE—THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AND THE PARIS PRESS—FOULD REINSTATED—DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

JANUARY 28TH.—The more I am mixed up with political matters the more disgusted I become with human affairs, and the more keenly do I feel the meanness of men in high places. What is now taking place in Italy will be very severely criticized one of these days. The part we are playing in this intrigue, the shameful means we do not hesitate to adopt, and the arguments and reasons more shameful still by which we stoop to raise iniquity to the level of a

sacrament, sadden one's soul to a degree I cannot express. I cannot think that it can be good policy to let loose in Italy what we chain up in France, to encourage the spirit of revolution and mislead the public mind.

One of these days we shall find cause to repent of that which we are allowing to take place in the Peninsula and by which England alone will profit.

The case of Mons. Jérôme Bonaparte, son of Prince Jérôme by his first marriage with Miss Patterson, is now before the Courts. Prince Napoleon opposes his claim, and, in spite of the evident justice of his case, I am afraid he will lose the day. French and foreign public opinion is entirely in his favour, so is the independent portion of the Bench and Bar, but, more than that, Napoleon III. himself sent him from St. Cloud in 1854 an opinion which was deliberately given by Abbatucci, Minister of Justice; Baroch, President of the Council of State; and Troplong, President of the Senate; declaring that his legitimacy was unimpeachable in the eyes of the French law.

It is equally true that, as members of the family council, all these gentlemen subsequently came to an entirely different conclusion.

Again, in 1854 Napoleon III. wrote to Prince Jérôme:

"*I must recognize as a relation one who, in the eyes of the French law, is your legitimate son.*"

In spite of all, however, Monsieur Bonaparte will lose his case. This is evident from the manner of Mons. Benoit Champy, the President of the Court, who is

always at Princess Mathilde's house, as well as from the speech of Chaix d'Estange, the Procureur Général.

The Secretaries of the Russian Embassy were speaking yesterday of the bad effect this trial will have abroad. In France it is deplorable; Prince Jérôme's memory will be subject to further discredit, justice will be suspected of partiality, and the only one who will not suffer will be Prince Napoleon, for the reason that he has no reputation to lose.

January 29th.—Dentu was to have published a book entitled "My Private Life," the manuscript of which was entirely in the handwriting of Napoleon the First. The manuscript having been shown to the Emperor on Sunday last, he retained possession of it, and the book will probably be suppressed.

Gaeta still holds out, and the Sardinian fleet has been so knocked about that it has had to put into Naples for repair. In the Abruzzi, where a strenuous resistance is still offered, the Piedmontese have shot many of the inhabitants.

One of the greatest obstacles to a Congress is that England will not recognize the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, which I have from Tolstoi's own lips.

January 30th.—My pamphlet called "The Pope and Jerusalem, a solution of the Italian and Eastern Questions," is published by Dentu to-day.

The *Courier du Dimanche* has received a caution in consequence of its systematic opposition and attacks upon the French Government. The *Moniteur* of this morning contains a very energetic letter

from Persigny on the subject, and an order to the Préfet of Police to expel Mons. Ganesco, a Wallachian, who is the principal editor of that newspaper, from France.

Yesterday at six o'clock Paris was enveloped in as foul and dense a fog as any to which London is subject on certain days in winter. You could not see four paces in front of you, and people said it was "*another of the results of free trade.*"

February 2nd.—We had our first reception at the Louvre yesterday.

Nieuwerkerke said to me as I entered the drawing-room, "You will find Laborde here; Morny has brought us together again. I beg of you to behave to him as if there had never been any dispute between you."

I did not reply, but Laborde was there sure enough; we neither acknowledged nor spoke to each other. I am curious to see whether Princess Mathilde, who has declared that a thief like Laborde shall never put his foot inside her house, will receive him or not.

It would not astonish me if she did. The tone that now obtains at Princess Mathilde's paves the way for such people as Laborde and Delessert.

Still the Princess has in her possession the memorandum in Fourtoul's own handwriting, ending: "*De Laborde is not only a thief, but a forger.*"

And so the world goes round.

De Laborde is Director-General of the State Archives, a member of the Institute, the Empress

befriends him, and the Princess and Nieuwerkerke receive him anew, although he is a thief and forger.

February 18th.—Gaeta has capitulated, and the King of Naples, with his family and Court, have embarked on board the French corvette "La Mouette," which takes them to Civita Vecchia, from whence they proceed to Rome.

Public opinion in Europe has been so roused that the Piedmontese Government have been obliged to remove the Piedmontese General, Pinelli, who, on the 3rd of this month, addressed to the soldiers under his orders in the province of Ascoli an order of the day, of which the following is a sample:—

"Officers and Soldiers,—

"You have done well, but the work is not complete while anything remains to be done. A portion of that race of brigands (the insurgents) are hidden in the mountains. Charge them, and show yourselves as inexorable as destiny. Against such enemies pity is a crime. They cringe and fawn when they see you in large numbers, but will attack you with energy when they think you are few. They have also murdered the wounded. Indifferent to every political sentiment, they only thirst for pillage and rapine. They are the assassins hired by the Vicar, not of Christ, but of Satan, and are ready to sell their daggers to others when the gold they have extorted from the stupid credulity of the faithful has been spent in satisfying their passions.

"We will exterminate, we will crush this sacerdotal

vampire which for centuries has sucked with his shameless lips the blood of our mother. We will purify with blood and iron the regions infected by this creeping wretch, and on their ashes shall be raised in greater glory the free and noble province of Ascoli.

"FERDINAND PINELLI,

"Major-General Commanding, &c."

March 11*th*.—The Senate has voted the Address after a long discussion, in which the question of the Pope's temporality occupied considerable prominence.

Prince Napoleon made the most revolutionary speech that the Luxembourg Palace has ever heard.

An amendment, which was intended by its authors to oblige France to take a more active part in maintaining the Pope's temporal sovereignty, was only lost by 79 votes to 60. This minority would have been turned into a majority if from the 79 were deducted Senators who were known to be personally in favour of the amendment, but whose position obliged them to vote against it—such, for example, as Count Walewski and Baron Bourgoing. The French Government is playing a farce, the profits of which it is to be hoped will not all go to Piedmont.

March 23*rd*.—The debate on the Address in the Corps Législatif was brought to a close yesterday. The discussion has been prolonged and violent, but the Emperor at last got a majority in favour of his Italian, and especially his Roman, policy. The favourable majority was only obtained after a remarkable speech by Mons. Billault, in which he boldly

announced that France would not withdraw her troops from Rome, and that she would continue to protect the Pope until wiser counsels prevailed and the need for conciliation should be recognized and admitted by all parties alike.

The Empress has sold the house in the Champs Elysées in which her sister, the Duchess d'Alba, died last year. It is to be pulled down, as she wishes to obliterate all that is associated with the last sad memory of her sister.

Since when are we no longer to carry our flowers and our tears to the graves of those who have been dear to us? In former times generations succeeded to the family roof, and the bed in which the father died was a sacred relic in the eyes of his children; they looked upon it with holy reverence; it was there that they also were to die, while kissing the same crucifix their dying father's lips had touched. At the table was the father's empty chair, and his glass, which no one drank from, had its honoured place on the sideboard, thus keeping him ever present in the memory and daily conversation of his children.

To-day feelings are more refined, and sensitive souls avoid sad memories; the bed in which the father has just died is sold, or, as in the case of the Empress, the house in which a sister has just breathed her last is pulled down, and the materials are dispersed, and it is only when another house has taken the place of the importunate mortuary one that the mind is appeased and the souvenir erased.

In very truth, we are not to be compared with those savages who religiously carried about with them wherever they went the bones of their parents! If those unfortunate beings had been civilized, they would have turned such remains into gelatine, or bone black, for the benefit of trade.

April 20th.—The Duke d'Aumale, in reply to the insults that have been heaped upon the Orleans family by Prince Napoleon in his speeches in the Senate, has just published a reply in the form of a pamphlet bearing the rather vague title of "A Letter on the Subject of French History." This letter, which is as severe as possible, would wound the Prince in his self-esteem, if he had any; would touch his sense of honour, if he had any; and would make one doubt his honour, if he ever had any. The pamphlet has been seized by the police, and for the last three days the public have been thinking of nothing else, and asking each other if Prince Napoleon will challenge the Duke d'Aumale.

On Sunday last the Empress reproached him with not having already done so, and the Emperor, Ministerial Council, and men of honour have, it is said, also pointed out to him that this is his duty. The public, thinking he would see the necessity in the end of following such advice, have been saying for the last two days, "The Prince has gone to London." Nothing has come of it, however, and the Prince will not go to London; but I am solemnly assured that, with the assistance of About, he is preparing an epistolary rejoinder.

Mountains do not come together, but sewers meet and mix their filth in fraternal accord.

April 27*th.*—The Prince will not leave Paris, but he has prepared a miserable reply, which his agents were the day before yesterday distributing gratuitously about the Palais-Royal. He has fallen into universal contempt. It is also said that he has quarrelled with Arago on account of the latter's everlasting jokes, of which he does not appreciate *the point.*

Here is one of a thousand quatrains circulating about him:—

> Prince, gardez vous de partir
> Pour une lettre sur l'histoire ;
> Pour Dieu ! n'allez pas convertir
> Le champ d'honneur en champ de foire.

The Emperor has decided to buy the Campagna Collection for four millions of francs, and Nieuwerkerke is going to Rome next month to fetch it. It is a magnificent collection, containing the most beautiful specimens of antique art.

June 24*th.*—Count Cavour is dead, and the circumstance has afforded France a pretext for recognizing the unity of Italy.

The Emperor has agreed to cancel the treaties of Villafranca and Zurich, and Vimercati left for Turin ten days ago as the bearer of this important news. He returned the day before yesterday, and the *Moniteur* will shortly publish the thanks of the Italian kingdom.

All royalty, all the Powers in Europe, are in a state of disquiet.

Russia is concerned about the imminent insurrection in Poland and the discontent of her emancipated peasantry; Prussia is harassed with Liberal societies; the Pope with the work of the Revolution and the anti-Catholic movement; the whole of Germany is uneasy about the apprehended French invasion; England is draining her resources in preparations for defence; while France is unsettled, not knowing whither she is being led.

The Social Revolution proceeds apace, favoured as it is in its designs by the ambition of monarchs. Secret societies in this country are becoming restless, and freemasonry is again in a state of agitation, as is shown by the anti-Catholic demonstration that took place on the occasion of Prince Murat's re-election as Grand Master.

Prince Murat having spoken in the Senate in favour of the Pope's temporal power, a masonic cabal endeavoured to oust him from the Grand Mastership in favour of Prince Napoleon.

The re-election of Grand Master was postponed by order of the Government, and it was only at the Emperor's personal request that Prince Murat withdrew a challenge he had sent to Prince Napoleon, who, he considered, had broken his word by allowing himself to be nominated for the Grand Mastership.

Prince Napoleon is now travelling with his wife in Tunis to avoid the chastisement promised him by the Duke d'Aumale and Prince Murat.

The Emperor told Princess Mathilde a short time

ago that when her brother obtained permission to leave the Crimea, Prince Jérôme came to beg and entreat that he might be allowed to take his son's place at the head of his Army Corps. It was in vain that Monsieur About dared to write that "that unclassed Cæsar, who pined at the foot of the throne, had abandoned the French army with a shrug of the shoulders, because Marshal Canrobert would not permit him to head the assaulting column and carry Sebastopol at the point of the bayonet."

Unhappily for the Emperor, Prince Napoleon is not the only family trouble he has to bear. The Empress herself does not appreciate her position, the obligations of France, or the part she ought to play. She forms all sorts of conspiracies with Walewski, and compromises the Imperial policy with regard to Poland as much as she possibly can. She wishes to support the insurrectionary movement in that country at whatever cost. She is not less pronounced in her views with regard to the confiscated Italian States, and loses no opportunity of disparaging the French. She prefers the society of foreigners, from amongst whom she selects her intimate friends, and she invites them to Fontainebleau or Compiègne in preference to French people. Like Prince Napoleon she is avaricious, and her only thought is to obtain and hoard realizable securities. When any present is made to the Emperor, or the dedication of some work of art is offered him, she advises him to decline them, alleging that he will have to make some acknowledgment in return. If

she were a little housewife she would squeeze and contrive to save out of her weekly accounts.

A month ago the Emperor was breakfasting with the Empress, Princess Mathilde, and Doctor Conneau. The Empress led the conversation exclusively into the channel of foreign politics, and spoke with so much bitterness and hostility against French policy that the Emperor at last could contain himself no longer, and, rising from the table, said:

"*Really, Eugénie, you seem to forget two things, firstly that you are French, and secondly that you are married to a Bonaparte.*"

Then, again, within the last day or two, in concert with Walewski, she sent an article in favour of Poland and antagonistic to Russia to the *Constitutionnel*, and it was inserted. Diplomatists and Ministers made such a stir about it, that inquiries as to its source were set on foot. It then transpired that Mocquard had forwarded the article direct to the editor and desired its insertion.

I have great difficulty in analyzing this woman's character, nor can I make out what her aim is. Her love for the Emperor is largely influenced by her ambition, her maternal instinct seems very imperfect, and her conduct tends to alienate the loyalty of the French.

In the life of the Emperor she fills the same part that Madame Du Barry did in Louis XV.'s. She befriends the ladies whom the Emperor *distinguishes* with his regard, favours their relations with her husband, and

through their influence seeks to wield a greater power over him. Countess Walewski, the favourite Sultana, and Countess La Bedoyère and Mademoiselle Pomeyrac, both of whom are known to be on the best possible terms with the Emperor, are received by her with the greatest cordiality.

With respect to Princess Mathilde, who is so kind and obliging, so naturally gracious, she allows herself—and I regret to say it—to be fooled by a lot of flatterers and sycophants who little by little corrupt her otherwise ingenuous, sensitive, and just mind.

Arago, who has become a perfect buffoon, now rules the little Court at Gratien. He never allows anyone to talk seriously, and stops anything like conversation with his antics. He affects a familiarity of language and vulgarity of manner which are perfectly revolting, but which, nevertheless, are closely imitated by the parasites who frequent the Princess's salon. He is for ever kissing her hands and arms, leaving his subordinate companions to kiss the arms and shoulders of the rest of the ladies of her circle.

After the parasites come the atheists: Penguilly, the Conservator of the Musée d'Artillerie, heavy, uninteresting, and double-faced, and Violet le Duc, an architect, who is an unbeliever because his wife has deceived him. These two men have general instructions to treat priests and religion *as they ought to be treated*, and this they do at table and before the servants.

Giraud has introduced to the Princess, as professor of literature, a lettered scoundrel who swears by no

God above Voltaire, whose writings he believes to be unequalled, and, although a self-styled Progressist, he has never got beyond the philosophy of the Encyclopedists.

The clergy are represented at St. Gratien by Abbé Coquereau, Almoner of the Fleet and Canon of St. Denis. This reverend Abbé joins in the chorus against Rome and the Bishops on the slightest provocation. He who would be a furious Ultramontane if he were the Pope, or even a Cardinal, is for ever asking *Sister Ann* if she sees no schism coming, with the hope that when it does he may be made Chief Priest of the French Dissenters.

The Princess, who is easy to influence in spite of her intelligence, and whose religion is confined to short prayers and masses, sides against the clergy, as she has been taught to believe that they are useless to the State.

Nieuwerkerke, who ought to enlighten her, is even blinder than she. His *intimate enemies* gather round him in a sort of exclusive band of brotherhood which is only penetrated by those who are of the enemy set. To open Nieuwerkerke's eyes is impossible. He is like an Oriental under the influence of opium, and only hears, sees, and understands the Aragos and Penguillys whose business it is to deceive him.

It is easy to recognize the members of this masonic lodge. They call each other by their Christian names, and when they speak of each other it is always that jolly So-and-so, that splendid, perfect, loyal, somebody-

else, all of which epithets, you may be absolutely certain, have reference to some ruffian.

The Princess pretends to be Liberal in her views, and to encourage discussion, but she abominates anyone who does not agree with her.

In her own house she is led by Julie, her *femme de chambre*, whose husband, the major domo, is becoming rich, hand over hand, by giving us the most detestable dinners and poisoning us with atrocious wines.

The Princess pretends to have some knowledge of pictures and art generally, but she really has not, although it must be allowed she herself paints with some success. She ignores the harmonies of art, and yet maintains that there is no art but the Italian. She goes into raptures before the works of the Giraud family, and of brave Commander Penguilly, who draws like V. Adam and paints like—happily nobody ever yet painted before.

The Princess persuades herself that our workmen of to-day have better taste and ability than those of past times, or of any other country on the face of the earth. She does not consider that a piece of furniture or a vase of the 15th or 17th centuries, or even of the 18th, is superior to what she can purchase at her modern art-shop.

I must, however, in fairness admit that if she remains under the malign influence of her surroundings for a time she soon returns to herself, and her charming, intelligent nature reasserts itself.

October 5th.—I am still at St. Gratien, but for a

month past Princess Mathilde has been in Italy, on the borders of Lago Maggiore, where the Vimercatis have induced her to buy a villa. I do not think, however, that she very much cares for it. She is returning to Paris on Tuesday.

A few days before she left she took me aside and told me that the Russian ambassador had just been with her, and that he had come to complain of the unfriendly tone adopted by the official Press towards Russia on the Polish question.

Kisseleff had said to her: "The Emperor always receives me in the most cordial manner, and seems alive to the importance of maintaining friendly relations between his Government and ours. I know he does not approve of the attacks in the official newspapers, and yet they are allowed to continue. At St. Petersburg this causes constant irritation, in spite of my endeavours to smooth things over. Is there no means, in the interests of both countries, of stopping these hostile attacks in that portion of the Press which is known to receive its inspiration from the French Government?"

The Princess asked me to undertake this duty, and gave me a letter to Kisseleff, to whom I at once repaired. We conversed together for some time, and he told me what a treacherous and ignoble part Prince Napoleon has played in the disturbances that have been taking place in Poland; it is he who protects the Polish Committee, which is the source through which all communications are sent from Warsaw to the French

papers, and he is surrounded with the most irreconcilable of the Polish revolutionary leaders.

At the same time he had the impudence to say to Kisseleff: "Believe me, my dear General, I am no stranger to all these Polish plots; I have not forgotten the ties of kinship that unite me to your Emperor, nor that my father and I owed to the Emperor Nicholas the means of existence during our days of exile."

In fact the Prince's deceit was enough to make an honest man bring his heart up.

I promised the ambassador I would do my best to conciliate the Press, and I told him that I did not despair of stopping the irritating attacks of which he had complained, and as I thought not without reason.

I have already partly succeeded in doing so, but I am badly seconded in my endeavours by the Minister himself; while on the other hand Walewski, Persigny, and the Empress are working in an opposite direction.

November 22nd.—In consequence of a report he has sent to the Emperor on the financial situation of the Empire, Mons. Fould returns to the Ministry of Finance. His report and the letter the Emperor wrote, asking him to resume the duties of Finance Minister, are not very agreeable reading for his predecessors, for they almost impugn their loyalty.

Fould has grown immeasurably in importance, and the Emperor and the rest of the Administration are discredited.

The public are informed that the real state of the

finances has always been hidden from Fould, and that he has only been called in in the last extremity.

What Fould reveals in his report the *Revue des Deux Mondes* printed six weeks ago, but whereas the former is made Minister in consequence of his report, the latter is prosecuted in consequence of its article.

Walewski is disgraced, and the influence of his wife is destroyed. She is now relegated to the rank of reformed Sultanas.

December 18*th*.—The year is nearly at an end, and we are still in the same position. The public are kept in a constant state of ferment by the persistent rumours of Ministerial changes. Some say Mons. Thouvenel has become impossible, others that Mons. de Persigny has become more impossible still.

Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's Consort, died on Saturday last, at the age of forty-two. It is a sad loss to England, which is just now in a very grave position. Lord Palmerston has demanded reparation of the United States for the seizure of Messieurs Mason and Slidell on board a ship carrying the British flag, and Ireland is in a state of agitation.

CHAPTER XIV.

1862.

Dinner at the Russian Embassy—La Guéronnière's interview with the Emperor—Persigny and Mocquard—Death of Madame de Viel Castel—Conduct of the author's children—Disturbed state of the Empire—The Emperor's blunders—Victor Hugo and de Morny—New piece at the Porte St. Martin—La Société du Prince Impérial; the lady patronesses—The Queen of the Netherlands and Monsieur Thiers—Princess Mathilde excuses the Reign of Terror—The new paper "La France"—Indignation of Princess Mathilde with Monsieur de Viel Castel.

January 10*th*.—I dined last evening at the Russian Embassy, where I met Princess Mathilde, Count and Countess Vimercati, General Fleury, Saulcy and his wife, the Duke and Duchess de Cambacérès, Count de Nieuwerkerke, Prince and Princess Troubetskoi, Madame Reiset, lady-in-waiting on the Princess, and some Russians of distinction.

We discussed the Trent business and the official report that Messieurs Mason and Slidell had been

liberated by President Lincoln's Government. Some people were inclined to think that all cause of irritation would now disappear, and with it any chance of war between England and America. Vimercati deplored the momentary lull in the Anglo-American difficulty in the interests of Italy.

About half-past nine the guests left and I was about to do the same when the Count came and asked me to stay and chat over the Polish business and the means of combating the preponderating influence of the Polish Committee with the French Press.

We remained talking until midnight. I told the Count that in my opinion Russia was not sufficiently alive to the injury she was doing herself by her reticence with regard to circumstances taking place in Russia and Poland, that we were living in an age when everything should be made public, and even the most insignificant calumny contradicted. "Have published here, in Paris," I said, "all the documents you possess about the plots of your enemies, prove to the world that the agitation only exists in the towns, which, unlike the country districts, are largely composed of foreigners, that the clergy are not all in favour of the movement, and that the more respectable classes carefully avoid being drawn into these *peaceful risings*. Above all, Count, publish the reasons for the sentences pronounced on political offenders in Courts of Law, establish the reality of the conspiracy that exists, and do not allow yourselves to be judged on the mere statement of your opponents."

Count Kisseleff said to me, "People will not read pamphlets any more."

"What you do me the honour to remark is perfectly true," I replied; "but it is not a pamphlet that I allude to, but a book crammed full of facts and vigorously written."

The Count again expressed his opinion of the miserable part that Prince Napoleon is playing in this matter. "The Emperor shows great want of strength," he said in a tone of regret; "for when I spoke to him of the Prince's hypocrisy he merely remarked, 'Napoleon is weak and has bad advisers.'"

Denmark has distinctly refused to submit to the terms of the German diet, and her army is preparing to march to the frontier, where all the chief places are armed and provisioned.

Joseph Karam, the Christian Chief of the Maronites, has been arrested and sent to Constantinople, but the reason of the arrest is not yet known. It will doubtless be alluded to in the Emperor's speech at the opening of the Corps Législative on the 27th.

January 13*th*.—I saw La Guéronnière yesterday evening, and he told me that he had recently had an interview with the Emperor, which had lasted over an hour. The Emperor had said to him:

"Persigny complains of you and the policy you support in the columns of *La Patrie*. It seems that there are two policies: one Persigny's, the other La Guéronnière's."

"Yes, sire," La Guéronnière answered; "there are

two policies, that of Mons. de Persigny, and another which is not mine, but your Majesty's, for I make no pretension to support any but the Imperial policy. It is even fortunate, permit me to point out, that there is this second policy to prove to the world that Mons. de Persigny's views are not your Majesty's. Your Majesty has not forgotten what I did in the interests of Italy. Until the Roman question cropped up I sided with the Italians, I was for federation, and still think that that system would secure the tranquillity of the country.

"As to Rome, where your Majesty's army happily remains, I always thought, and it is my firm conviction now, that French interests and your Majesty's policy are in entire agreement, for the Papal authority should always be preserved.

"I entertain a high opinion of Mons. de Persigny's character, and am even attached to him personally, but his policy and that which I support cannot be made to agree, for his is a dangerous one. Such, sire, is my profession of faith."

The conversation between the Emperor and La Guéronnière continued for some time longer and the former was most gracious, almost affectionate, in his manner. When La Guéronnière left, the Emperor said to Mocquard: "I am very pleased with La Guéronnière. I did not think he possessed so much firmness."

Persigny came the next morning to the Emperor's study, and as soon as he entered said:

"It is impossible to govern in this way with two different policies. I now know that the article in *La Patrie* headed 'Constitutional Empire' emanated from your Majesty's closet; the article is a mischievous one, and I wanted to caution the paper."

The Emperor called Mocquard, who was in the next room, and said:

"Mocquard, come here and defend yourself."

The Minister of the Interior then repeated what he had said, and Mocquard replied with some animation:

"That article was not written by me, as the Minister very well knows, and I did not inspire it, but for all that I would sign it with both hands for it is an excellent one, and there is not a word in it I do not approve. I was opposed, therefore, to sending a caution to *La Patrie* because of it. I am for the 'Constitutional Empire' and wish the Press would more often insert such articles. But you and I cannot agree, Monsieur le Ministre, for you would reprimand *La Patrie* and I would praise it."

The Emperor seemed to be highly amused at Persigny's anger.

La Guéronnière has had a long conversation with the Russian ambassador, who told him of my interview with him on the 10th.

La Guéronnière said to the ambassador that my advice was precisely such as he would have given himself, and that I was the best intermediary he could have; that he was doing his best every day to induce *La Patrie* to take a view more favourable to Russia,

but that Mons. Delamare was still dominated by the Czartoriskys, although he was endeavouring to lessen their influence.

The ambassador asked La Guéronnière if he might report this conversation to St. Petersburg, and La Guéronnière said he might do so with pleasure.

Yesterday I sent to d'Oubril, of the Russian Embassy, that it might be transmitted to the Minister, a memorandum, pointing out the action Russia should take with respect to the French Press.

February 4th.—Yesterday was a day which will ever remain graven in my memory as one of the saddest my life has ever known. Madame de Viel Castel died at three o'clock on Monday morning.

She had been a cruel sufferer for a long time and a paralytic for the last ten years, but her patience and resignation were marvellous, and she found great consolation, up to the last, in her strong religious faith.

Although we had been amicably separated for many years, we had not ceased to see each other, and her death makes a void in my life. It also awakens in my mind the recollection of a happy youth, and the miseries of mature age. Peace to her grave! peace to her memory! peace to my own heart!

The evening before her death, about eleven o'clock, Edouard and Cécile, our two children, said to me: The sisters who are watching by mother think she is stronger, her pulse is better and her voice firmer; we are going to bed to get up our strength for to-morrow. Do the same and prepare yourself for the supreme

moment; mother sleeps and will be quiet till morning." They said the same to my sister and eldest brother, who wished to watch all night.

At half-past eleven we left, therefore, along with my other brother, Victor.

But being restless in mind, in spite of the assurances I had received, I rose at daybreak and reached the Rue d'Astorg at seven o'clock. As I went up the steps leading to the house I was surprised to meet coming out of it a gentleman who was a constant visitor in Madame de Viel Castel's drawing-room and had been her friend for many years. As he passed me he said quickly, "It is all over." I went in and saw Edouard and Cécile, who in my absence had opened the cupboards and the drawers of the desk, as well as the cash-box, and taken out all the papers they could find.

The poor corpse had been dressed and placed on the bed in the calmness of death. Her features, which on the previous day had been contracted with pain, had assumed a peaceful, lovely expression, and every sign of age had disappeared. She slept in that supreme repose that no worldly passion could ever again trouble or disturb.

I stayed for a long time in the room alone with the sister who watched, for my children were elsewhere engaged.

During that bitter contemplation I reviewed my life for nearly forty years, and I offered up a prayer as a final farewell to the woman who had been my wife, in whose society I had known peace, if, alas, more often

tempest, but who could not now respond to my last good-bye.

When I went back to the drawing-room Edouard had retired to his room, and Cécile was attending to the duties of the house.

I asked my brother Victor at what hour he had arrived, and he replied, "I spent the night here." His leaving on the previous evening along with me had only been a pretence; he had been asked to return, to be present at the death and the examination of my wife's effects.

I tried to make him understand the gravity of such a proceeding, in having been accessory to the removal of the papers. He treated my remarks very lightly, and said: "Edouard and Cécile only obeyed the wishes of their mother in taking possession of her papers."

I then took Cécile aside, and reproached her for having touched her mother's papers and opened the drawers on her own authority in the company of her brother and a stranger. She blushed, but immediately recovered her composure, and said, in a dry tone: "The lease is in my name, and everything here belongs to me."

My daughter having been accustomed for the last five or six years to little acts of deceit, spoke this untruth and acted her interested part with self-possession. She has no fortune or means of her own; I have even made her a small monthly allowance, which she has never found sufficient. How could she, therefore, pay

three thousand francs for an apartment, furnish it, and keep the servants, &c.? Moreover, a great part of the furniture, ornaments, and works of art, had been purchased by me.

I replied, calmly: "You have done a more serious thing than you are aware of, as you will one day have reason to know."

I then took my sister's arm and rejoined my mother and eldest brother. To them I said:

"Edouard and Cécile are behaving to me in a manner I cannot tolerate; they have forgotten their duty, and shown no respect to my feelings. While their poor mother's corpse was yet warm they have committed an act of dishonesty, the proceeds of which I do not intend to dispute with them. They may live in peace if they can, but you may tell them that they have lost a father as well as a mother, for I will never see them again; it would be impossible for me to receive children who have ignored and treated me as mine have. My resolution has been come to deliberately and on reflection, and it is irrevocable."

On the 3rd February I became a widower, and Edouard and Cécile became doubly orphans. They should be content!

March 3rd.—The debate in the Senate has been very warm. Prince Napoleon has spoken twice with great talent, but little regard to conventionalities; on the first occasion he was called to order, and on the second he demanded the immediate withdrawal of our troops from Rome.

La Guéronnière made his maiden speech, which was well received. He favours the continuation of our protectorate, and the maintenance of the temporal power as the sole means of upholding the Pope's authority.

Prince Napoleon is revolutionary from motives of jealousy, and has no sense of religion in him. He is a Catholic of the stamp of Garibaldi and Piétri, the sight of a priest makes him shudder; he prefers the creed of Robespierre.

Mons. Renan, the unbeliever and the opponent of the Christian religion, has been made professor of Syriac and Hebrew at the Collége de France. At his very first lecture he denied the divinity of Christ, and the authorities immediately closed his class.

March 10*th*.—During the last few days several arrests have been made, including amongst others Ganesco, principal editor of the *Courier du Dimanche;* Miot, the Republic Deputy of 1848; Greppo, a well-known demagogue; and, it is also said, Colonel Charras's brother-in-law, who has been compromised by his correspondence with that military conspirator.

These are the fruits of Persigny's policy, and of his desire to appease the demagogues, which intoxicates them, and makes them count upon success before it is attained.

On Saturday Messieurs Biard and Jules Favre were very hostile and vicious in their speeches in the Corps Législatif.

For ten years past France has never been in such a

state of unrest. The party of order is disorganized, and murmurs of discontent are heard throughout the country. The evil is aggravated by the misery existing in the industrial centres, and by the approach of the elections. Under the influence of Prince Napoleon, Persigny dreams only of Italian unity and the destruction of the Pope's temporal power.

No one informs the Emperor of the real state of things at home; on which subject I had a long talk with La Guéronnière. The Emperor and Empress had congratulated him very warmly on his success in the Senate a week ago, and asked him to dine at the Tuileries with them yesterday. When the Emperor invited him, he said: "I thank you for having explained and supported my views so well."

Within the last three months the Emperor has made three blunders too many. His first was the letter about Count de Palikoe's grant; the second, his letter to Renan assuring him of his esteem, after the latter had publicly denied the divinity of Christ; and the third was appointing Palikoe's son one of his orderly officers.

Young Palikoe was the most audacious looter in the whole of the army out in China; previous to his return he sent home two hundred cases full of the plunder, of which he has already had two sales.

April 4th.—*A propos* of Victor Hugo's publication of "Les Miserables," Morny told me yesterday that he had for this writer the most profound contempt. Towards the latter days of the Presidency the author of

"Napoleon the Little" had come to him, and said:

"All this cannot last much longer, and supreme authority will soon be in the hands of Prince Napoleon. You know my devotion to that eminently popular family. Will you tell the President that I think I can be useful to him as Minister of Public Instruction, and am entirely at his service? Under the last reign I accepted a peerage in spite of myself, for I was in no way a partisan of the house of Orleans; I was urged to do so by the whole profession of Literature, who thought it would be a good thing to have someone to represent letters at the Luxembourg."

Morny was aware of all that Hugo had done to get his peer's robes, so he said to the President:

"Hugo is making advances to you; play with him, but don't employ him."

The President answered: "Oh! I know him too well to do that; his pride is unbearable."

As the portfolio was not forthcoming, Hugo soon afterwards made a most outrageously democratic speech in the National Assembly, and Morny, who was sitting behind him, shouted right in his ear: "The scoundrel! The wretch! Will no one make him hold his tongue?"

Victor Hugo pretended not to hear him.

April 14th.—It is expected that there will be a disturbance on Friday next, on the occasion of a new piece which is to be played at the Porte St. Martin. It is currently reported that the play, which is called

"The Volunteers of 1814," treats the Royalists very scurrilously. The youth of the Faubourg St. Germain, therefore, intend to be present at the first representation in order to hiss it, and the suburbs and students are also going in force, so that a battle royal will probably take place in the pit.

Boitelle, the Préfet of Police, said yesterday that if there is any row in the theatre he not only will not interfere, but he will have the doors kept by his men, and the people who want to get out shall be forced back into the scrimmage. I must admit that up to now I have never heard anything quite so ludicrous proceed from the mouth of a Préfet of Police.

Princess Mathilde, nevertheless, applauded the idea, and said that she should go to the representation.

"I will throw the seats on the heads of these young gentlemen," she said.

May 13th.—When Princess Mathilde was told that Princess Clotilde was likely to become a mother, she exclaimed: "Clotilde's child! . . . It will be like a devil in a font."

To-day there is to be a grand review of 40,000 men in the Champs de Mars, in honour of the King of the Netherlands, who, at the present moment, is breakfasting with Nieuwerkerke just above me.

The Empress has invented another Society to take the place of that of Saint Vincent de Paul, which Persigny has dispersed because, in his opinion, Christian charity must be governmental, and wear a cockade. The new institution is called "*The Society of the Prince*

Imperial," and will be administered by the Imperial autocracy.

Princesses Clotilde and Mathilde are necessarily Vice-Presidents, and the lady patronesses are: Countess Walewski, ex-favourite; Madame Baroche, a goose; Madame Troplong, importance personified; and the Countess de Morny. The treasurer is Madame Haussmann. I regret the absence of Countess Castiglione's and Countess La Bédoyère's names from the list. I should have preferred to see the whole of the Imperial harem on the Council of this useful Association, with Bacciochi as Almoner!

May 21st.—During the Queen of the Netherlands' last visit to Paris a breakfast party was got up by a Madame de Molh, who is in Her Majesty's confidence, for the purpose of bringing together Messieurs Thiers, Cousin, Ville-Main, and Prévost-Paradol.

During the course of breakfast the affairs of Europe, as may be supposed, were the principal subject of conversation, and the Queen asked Mons. Thiers what his opinion was of the Roman question. As Mons. Thiers merely inclined his head, and did not at once reply, she continued with some vivacity:

"But you cannot deny that in the present state of civilization, with the diffusion of education, the immense liberty accorded to criticism, and the democratic tendency of the entire age, the Papacy has become a most injurious thing."

Mons. Thiers inclined his head again and replied: "The Papacy is so very bad a thing that all who have partaken of it have died."

Poor Sovereigns! you do not perceive that if the Papal authority is demolished to-day, thrones and sceptres will be burnt to-morrow.

England and Spain separate themselves from us in the Mexican Expedition.

June 18*th*.—I have been established at St. Gratien for some days past, and shall remain there the whole of the summer as I did last year. I often see Princess Mathilde, and observe with sorrow that her surroundings are becoming more undesirable every day. Charles, the brother of Louis Blanc, is now received at her house, where the Republican element dominates.

La Guéronnière's new paper will appear shortly. I had a long conversation with him about it yesterday, and he has asked me to join the editorial staff.

The Emperor approves and encourages the enterprise, which is, nevertheless, destined to defend the Pope's temporal power.

Our troops have met with a slight reverse in Mexico, and the Government are sending out reinforcements.

July 2*nd*.—What I said about the Princess's associates some time since is becoming more evident every day.

A short time ago at a dinner party, where about twenty persons were present, the Princess, urged on by her Republican friends, was induced to say that she excused the Reign of Terror, and that if Nieuwerkerke repudiated such sentiments it was because some of his relations were guillotined. She even went so far as to observe that she was becoming a Socialist. On Sunday last the Mayor of St. Gratien, Mons. Percy, introduced

to her Mons. Havin, the editor of the *Siècle.* Charles Blanc often dines with her, and Gavarni she is mad about.

Vimercati, who rules everything, has induced the Princess to leave for Belgirata on the 15th August. In her drawing-room you constantly hear the Emperor blamed and the Empress decried. Mons. Renan is to be introduced to her on Saturday.

August 20th.—Our new paper, *La France*, has appeared, and its success has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. It is only ten days old, and we are printing 12,000 copies a day.

The feeling of exasperation against us at the Princess's is very great, and on Sunday last I was received anything but warmly. The Princess reproached me for writing against the Ultras of 1862, and said I was wrong to take my examples from her salon.

The Princess is reconciled with her brother. It could not be otherwise, for little by little the *habitués* of the Palais Royal have become the intimate friends of the Rue de Courcelles and St. Gratien.

September 27th.—Princess Mathilde has been at Belgirata since the beginning of the month. When she left she was furious with me because of my participation in the management of *La France*, and principally on account of an article on the Ultras of 1862. She says that I have attempted to depict her salon, and have, above all, described Benedetti. Nevertheless, on the evening before her departure she seemed to have partly recovered from her Piedmontese hallucinations, for she said to Nigra:

"Your appetite is too large; you want to swallow Rome, and yet you cannot digest it. Nothing satisfies you. You have had possession of Naples for over a year, and what have you done with it? You have shot a great many people, but you have conquered nobody."

La Guéronnière has published in the columns of *La France* a sort of manifesto on the Roman question, which has caused a great sensation and highly displeased the Piedmontese faction. When this manifesto was received at Biarritz, where the Court is now staying, the Empress ran to the Emperor, and, after reading it to him, said, with great animation: "This paper is the only one that supports our policy; there we find our real friends, the only ones, perhaps, on whom our son will be able to count, and yet it is they whom your Ministers pursue and Persigny wishes to deliver up to justice, and all because they are neither of the Palais Royal nor Turin."

The Emperor, who had listened attentively to the reading of the manifesto, replied:

"Persigny is more than half mad, which you, my dear friend, are perfectly aware of."

On the eve of the departure of the Court for Biarritz there was an informal Council at the Tuileries. Thouvenel, who spoke first, pointed out that it was time France withdrew from Rome, for that when the Garibaldian insurrection was put down the Piedmontese expected the French troops to retire and give the city up to them. Mons. Rouher followed in the same strain,

playing the air taught him by Vimercati. Then came Persigny, who spoke with great heat and violence, like the madman he is.

The Emperor listened to his three Ministers with great coolness, and when Persigny had finished he got up and said:

"*I also, gentlemen, feel the pulse of France twice a day; I know her sentiments, and I shall not abandon the Pope!*"

The Minister then retired, and the Empress, who had scarcely been able to restrain herself during the meeting, followed Persigny out of the room, and entered into a violent altercation with him on the subject of his policy, which she said she considered dangerous alike to France and the Emperor.

With Thouvenel she was even more annoyed, and said such uncompromising things to him that he exclaimed:

"If, Madame, the Emperor had said to me the half that your Majesty has, my resignation would have been in his hands before this."

At Biarritz the Emperor would not allow Fould to mention the subject of Rome to him. He was in one of his unapproachable moods.

La Valette came back from Rome yesterday, and Benedetti is expected home from Turin, where he has been to represent the Emperor at the King of Portugal's marriage with Princess Pia. La Valette and Benedetti are two specimens of Ministers such as one rarely meets with.

The former admitted to one of his friends that every time he was instructed to transmit some communication to Cardinal Antonelli he did it in such a way that he always ruffled the Cardinal, and made him less disposed than ever to listen to the advice of France.

With regard to Signor Benedetti, I heard him at Princess Mathilde's counselling Vimercati to tell King Victor Emmanuel that if he wanted to get possession of Rome he had only to march on that city with three hundred thousand unarmed Italians, and the French troops would at once decamp.

The Emperor and France are well served by two such rascals.

October 16*th*.—We are carrying the position at last, and the Ministry are routed. Thouvenel is already succeeded by Drouyn de Lhuis, and La Valette and Benedetti are vacating their posts. We are, therefore, I hope, becoming *dis-Italianized* for a time.

Persigny still holds on, but he will have to go with the others.

At St. Gratien people are furious with the Empress, for they can only perceive her handiwork in this matter. I was told this morning that Marie Antoinette had succumbed to the unpopularity of her Austrian surname, and that *the Spaniard had better take care of herself.*

For some days this unhappy Empress has been capable of any crime! It is said that she is hoping for the death of her husband in order to become Regent! that we are going back beyond Marie Antoinette, we are imitating Marie de Medicis! &c., &c.

For some days past the question of an alliance between France, Russia, and Prussia has been discussed. I do not know if there is any truth in the rumour, but Drouyn de Lhuis is in communication with the Prussian Prime Minister, Mons. de Bismarck, and negotiations have been going on between France and Prussia for some time.

I do not think Vimercati will come back to Paris, although nothing would surprise me that that diplomatic Figaro did. The day before he left he said to me: "You are wrong to ally yourself with La Guéronnière; he is a child in politics, and does not even know the elements of the science. You will see before a month is over we shall be in Rome."

Benedetti appeared quite as sanguine, and took no trouble whatever to disguise his views when, as already remarked, he said to Vimercati at Princess Mathilde's table:

"*Let your King march on Rome at the head of a peaceful demonstration of three hundred thousand Italians, and our troops will retire.*"

Benedetti, be it noted, was at that time French ambassador at the Court of Turin.

CHAPTER XV.

1863.

Monsieur de Viel Castel's disgrace—Its reasons—Correspondence with Nieuwerkerke and Princess Mathilde on the subject — Society at St. Gratien — Russia and the Western Powers—Nicholas's reply to the Polish deputation in 1831—Cruelties committed by the Poles—Baron de Budberg's views—"La France" receives a caution—Baroche, junior, and the Seine and Oise election—Morny and Persigny—Ministerial changes—State of the army in Mexico—The Grand Prix—Opposition successes—Mocquard and Persigny —"La France" libelled—Fall of Puebla—Reports on the Bourse.

April 5th.—I take up my pen, after a long interval, for the purpose of describing the circumstances of my disgrace, a subject which for the past month has been a leading topic of conversation.

Since the new paper, *La France*, first appeared, the frequenters of Princess Mathilde's drawing-room have regarded me with distinct aversion, and Nieuwerkerke himself has been more than cool in his manner. For

a long while, too, the society at the Princess's has been changing its character; La Valette and Vimercati have become the oracles of the place, and the drawing-room has been filled with the enemies of the Empire. They have been looking out, therefore, for an opportunity of dealing me a blow, and fortune has at last favoured their design.

This year there has been an exhibition of the works of living artists, and Nieuwerkerke, acting on the advice of Chennevières, has, as in former years, again adopted a particular rule which has offended a good many artists. Two petitions against this rule were signed by a number of them and forwarded to the Minister of State, who replied that he would give the subject his consideration.

The newspapers took the matter up, and I wrote an article in *La France* on the 11th of last month, in which I referred to the two petitions, and supported them on points where I thought they were right. I also said I thought the time had come when certain modifications and alterations might be made in the rules generally.

On the following day, that is to say on the 12th March, at five o'clock in the evening, I received the following letter from Nieuwerkerke:

"Sir,—

"I have read in *La France*, of the 11th inst., an article by your pen, which is headed 'The Exhibition of 1863.' It must be clear to you that I cannot

allow anyone who is employed in my administration to criticize my acts, as you have thought proper to do, and to attack some of the most important rules that have been made at my suggestion. You know perfectly well that the initiative in all such matters is entirely in my hands, and that I have just prepared a report in favour of these annual exhibitions for His Excellency the Minister of State. It would have been in better taste, I cannot help thinking, to have set the duty you owed your chief above the independence of your pen; but there are other grounds on which I have the right, I think, to express astonishment at the course you have taken.

After receiving the instructions of the Emperor and of the Marshal Minister of His Majesty's household on the subject, I have to inform you that you have ceased to be a member of the Staff of the Imperial Museums.

I regret the circumstance that has put an end to our relations in so abrupt a manner, and I beg to remain, &c.,

"Count de Nieuwerkerke."

To this stupid, vain epistle I replied at once:

"My Dear Nieuwerkerke,—

"I neither understand your letter nor the reasons that induced you to write it, and I hope that you will not reproach yourself more than I reproach you for having done so. But what I am even at a greater loss to understand is, that our personal relations should terminate with the rupture of our official ties."

There our correspondence ended; the poor devil's vanity was wounded.

He wishes absolutely to persuade himself that I have been ungrateful to him, and that he is my benefactor. Of a truth his honours have turned his head; he forgets that in the affair of the *petites voitures*, in which I had four thousand shares, he had asked in as many words *if there was nothing for him*, and that I gave him two thousand of them, that is to say, I myself placed 55,000 francs in hard cash upon his bed, for it would have been too much trouble to him to have negotiated the shares for himself.

I, therefore, gave 55,000 francs for the privilege of having a benefactor, who ended by dismissing me from my post, which is paying rather dearly for one. The fact is, that Nieuwerkerke and the Princess, since the establishment of *La France*, have been seeking for a pretext to injure me; indeed, the former has been heard to say: "That the article on the exhibition was only an excuse."

To the Emperor I have been accused of doing nothing at the Louvre, but the charge is so absurd that it is scarcely worth refuting.

I must state, however, that during twelve years I have never taken a month's leave, and that I was the only member of the museum staff whom artists were always sure of finding, and that I have taken part in every work connected with the museums.

Nieuwerkerke himself, who accuses me of inattention to my duties, leaves the Louvre every morning at

ten, and generally returns when it is time to go to bed. He goes to the country in June, to Italy in September, and returns to Paris at the end of October.

But all these recriminations are beside the matter; what they wanted to do was to ruin the editor of *La France*, and they have availed themselves of any pretext to accomplish their purpose. Princess Mathilde wrote two letters to me; in the first she says:—

"My Dear Viel Castel,—

"I am most grieved at the blow you have received, but must frankly admit that on reading your article on the exhibition I thought that you really wanted some pretext for leaving the administration of the museum.

"Your personal criticisms are couched in terms that leave nothing to be desired, but you blame all the measures adopted by the Minister and the Director-General.

"I deplore it all, believe me, in the interests of everybody concerned, the more so that I always looked upon you as one of ourselves.

"But, nevertheless, I shall always be glad to be of service to you, and to prove to you my sense of esteem.

"Mathilde.

"Friday, March 13th, 1863."

I replied saying that the Princess was not mistaken in including me among her friends; that I had not attacked the measures of the Administration, but had

only criticized a rule which was about to be amended, as well as the terms of the artists' two petitions. That, furthermore, I was in ignorance of Nieuwerkerke's change of opinion with regard to the Annual Exhibition, as he had never mentioned to me his report to the Minister in favour of them.

The Princess replied to my letter on the 14th March:

"My Dear Viel Castel,—

"Either I do not know how to read, or you take a strange advantage of the vagueness of your language.

"In beginning your article you say that the rules for the Exhibition of 1863 are fixed. In point of fact they had been published in the *Moniteur*, so no discussion on that point is necessary.

"Then what do you do? You protest against number 3 because of the exceptions therein accorded, and you propose that the prizes hitherto distributed by the Emperor, on the recommendation of the Minister, should be awarded by a jury.

"You cannot allege your ignorance as to the opinions of the Administration, for they had been made public, in which case it was opposition and not mere discussion on your part. As to the new project, do you not think that, before criticizing it, it was your duty as one of the Conservators, and without sacrificing your independent judgment, to have talked the matter over with your friend the Director? It would

have been a simple act of amenity on your part, and would, perhaps, have been a means of enlightening you and preventing your taking a false step.

"With respect to your remarks as to the opinions of the two Ministers referred to in your letter, I am afraid you are labouring under a grave mistake, and have taken as a matter of course what was only an act of delicacy on their part.

"Be advised by me, and do not look for ill-natured motives in the misfortune that has befallen you, but believe that it was a necessary consequence of your own act, and do not make it impossible for those who are interested in you to find you some useful compensation.

"Let us put aside all these recriminations, they are as painful to me as to you. But, before anyone else, I have the courage to point out where you have been wrong, very wrong, where I might very well keep my own counsel.

"This does not prevent me from again assuring you of my sincere regard.

"MATHILDE."

April 21st.—I have not heard or seen anything either of Nieuwerkerke or the Princess, and nothing more has been said or heard about the *useful compensation* which was dangled before my eyes. For fear of meeting me, Nieuwerkerke has not been to the Imperial Club for a month past.

Abbé Coquereau said to La Guéronnière, whom he

met at the Minister of Marine's the day before yesterday:

"Princess Mathilde's house is becoming perfectly intolerable, and I can see that I am beginning to be received there with coolness. The company you meet is of the strangest description; it is a collection of flatterers, socialists, and atheists; Sainte-Beuve, Littré, and Renan are there worshipped by the Penguillys, Violet le Ducs, and the rest, without counting Havin, of the *Siècle*, and a few Republican actors who are patronized by the Girauds."

Poor Princess Mathilde thinks she has a salon, whereas it is only a sort of bazaar where flatterers and sycophants live on the vanity they excite in others.

She is beginning to adopt the vulgar tone and language of her associates, and has come to think that the commonest familiarity in manners means majestic ease. She raises her voice, slaps Giraud on the shoulder, and calls him, before everybody, "*Ma Vielle Gisaille!*" "my chap," "my old man," "I will not lend him to anyone," &c., &c.

France, England, and Austria each sent separate notes to Prince Gortschakoff two days ago, asking that Poland might receive some sort of constitution.

To an almost identical note from Spain, Russia replied a few days ago "that the Queen ought to know better than anyone else that the first duty of a Sovereign is to put down sedition, to crush revolution, and guarantee the security of her dominions."

At the same time the Russian papers are reprinting,

with an evident motive, the reply made by the Emperor Nicholas to a Polish deputation in 1831 :

"I do not believe in your protests, and I know by heart your everlasting complaints ; even if I accorded what you now demand you would use my clemency as a weapon against me. No, pay attention to what I say ; if you begin your insurrections again you will find that I have not built the citadel of Alexander that commands Warsaw for nothing ; its guns shall destroy the town, which shall be razed to the ground and never rebuilt."

All of which does not forebode a very conciliatory reply to the notes of the three Powers. The Russians as well as the Prussians who are in Paris say that everything is ready, that they are expecting us, and can very well see we are bent on it. A great many retired non-commissioned officers travel by the Strasburg line every day, their tickets are paid for, and they receive a small sum of money before starting. On reaching Germany they procure arms and the means of penetrating into Poland.

May 10th.—Everything wears a peaceful aspect for the moment. Russia has replied to the notes of the three Powers in a conciliatory tone, and I am told that the Empress has abandoned the idea of going to the assistance of the Poles. It has been demonstrated to her that it is only a European insurrection which is taking place in that corner of the earth, that it would be playing into the very hands of the revolutionary party to provoke a war against Russia in the

interest of the Poles, and that such an undertaking would be fraught with danger to the Emperor Napoleon. It is moreover affirmed that the Czar of Russia is by no means indisposed to meet the other Powers in conference, but he requires that the meeting should be held in St. Petersburg.

I had a long conversation this morning with Baron de Budberg, the Russian ambassador, who furnished me with ample proofs that the insurgents, who charge the Russian soldiery with unheard-of cruelties, are themselves addicted to murdering wounded Russians, for that the latter have been found hanging by the neck with their feet burnt off. Boitelle, the Préfet of Police, confirms this story.

Baron de Budberg also tells me that a Polish lady, who lives in Paris, and whose name he mentioned, has just received news of the assassination of her brother, who was a rich proprietor, living at his castle in Poland. The insurgent committee, two months ago, had levied a heavy contribution on him, and supported their demand by sending a band of armed men. A few days ago a second band arrived and demanded a further contribution. This the Polish gentleman refused to grant, and as they menaced him with violence he tried to defend himself, but he was soon overpowered by numbers and disarmed. The insurgents thereupon hanged him, burnt his house to the ground, and took away everything that was valuable.

The Emperor is said to be less disposed towards war, as he perceives, on reflection, that France has no

dependable allies; he therefore postpones the vast projects that absorb his mind.

Baron de Budberg is of opinion that Italy ought to be divided into two large states, in which case France could withdraw her troops from Rome with safety, as each of the two states would be mutually interested in preserving the integrity of the Pontifical dominion lying between them.

He told me that in quite a recent conversation with Nigra he had induced the Italian Minister to see that the possession of Venice would be a great misfortune for Italy, and that sensible men at Turin took that view, foreseeing that such an attempt would mean the beginning of the end.

Moreover, added the Baron: "Austria could not give up Venice even if she wished, for if she did so she would be asked on the following day to surrender Illyria, Dalmatia, Trieste, and the Italian Tyrol.

"As to the war with which we are threatened," added Baron Budberg, "we do not desire it; but we are prepared, and know how to defend ourselves. Sweden is not so inimical to Russia as people try to persuade us. She does not see what good a war would do her. It is true she lost Finland in 1815, but then she has got possession of Norway."

We are getting near the elections, and Persigny spares neither circulars, advertisements, nor threats in order to secure a Chamber favourable to his views. He recognizes none of the Catholic Deputies, and forbids any candidate who is not patronized by the Ministry to call himself independent.

I am afraid that the Government will be only too successful, and that the next Corps Législatif will consist of members pledged to the Ministry.

The Opposition committees are split up, and the demagogues will consequently get their way. These are presenting to the electors the men of '48.

The candidates for Paris are all either journalists or barristers; there is not a merchant, manufacturer, banker, magistrate, landed proprietor, or soldier among them. Never, even during the Restoration, nor under Louis Philippe, has the Opposition treated Paris with such contempt.

The Emperor, whose thoughts are inscrutable, allows his lieutenants to do as they please, and pretends to be taken up with his "Life of Cæsar."

May 22nd.—Our paper, *La France*, has received a caution for an article which in no sense deserved it; but Persigny, who has been determined to send us one whether or no, not being able to take exception to any particular article, has objected to the general tone of the paper, and its tendency to put itself forward as the only representative of the real policy of the Government.

We replied to the caution with a direct "*It is not true*," &c., &c., which ought to bring another reprimand down upon us.

La Guéronnière has written to the Emperor and complained of Persigny's bitterness and want of sympathy for a journal which serves His Majesty more truly than any of the official ones and is more devoted to him.

The Emperor has forbidden Persigny to proceed further in the matter, and caused La Guéronnière to be informed that the first caution was sent without his knowledge.

Madame de Lamartine died yesterday. She was an excellent person of distinguished ability and sound judgment, and a valuable coadjutor to her husband. She was 76 years of age.

E. Baroche, after being put forward as one of the Ministerial candidates for the next election, was thrown over in favour of General Méllinet. In spite of the course taken by the Government, Baroche proceeded with his candidature, at which Persigny became so furious that he had the department of Seine and Oise placarded with letters, which were at once copied into the papers, wherein he explains the reasons that induced the Government to discountenance Baroche's candidature. He reproaches him with having been mixed up, although a Government official, with Mirès's affairs, and with not having given a proper explanation of his conduct as he had promised.

Baroche, junior, replied that he had explained his position to the electors, and that it was not true to say he had promised to do more. He proceeded therefore with his candidature.

Persigny, who is so ticklish with regard to the reputation of Ministerial candidates, nevertheless supports Mons. Callet Saint-Pol, the father-in-law of General Fleury, a banker, whose record has not been without

blemish, also Calvet Rogniat, who was also implicated in the Mirès scandals.

Madame Persigny is always to be seen with Gramont Caderousse. Four days ago she went to the *Château des Fleurs* to seek him, and actually had a vulgar altercation with him in the middle of that hurly-burly. She goes about openly with him, and the scandal is as great as it well can be.

Persigny and his august moiety have lost their wits.

May 24th.—There can be no doubt about it, the Emperor wishes the elections to proceed under Persigny's orders, and is very annoyed to see the Press supporting the Opposition candidates; he is particularly incensed with Mons. Thiers for the attitude that statesman has adopted.

It was the Emperor who, at the last moment, wished young Baroche to withdraw his candidature, and told Fould and Rouher to go and see his father on the subject. Baroche, senior, who happened to be laid up with erysipelas at the time, was at first recalcitrant, and said he could not advise his son to retire in the face of the intrigue headed by Lieutenant Delâge, but he was told that it was not a question of Mons. Delâge, but of General Mellinet, in whose favour Mons. Delâge had already given way.

After some persuasion he seemed to see the force of this argument, but the next day his son returned from a meeting of his constituents and respectfully told his father that he was nothing less than "an old fool,

without any grit, who had allowed himself to be hoodwinked in the matter, and that he had better inform his friends that he, Baroche, junior, did not think of surrendering."

The father, who is always very weak with regard to this interesting Ernest, did as he was told, and a voluminous correspondence with Persigny ensued. There was no truth, however, in the report that he resigned his office.

Thiers is very angry with a letter that has been written and circulated by Mons. Persigny, in which the great historian is roundly abused, and he is about to publish a reply. This dispute between Thiers and the Government will be an interesting piece of polemics.

In the Baroche business the mistake the Government made was not to intimate its wishes before the Session closed. As long as Baroche was useful he was allowed to prosecute his election as the Ministerial candidate, then all of a sudden he is thrown over, and the world is informed that it is because he will not explain his participation in the Mirès affair. What a farce it all is!

The Empress recently observed to Nigra, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires:

"I see but one way of settling the Italian question so as to make myself liked by your Sovereign, and that is for him to become Pope. When that day arrives I will kiss his slipper, not with relish, I admit, but still I will kiss it."

May 26th.—With regard to the elections which

Persigny is manipulating, the Emperor is desirous of getting a House more than ever devoted to his policy, because he has a fixed determination in his mind to attack Germany on the Rhine, for which Poland is only the pretext.

We know how easy it is to obtain a majority, and have not forgotten the little communes with about thirty electors each, which furnished the Ministerial party with fifty-six votes.

Persigny dominates Napoleon III. by sheer brutality. During a discussion, in which the Emperor asserted something that Persigny would not allow, His Majesty said: "*I give you my word—*" Persigny interrupted him with a shrug of the shoulders, and said: "*Have you a word to give?*"

May 28th.—A few days ago Morny and Persigny had a heated dispute at the Tuileries on the subject of the elections. Morny reproached the other with the clumsy manner in which they were being conducted, being of opinion that the candidature of so eminent a man as Mons. Thiers should not be opposed by the Government.

Persigny lost his temper, as he generally does, and ended by saying:

"You know the country very badly; it ought to be ruled by force."

Those present looked at each other meaningly, but nothing more was said; everybody is quite agreed that Persigny becomes each day more unbearable.

May 31st.—The elections begin to-day, but the

greater proportion of votes will not be recorded before to-morrow; it is the custom in France to put off everything until the last moment.

Mons. Baroche, junior, has at last decided to withdraw from the contest. Some promise or other must have been made him by the Government, but I could not learn what it was, although I dined with Treilhart yesterday at the Imperial Club. After dinner General Mellinet came and smoked a cigar with us.

Some changes in the Ministry are spoken of. Chasseloup Laubat will leave the Marine for the Interior, and will be succeeded by Jurieu-Lagravière; Baroche is to be Minister without portfolio. Marshal Randon also quits the Ministry of War; the army is very dissatisfied with him, and charges him, not without reason, with stinginess and want of foresight in his management of the Mexican campaign.

Our army at Puebla is almost without ammunition. Only 93 rounds are left for each gun; there are no mortars, and the bullets are nearly exhausted.

Towards the close of the siege of Sebastopol each gun in the batteries fired 200 rounds a day. The situation of our army can, therefore, be imagined, for even after Puebla there is still Mexico to take.

The last steamer brought a requisition from General Forey for fifty thousand rounds of artillery ammunition, a battery of sixteen mortars, and a reinforcement of five thousand men.

To-day the whole of Paris is going to the Bois de Boulogne to witness a new horse-race, which is called

the "Grand Prix Continental;" the prize is worth a hundred thousand francs. The English and Italian horses that have been entered for it have arrived.

The elections will suffer from competition with the races, although the real contest does not take place until to-morrow.

It appears that no common plan of action has yet been concerted between England, France, and Austria with regard to Russia and the Polish question. Diplomacy is going to trim its pen anew, which means that the matter is not near its solution. The newspaper agencies are doing their best to stir up the Poles, and the information they furnish is for the most part false.

The papers are careful to publish accounts of the cruelties committed by the Russians on the Poles, and they take equally good care not to say anything about those committed by the Poles on the Russians.

I have myself seen trustworthy reports which furnish incontestible proof that the Poles cut off the noses and burn the feet of their Russian prisoners before hanging them.

The combined Opposition are in a great many instances carrying the elections against the Government candidates. Thiers, Picard, Darimont, Emile Ollivier, Pelletan, Havin, &c.; in fact, the whole list supported by the Oppo sition papers has been successful.

It is a distinct blow to the Government, but it hits Count de Persigny harder than anyone else. He has

deceived the Emperor up to the last moment, and even so late as yesterday, misled himself by Boitelle's reports, he said he would answer for the result. Berryer is elected for Marseilles, but I know of no other returns at present.

The Count de Morny had an interview this evening with Mons. Drouyn de Lhuis, which lasted an hour and a half, and there is to be a meeting of the Cabinet to-morrow. Drouyn de Lhuis is, like all the rest of the Ministry, exasperated against Persigny. He did his utmost to oppose Mons. de Jaucourt in the Department of Seine and Marne, and makes no secret of the fact that he did so from pure dislike to Persigny.

I am told that at Princess Mathilde's reception on Whit-Sunday, the Count de Persigny said aloud to a group of persons who gathered round him, that if the Corps Législatif proved obstructive the Emperor would dissolve it, and do as his uncle did with the Tribunat. The Empress, who overheard this observation, went up to Persigny and said, in an indignant tone:

"*No, sir, that may be the advice given him, but the Emperor will never be so foolish as to follow it.*"

Mocquard's son-in-law confirmed what I had heard about the scene that took place before the Emperor between his father-in-law and Persigny. As the Emperor did not interpose, and seemed to be indifferent to the subject of dispute, Mocquard wished to offer his resignation, but the Emperor would not allow him to do so, and said:

"*Do not pay any attention to Persigny's ebullitions;*

you know very well how unreasonable he is when he loses his temper."

June 4th.—Four days ago, as my son Edouard was returning home rather late with one of his friends, he saw a placard, half torn from the wall, flying in the wind, and he managed to get it down with his stick. When he had done so he discovered that it was one of Mons. Devinck's manifestoes.

Two police agents, dressed in blouses, who were waiting close by, rushed on my son, collared him and took him to the nearest station, where after their charge was made he was released. When the circumstance came to Persigny's ears he at once ordered my son's dismissal from his post, and on the following day Edouard was informed that he no longer belonged to the Foreign Office Staff. The chief officials in vain endeavoured to interpose, Drouyn de Lhuis informed them that the Emperor alone could revoke the order. There the matter remains, although Edouard's friends at Court are interesting themselves in his case.

Persigny is an ill-natured fool.

June 5th.—Our newspaper, *La France*, is suing the *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays* for defamation, in consequence of two articles in which these creatures of the Minister of the Interior charge us with betraying the interest of the Government, as Mons. de Bourmont betrayed Napoleon I. on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. Both papers are managed by Mons. A. Chevalier, and are in the pay of Mons. de Persigny,

who hates me with a deadly hatred, and his stupid assistant, Boitelle, holds me in equal abhorrence. They believe that I am La Guéronnière's adviser and abettor, and that I shelter my political personality under the assumed guise of Fine Arts Editor.

June 11th.—According to the *Moniteur* of this morning Puebla has been taken and Ortega has surrendered unconditionally with 18,000 men. It is an important and glorious event, but is it all over yet?

There still remains the city of Mexico, which the Americans had some trouble in conquering. The rainy season begins in June, and it is just possible that we shall be obliged to remain at Puebla until September.

Can we make terms with Juarez without going to Mexico? I doubt it. The Emperor entertained ambitious designs against the Mexican Continent, and I do not think he has relinquished them. He had hoped to receive information of the capture of Puebla before the elections on the 31st May, and was greatly disappointed that he did not do so; he was never in such a bad humour before. The place was only taken on the 7th May. They ought to be in high glee now at Fontainebleau, but I doubt if the news will have any appreciable effect on the balloting that takes place on Sunday next. As the Bourse had been flat for two days previously the bears pretend that the Government wished to send the market up with the Mexican news, but the fact that the despatch only left New York on the 1st gives the lie direct to such a statement.

CHAPTER XVI.

1863 (*continued*).

THE GUESTS AT FONTAINEBLEAU—ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS "LA FRANCE"—MASSACRE OF ZOUAVES—MONSIEUR THIERS—FALL OF THE MINISTRY, DISMISSAL OF PERSIGNY—THE NEW MINISTRY—RUSSIAN REPLY TO THE POWERS—COUNT DE BUDBERG'S VIEWS OF THE SITUATION—THE EMPEROR'S REAL OBJECT—WAR UNPOPULAR—JULIUS CÆSAR (ANCIENT AND MODERN) IN GAUL—CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT MALINES—ANECDOTE OF DURUY—MONSIEUR SAPIA'S FINANCIAL REPORT—PERSIGNY MADE A DUKE—LA GUÉRONNIÈRE'S INFIDELITY—HIS PRIVATE LIFE—"LA FRANCE" BOUGHT—DEATH OF BILLAULT—NIEUWERKERKE'S AMBITIOUS VIEWS—CANROBERT'S VANITY—PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS—ENGLAND AND THE EMPEROR.

June 12*th*.—The following is the list of persons invited to Fontainebleau :—Princess Anna Murat and her lady-in-waiting (whoever she may be), Prince and Princess de Metternich, Prince de Reuss, Duke and

Duchess de Valencay, Prince and Princess Poniatowski (Mdlle. Lehon), Marquis and Marchioness de Dalmas (?), Count and Countess Walewski, Count de Paiva, the Netherlands Minister, Count and Countess de Pourtales, Baron and Baroness de Beyens, Duke de Mouchy, Count de Perigord, Count de Komar, Messieurs Thomas y Caro, Alvarez de Toledo, Count de la Rochefoucauld, Count de Mosbourg, Viscount and Viscountess Aguado, Mons. and Madame Arcos, Baron and Baroness Rothschild, Baron Heeckeren (the least they could do after the doleful campaigns he twice waged against Mons. Keller in Alsace), Doctor Conneau, and Colonel Merle.

It is nearly always the same set of people who are invited; the Empress will have a young Court about her, for she must have amusement and, above all, dancing. The foreign diplomatists who have passed the dancing age are not in great demand at the Imperial residences; for example, the Prussian Minister is not invited, but the Secretary of his Embassy, Prince de Reuss, who had gone to Berlin, was recalled by telegraph, so as soon as he had delivered the instructions Mons. de Bismarck gave him for his chief he at once left for Fontainebleau.

June 16*th*.—La Guéronnière left this morning for Fontainebleau as he was urged by Mocquard to see the Emperor in order to avert the calamity which is impending over the newspaper *La France*. Persigny is resolved to suppress this journal, and it seems that everything is prepared for its death and burial.

La Guéronnière will not be back until late, so I shall not know my fate until to-morrow morning.

My son has been reinstated at the Foreign Office by the request of the Empress. Drouyn de Lhuis received him with his most gracious smile, and said: "*You ought to have come to me; I am the father of my young attachés.*"

It was very touching, but Edouard must be on his guard all the same.

The scrutiny of the ballot boxes took place yesterday, and the Opposition wins four or five seats with large majorities.

Persigny is more than ever irritated, and has just sent a circular to all the préfets asking for information with regard to the *personnel* of the political press throughout the departments.

In the battle between General Bazaine and the Mexican General Cumonfort, 200 Zouaves were surrounded by 5,000 of the enemy in a narrow pass, and were every one of them killed. The Mexicans then defiled before their corpses with shouts of victory and insult.

General Mellinet, who was put forward by the Government in place of young Baroche for the Seine and Oise, has been defeated. The poor General only stood out of respect to the Emperor, who asked him to do so. There is now some talk of sending him to the Senate, where there is a vacancy through the death of Marey-Monge, but on the other hand it is said that this is being reserved for General Bazaine.

June 19*th.*—On leaving for Vienna Mons. Thiers said: "Before Mons. de Persigny adopted the incomprehensible attitude towards me that he has, I had decided to order the uniform of a member of the Corps Législatif and to wear it like my colleagues at the Emperor's receptions when I was invited, but since that Minister's defamatory language I have changed my mind. I shall neither order the uniform nor go to the Tuileries."

Mons. Thiers has taken his seat in the Corps Législatif near Mons. Jules Favre.

July 3*rd.*—The Ministry has fallen, and Persigny, Walewski, and Delangle are dismissed.

Baroche becomes Minister of Justice; Billault, Minister of State; Bacciochi, Director General of Theatres (an office attached to the Emperor's Household); Nieuwerkerke they say is to be Minister of Fine Arts; and Boudet is Minister of the Interior.

Duruy, ex-professor of History, the author of several indifferent histories of Greece, Rome, and France, who was brought into contact with the Emperor in connection with "The Life of Cæsar," is to be made Minister of Public Instruction. He is a pupil of Michelet.

Rouher becomes Minister-President of the Council of State.

July 16*th.*—The Emperor is at Vichy, the Empress at St. Cloud.

The Russian reply has not yet been received, but it is said to have been despatched from St. Petersburg, and is expected to reach Paris on Saturday. I hear

that the Emperor of Russia will not agree to the armistice proposed by the three Powers, and I can quite believe it, for Russia can scarcely give the Polish insurrection the sanction of a treaty, as if it were a belligerent power; neither can he allow the insurgents time to reorganize their forces and obtain arms, which they would do if a cessation of hostilities were agreed to.

The Emperor Napoleon is always dissembling between two opposite policies, the one bellicose, the other, in appearance, pacific; but in reality no one knows what he wishes or intends definitely to do.

July 18*th*.—We are all in a very depressed mood to-day. I was with the Russian Minister this morning for an hour, but he could not show me the reply to the notes of the three Powers, as he had not yet had it returned officially from Vichy, but he assures me that it was conciliatory, although Russia refuses to accede to an armistice. The Count de Budberg was rather sharp in his manner, and his language showed considerable irritability. He complained of the hostile tone taken by the French Press, at the instigation of the Government, and he told me that he had taken Mons. Drouyn de Lhuis to task for encouraging it. He said to me:

"Your Emperor is exactly like the Emperor Nicholas was at the approach of the Crimea War; he only understands and listens to the war party. You are purposely deceived here, not only with regard to the state of Poland, but also with regard to the state of Russia. People try to persuade you that the Baltic provinces

are chafing under the Russian yoke; but what are the facts? The large proprietors are sending to the Treasury the whole of the contributions in arrear, and have made the payments patriotically, with the desire of easing the smaller proprietors and the peasantry, as well as of showing their devotion to the Government of their country."

The Emperor is always giving the public to understand that he is very much engaged on the "Life of Julius Cæsar."

It was at Moscow that Napoleon I. signed his decree reconstituting the Théâtre Français.

July 20th.—Not only has Mons. Duruy given *The Division of Poland* as the subject of a great competition prize for history at the public schools, but the subject for the Latin verse competition is *Poland in* 1863.

We are decidedly going to have war; the Emperor wishes for it, and Russia accepts the ordeal, as she believes that Poland is only an excuse.

Prussia knows, too, that the principal motive of a war to free Poland would be to acquire the Rhine provinces, and she too is preparing.

France herself does not want war, but repose; she desires the realization of the Emperor's words: "*L'Empire c'est la paix!*" The desire for peace is universal, and I do not believe the Corps Législatif will lend itself very readily to warlike projects.

Mons. Thiers has the opportunity of returning to public life with great effect, and could rally a good many people to his side. But about the Emperor

people are rubbing their hands, and the Ministry for Foreign Affairs is helping to sharpen the soldiers' swords.

Yesterday the Préfet of Police had a long conference with Mons. de Budberg, about what I do not know.

Mons. Fould arrived in the morning from Vichy, and at once went to St. Cloud.

I am sadly afraid we are on the eve of one of those crises that are so natural to France every fifteen years, and fifteen years have passed since 1848.

The Emperor throws away light-heartedness, and risks the interests of France, and his own repose and fortune, in order that he may attain the popularity of the demagogue by inciting a European war. He does not see that political parties, which have been undergoing the process of readjustment, that an army weakened by wars, and that a disillusioned people are very nearly tired to death.

Capital—commercial, manufacturing, and private—is so deeply involved in large enterprises that it cannot withstand, as it did under the first Empire, the harass of war. The peasant thinks of the strong arms that will be lost to the plough, and other people are afraid of the money it will cost.

If war breaks out before a year is over we shall require a loan of a milliard of francs, and I do not think the money could be obtained under very favourable conditions.

We are now waging war in Mexico and Cochin China, and before very long we shall probably be doing

the same in Madagascar, where we shall have to send 30,000 men.

In Mexico fever is decimating our regiments; in Madagascar it would be more deadly still.

In Poland we are going to inter 150,000 men for the purpose of creating a kingdom which would soon become a source of grave embarrassment.

Republicans and Orleanists are urging us to fight, and Legitimists are joining in the chorus, while the Emperor, entirely taken up with Cæsar in Gaul, dreams of leaving to the historians of the future the task of recording the campaigns of a nineteenth century Cæsar in Germany.

Cæsar is playing a grand *rôle*, indeed; he is a very powerful personage, is Julius Cæsar, he is wielding an enormous influence. He has made a Minister of Duruy and created six Senators, among them Saulcy, a learned Gascon, whom it would not always be safe to rely upon.

People do not want kings to be learned men and writers of books, they want them to govern and to attend to the interests of their subjects, their fears and their miseries. I do not approve of Sovereigns being locksmiths, like Louis XVI., and bird tamers, like Louis XIII., any more than I approve of their being historians of antiquity. Reign, Sovereigns, that should be your trade!

August 9th.—War seems to me more impracticable than ever, in spite of the Emperor's feeble yearnings. France does not want it, Austria wishes to avoid it,

and the *Times* declared the day before yesterday that France and Austria might be drawn into it, but that England would adopt an attitude of benevolent neutrality.

September 17*th*.—I have been to Belgium, but the illness which has been undermining my constitution for the last five months has not allowed me a single day's repose, and I have been more frequently in the society of doctors than of politicians or artists. I was, nevertheless, able to attend the Catholic Congress at Malines.

This demonstration was truly imposing; it was attended by four thousand priests, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and simple curates. Many came from the east, others from Spain, France, Germany, and England. The interests of Catholicism were discussed with great ability.

Mons. de Montalembert and Prince de Broglie were both present.

It is not yet known if the Archduke Maximilian will accept the Mexican crown. England is very anxious for him to do so, so fearful is she that Mexico should remain in French hands.

The following interesting details in the life of His Excellency Mons. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, were given me by one of my neighbours, Jourdain, who keeps the curiosity shop in the Rue Basse du Rempart.

Jourdain was formerly a workman employed in the manufacture of Gobelin's tapestry, and his great friend

and companion was the father of His Excellency Duruy, who kept an obscure *café* at the corner of the Rue Censier, where the future Minister, with a waiter's apron on, used, while only a lad, to serve cups of coffee and glasses of brandy to the customers.

His Excellency's eldest brother succeeded his father in the business, but at the end of two years he blew his brains out. There is nothing of the *garçon de café* any longer about Duruy; he has dropped into the mould of the college scout.

September 18*th*.—I am informed that Mons. Sapia, one of the Directors of the Ministry of Finance, is engaged secretly, and without the knowledge of the public, on a very important work connected with the finances of the Empire.

The result of his labours is not very reassuring, as it in a great measure turns upon the Emperor's death, and proves this—that when that event happens the Empire will be wrecked in the midst of a frightful financial crisis.

The numberless companies that have been formed since 1848 will weigh very heavily on the Government in case of a crisis. Such an enormous floating debt would ruin credit, lead to bankruptcy, and destroy the Empire and its institutions.

We should then probably revert to the dream of the anarchists, who would complete the work of dissolution, everything would be engulfed in the general cataclysm, and France would descend by rapid stages to her final decline.

I have, I believe, forgotten to mention that Mons. de Persigny has been made a duke on account of the services he has rendered to the State, as the Imperial decree says.

It is really impossible to laugh more openly at public opinion, or to exhibit in a more scandalous manner the contempt in which it is held. Persigny, by his mode of administration, his tyrannical oppression of the Press, and his scandalous management of the last elections, has made innumerable enemies for the Emperor; he is a fool, blinded by rage, a spoilt child, a ridiculous person of no education.

One of my friends said to me yesterday:

"Persigny has been made a duke to save him from the clutches of the Public Prosecutor, who intended to sue him for the illegal assumption of the title of Count."

September 30th.—For some time I have abstained from giving a definite verdict against Viscount de la Guéronnière, to whom I have been faithfully and devotedly attached. I have liked him much, and trusted him in spite of suspicious warnings; so much so, that when my doubts first arose I shook them off as if they were a crime.

I have, perhaps, helped him to the position he now occupies, effacing myself unselfishly in order to promote his advancement; I defended him against the whole world, and with some temerity I backed him up when he founded the newspaper *La France;* I compromised myself in supporting him, and lost

my official position because of my connection with his editorial staff. From the moment I lost my appointment, seeing that my credit was thereby weakened, and thinking that I could no longer serve his interests as formerly, he cooled towards me, and began a system of hypocrisy which ended in committing me, bound hand and foot, to two Jews, to whom, for a large monetary consideration, he had made over his paper.

I ought to have been supported by this journal, which was the cause of my disgrace, and indemnified by a better position on it for the loss of my post as Conservator of the Museums; but nothing of the kind. Messieurs Polonnais and Cohen, the two Jews in question, have already partly succeeded in ousting me, and are endeavouring to oust me altogether.

To this La Guéronnière opposes no obstacle. He pretends to be my friend, but I now know that he is acting a lying part. I know him now because, with a wounded heart, I have watched him attentively, probed his life, and followed him like his shadow for the last three months. If I now separate myself from him, it is not because he has betrayed my friendship, but because I have convincing proof that he is capable of any turpitude or act of meanness.

Some years ago Viscount de la Guéronnière fell into the hands of an arrant jade, a woman of bad reputation, whom an imbecile, called the Count de la Châtre, had been weak enough to marry. This same La Châtre, although at one time a worthy gentleman,

was a weak-minded fellow, and is at the present moment, mainly through the malign influence of his wife, undergoing a term of imprisonment for swindling.

Viscount de la Guéronnière took upon himself the charge of this fortuneless jade; she, on her part, has attached herself to him, and managed to persuade him that she is a paragon of virtue, although he found young Rouville secreted behind her curtain.

This woman lives on La Guéronnière, takes all his money, and draws him into all sorts of dirty businesses for her own profit; she has made him contract debts, and even pawn his pen to Péreire for the means of liquidating them.

A few months ago his debts were paid to the very last sou by this celebrated banker, through the mediation of Rouville senior.

Polonnais and Cohen, for a sum of money, acquired the proprietorship of *La France*, and have now the sole right of disposing of its editorship. La Guéronnière hides from his wife what he has realized from the sale of the paper in order that he may carry the proceeds to Madame la Châtre.

Cohen, who is closely allied with another Jew named Millaud, who failed as a banker, fills the paper with financial articles which are solidly paid for, and Polonnais and Jourdier, who form part of the syndicate, take their share of the cake.

La Guéronnière, therefore, betrays everybody, dissipates his fortune, and robs his wife and children for the sake of a slut like Madame la Châtre, to whom he

has given a little property in Limousin, besides the house which he is having built for her in Paris. Rouvier is his factotum.

Such is my old friend Viscount de la Guéronnière. I have not disfigured or altered his portrait in any detail, but have depicted it from life after studying my model with a sad heart. It costs one a great deal to shatter the statue before which one has burnt the oil of the sacred lamp; to change from devotion to contempt; to feel that the affection which filled one's whole heart has yielded its place to disdain.

I have suffered, and suffer still, for the ties that are broken, but I repeat: La Guéronnière has committed all the crimes that tarnish a man, although they do not come within the code; he has dragged himself in the mud with the hope of acquiring fame, and the foul petticoats of a miserable woman have become the winding-sheets of his honour.

October 3rd.—I had a long talk this morning with a Frenchman who commanded a French corps in Spanish America at the time that the famous Garibaldi led a band of Italian adventurers.

"Garibaldi," he said to me, "is not a hero, neither is he an honest man. As to brilliant feats of arms, I know of none that he has achieved. He did not shine in open battle, but he has in a score of instances taken his men in boats, with muffled oars, and surprised unhappy vessels, which he pillaged and afterwards scuttled. Garibaldi is nothing but a robber. I have not concealed my opinion of him, nor the facts I

mention to you, for they are all to be found in print. Garibaldi has not denied them, because he knows I have the proofs in my possession."

The man who made this statement to me is Gustave Aimard.

It is not Péreire, I find, who gave 200,000 francs to La Guéronnière to pay his debts, but Fould. Since which La Guéronnière's politics follow the will and pleasure of the Ministry. He goes himself to the Foreign Office to get his instructions, and corresponds regularly with Fould. They have written four letters to each other during the last three weeks.

Money is the god of our idolatry! Rothschild and Péreire! that is the key of the situation.

October 19*th*.—Mons. Billault, the Minister of State, and Marshal d'Ornano, the Governor of the Invalides, have both died within the last day or two.

The death of Billault on the eve of the opening of the legislative session is a serious event; it is a difficult matter to replace him and improvise a Government orator in three weeks' time.

The Emperor was very angry at the article in which La Guéronnière deplored the irreparable loss France and the Emperor had sustained in Billault's death. The Emperor does not like the mere loss of a spoke in the wheel of his political machine to be spoken of as irreparable, he showed considerable annoyance at the chorus of lamentations in the official Press, and the cries of alarm that seemed to call in question even the destinies of the Empire. He wept

when he heard of Billault's death, but soon dried his tears, and hid every trace of emotion, and on the day the Minister was buried went to shoot with the King of Greece at St. Germain.

Mons. Rouher is spoken of as Mons. Billault's successor. I do not myself think that Mons. Rouher's talent and political capacity are quite up to the level of such a position. He could talk about finances and public works before the Senate and Corps Législatif, and would be neither badly received nor altogether out of his element; but his pomposity, provincial style of self-assertion, and very limited political views, ill-fit him for the position of Minister of State. He is a talker, but not an orator, and there is a good deal of the solicitor—the country solicitor—about him besides. He has, furthermore, strong Italian sympathies, and is by no means a friend of the Church.

Nieuwerkerke, the recognized and notoriously avowed lover of Princess Mathilde, a man of admitted incapacity, has been promised the Superintendence of Fine Arts, and that poor devil Bacciochi, too, who has acted as the Emperor's go-between in matters of the heart for so many years, is to be rewarded with the Superintendence of Theatres. Two places in the Senate are also vacant. To whom will they be given? Is Nieuwerkerke again a candidate? Madame de Nieuwerkerke is very ill with a third stroke of paralysis, which has contracted her mouth, so her doctor, Helleco, informed me yesterday.

Nieuwerkerke is persuaded that in the double event

of the death of his wife and Demidoff (a confirmed apoplectic, who is now in his second childhood), the Emperor would consent to receive him into his family. He told me so years ago. In that case it would only remain for him to acquire the title of "Highness," and his mission in this mundane sphere would be accomplished.

Marshal Malakoff is to be Governor of the Invalides. Randon is going to Algiers, and Niel is to be Minister of War.

President Troplong is seriously ill, the result of an operation for stone.

My poor friend Marshal Canrobert, an excellent fellow, and a very brave officer, although a wretched General, who has always been known to consider himself good looking and a perfect lady-killer, in spite of his common face and figure, has, I am told, become simply insane with vanity and the sense of his own importance. He thinks that there is no one in France but the Emperor and his Marshals, and that the rest are not worth a passing thought. He is still indignant with the Senator Préfet of Lyons for having had the insolence to offer Madame La Maréchale his arm, and at every public entertainment he insists upon the band playing Queen Hortense's air of "Partant pour la Syrie" whenever he and his illustrious partner enter.

Canrobert is still one of those frogs who presume too much upon the elasticity of their skin.

November 9th.—The Emperor was ruffled because

the Queen of Spain in her speech to the Cortes did not refer to the Empress's visit to Spain, so he has struck out of his own speech a reference he had intended to make to Spain and her Sovereign.

He is also furiously angry with Austria, of which Victor Emmanuel takes advantage, and says: "Sire, Italy is entirely devoted to you, and will follow you wherever you lead her, but pay the price first. . . . Rome and Venice, if you please!"

November 26th.—I have just had communicated to me a secret despatch which the Emperor has sent to one of the most important men in the diplomatic service. In it he says:

"I never thought that the Congress would have any practical result; but I believed it would help me to renew my alliance with Russia, and consequently with Prussia, and so get me out of the Polish difficulty. France, in alliance with Russia and Prussia, is mistress of the situation. Whatever happens we shall have war in the spring of 1865 if not in 1864, for the state of Europe is far more critical than I dare to say. No one is prepared but myself."

Mons. Fould's report, with the substance of which I have been made acquainted, says that the Mexican loan cannot be raised just now, and that France cannot, therefore, count upon the immediate payment of the war indemnity. He therefore asks for a loan of three hundred millions of francs. But I know that the Mexican loan is in a fair way to completion, and that the war indemnity will be forthcoming before long.

With 240 millions, therefore, from Mexico, and 300 millions from the French loan, the Emperor will have 540 millions to prepare with.

At a dinner party at Compiègne, on the anniversary of Ste. Eugénie, the Emperor said to Prince Napoleon:

"Napoleon, propose the Empress's health."

The Prince refused, saying:

"I am not accustomed to speak in public."

On the following day the Emperor and his cousin walked together alone for an hour, and when they came back Prince Napoleon made his apologies to the Empress.

She is edified with her good cousin's intentions with regard to her, and does not lose sight of the Emperor.

December 5th.—Mexican affairs are going on badly, General Bazaine has allowed himself to be fooled by Comonfort and Rubaldo, and Juarez has reorganized his army with the money which the United States have sent him in spite of public assurances to the contrary. We are obliged to undertake a fresh campaign against Juarez; each time we remove our garrison from a canton it immediately goes over to him, taxes are not paid, and trade comes to a standstill.

The Emperor had promised the Bishop of Mexico, who only went out on that understanding, that the property of the Church should be restored by annulling the sales ordered by Juarez; but even while he made this promise to the Bishop he gave directly contrary instructions to Bazaine. The Bishop, seeing

that they have played him false, has written a protest to one of the Mexican papers, and is on the worst possible terms with the Commander-in-Chief.

Always the same deceitful measures, no one believes in our word.

In the meantime the Court is amusing itself at Compiègne, where the Duchess de la Pagerie organizes, as in former years, her tableaux vivants; the whole posse play charades, and that restless little monster, Princess de Metternich, amuses the company with her ballet-dancing.

England has definitely refused to join the proposed Congress, and has done so in a very offensive manner. A few days ago Lord Cowley said to Drouyn de Lhuis:

"Our reply was considered after the terms of the Emperor's speech were known. England is entirely with Lord Russell, and his popularity has increased since he refused to join the Congress. In England, Mons. le Ministre, we have always looked upon the Emperor as a powerful and adventurous monarch, but we did not believe that he contemplated anything so absurd as the abrogation of the treaty of 1815. Now we shall be on our guard."

The proposed alliance between Russia and Prussia has fallen through.

The troops belonging to the Confederation are at this moment entering Holstein, and a conflict of great importance is about to commence. It may be the beginning of a general war.

We are endeavouring to extricate ourselves without dishonour from Mexico, where we have spent two hundred and ten millions, and lost a large number of men, and for what purpose?

We are ruled by gamesters and political intriguers. It is a sad spectacle.

CHAPTER XVII.

1864.

ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN EUROPEAN POLITICS—THE AFFAIRS OF THE DUCHIES—RETROSPECT—COMING EVENTS.

APART from the general condition of Europe, there is the question of the Duchies, which, although a very small matter in itself, gives to the German policy a grave importance in consequence of the complications that may arise out of it and lead to a European War.

Let us carry our minds back to the situation of affairs at the time the negotiations between the three Courts were interrupted and the question of the Duchies again cropped up. It was then clearly enough seen that certain designs had been frustrated, but in face of the eminently pacific attitude of Russia, Austria, England, and Prussia, confidence was restored, revolution being looked upon as impossible.

These peaceful resolutions are as determined as ever, only the question of the Duchies has altered the aspect of affairs; blunders and offences have accumulated

to such an extent that certain Governments are not perhaps entirely masters of themselves, and the pacific agreement between the Great Powers has either been destroyed or rendered nugatory.

I do not think it is possible to prophesy what will be the attitude of the different Powers in case of certain contingencies, but what I do know is that the chances of peace have diminished and that a bitter and strained condition of things, which might be turned to profitable account by a clever and courageous politician, now exists.

Three months ago England's position was perfectly comprehensible, and it was her determined attitude that afforded the most solid guarantee for the peace of the world. This attitude has now become greatly modified with regard to France in the first place, and Germany in the next. With respect to France, there have been during the last dozen years two distinctly opposite policies in England, the one absolutely defiant, namely that which dominated the Derby Cabinet of 1859, the other reserved, no doubt, but, nevertheless, benevolent and sympathetic in its attitude.

From May, 1859, until August, 1863, the feeling in favour of an Anglo-French alliance prevailed; then occurred the difference between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and there is little doubt that since that quarrel the distrust felt by Lord Russell for France has generally predominated.

A marked coolness has succeeded the cordiality formerly existing in the relations between the two

countries, and now whether it be a question of the Congress or of Poland, the policy of England has become so totally divergent from that of France that the influence and example of the former Power have disappeared.

When this change occurred was evidently England's opportunity to fortify her relations with the Continent, and had she been able to induce the rest of the Powers to share her views of the 5th of November speech, a Coalition based on these apprehensions might have resulted. And from one point of view, such was, doubtless, England's distinct aim.

This, therefore, was the cause of her irritation when the question of the Duchies supervened and altered the position of affairs in Europe. She then gave way to her feelings and spared neither her allies nor herself. There was such evident folly in compromising the peace of the world for the sake of Holstein autonomy that, carried away by her views, and perhaps obeying even more potent impulses still, she adopted such a dictatorial tone that German pride was roused, and neither Prussia nor Austria would listen to her.

As France adopts at the same time an attitude of interested neutrality, it results that peace is jeopardized instead of assured, for the very firmness shown by England inspires and justifies the confidence and courage of the Danes. The neutrality of France encourages Germany, while the declarations made by England fortify the Danes in their resistance.

* * * * *

August 27th.—For eighteen months past I have been very ill, besides which my literary labours and political correspondence have left me little time to devote to my much-loved note-book.

There is no doubt that I have known many things in connection with the Dano-German conflict and have been the confidant of many intrigues. Although I have scanned from close quarters the foul arena of politics, I will not revert to the events of the last few months.

I must, however, avow that France has nearly lost her supremacy, since in attempting to resort to tortuous methods she has excited the distrust of other nations, the triple alliance of the Northern Powers being one of the consequences. Suspected by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, she is still more distrusted by England, which Power now hesitates to form any intimate alliance with her.

At the present day, therefore, France is isolated; she has allowed Denmark to perish and encouraged Prussian ambition in the hope of obtaining the borders of the Rhine. Vain hope! She has been tricked by Mons. de Bismarck, and in order to hide her discomfiture now declares that she has no interest whatever in anything that happens in Germany. The Emperor still follows the policy of the conspirator; he knows no other; his Cabinet is a workshop, where plots are hatched against all other Governments. It has come to such a pass that his word and his treaties are no longer looked upon as binding.

We are hastening to our decline; that which was young about the Emperor has now grown old, and that which, but four years ago, was not quite corrupt is now entirely so.

THE END.

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